Collier's
TEN CENTS
FEBRUARY 3, 1945
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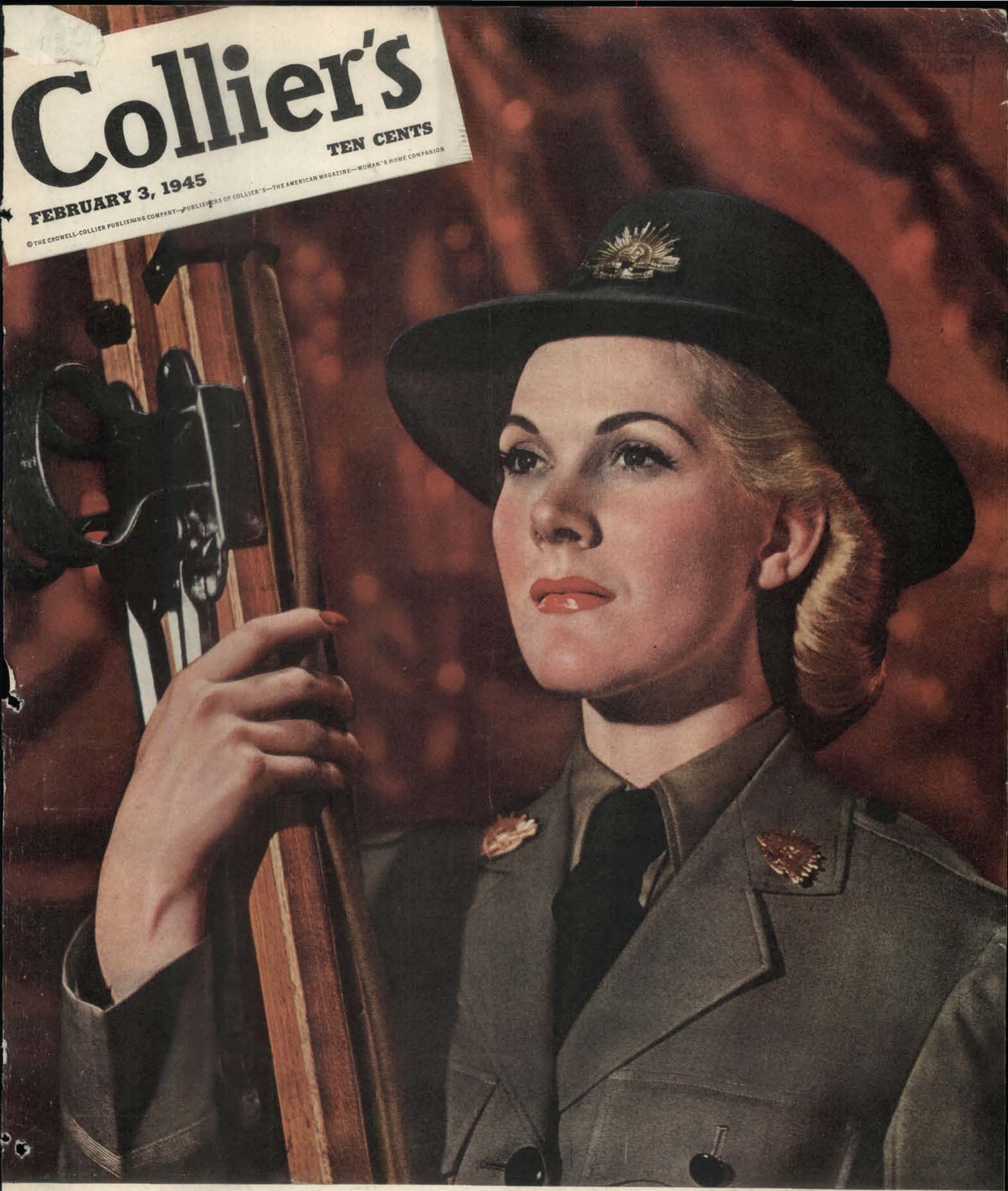

PHOTOGRAPH BY MUKY

BATTLE FOR SPA

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST FRANCO STILL GOES ON

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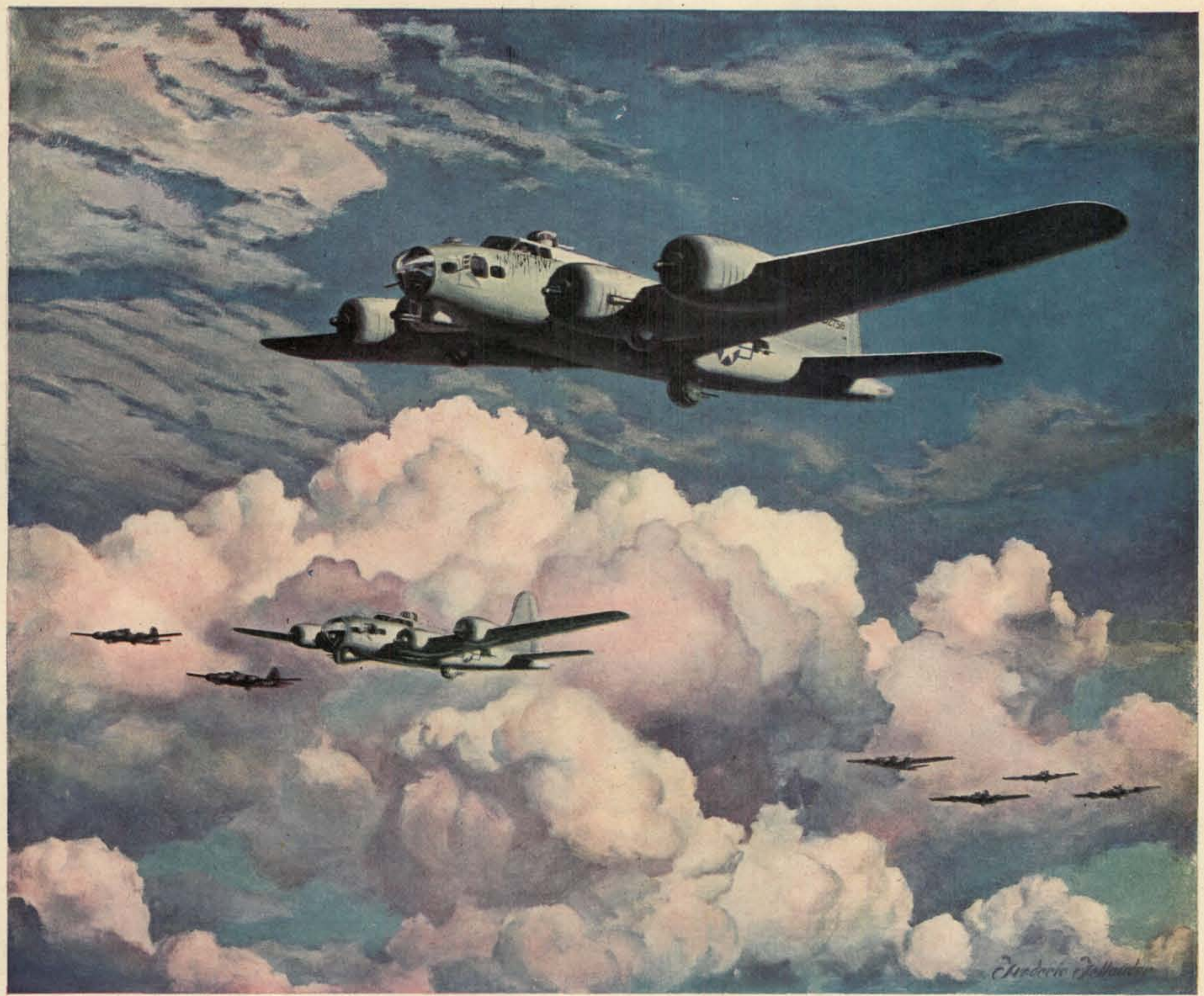

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What flyers say counts most with us

MEMBERS of the crews of many a Flying Fortress have written Studebaker about the fine performance of that mighty bomber's engines.

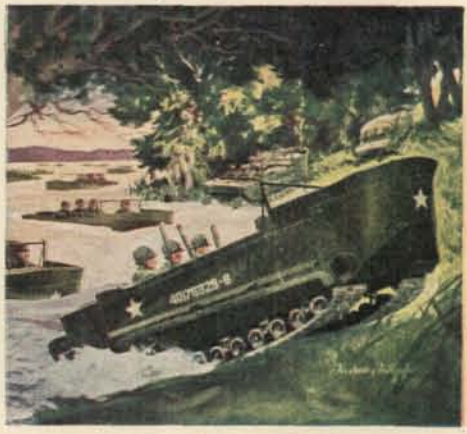
Studebaker prizes the comments of those intrepid men far above any of the official commendations its war plants have received.

The senior civilian test pilot at an important army aircraft modification center voluntarily wrote: "I've flown and tested over 200 Studebaker powered Boeing Forts. Nothing could be tougher on engines than the workouts I've given those ships. I've taken them in saw-tooth climbs from sea level up to where the temperature goes many degrees below zero. Those Wright Cyclones get my vote for smoothness, too."

In proudly fulfilling its wartime assignments, Studebaker has already built over 55,000 Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress—over 155,000 heavy-duty military trucks—many thousands of versatile new Weasel personnel and cargo carriers.

Famous for its peacetime motor cars and trucks, Studebaker has but a single purpose right now—to back up our fighting forces with all the military equipment its factories and workers can provide.

Awarded To All *Studebaker Plants*



The war's "surprise" vehicle—It's the Army's new Weasel personnel and cargo carrier—built by Studebaker and powered by the famous Studebaker Champion engine.

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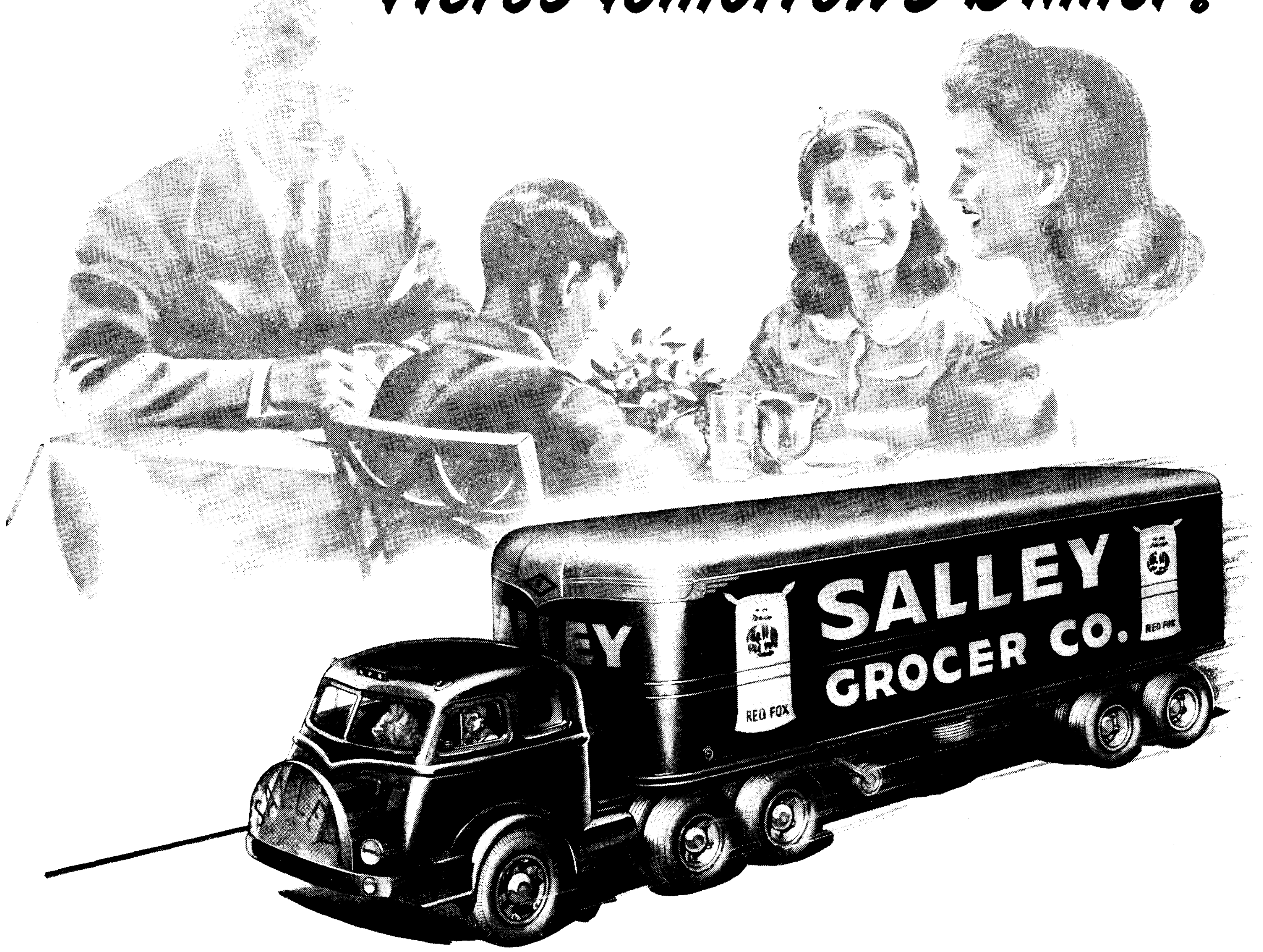
Save for the future
WITH
WAR BONDS
THEY'RE THE
BEST INVESTMENT
IN THE WORLD

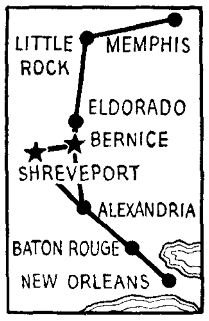
Studebaker *WARTIME BUILDER OF WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES FOR BOEING FLYING FORTRESS*

Here's Tomorrow's Dinner!



TONS OF FOOD ON A FRUEHAUF TRAILER

THIS TRUCK-TRAILER load of groceries will be 300 miles away by morning—on the grocers' shelves ready for tomorrow's dinner.



The map shows the location of the Salley warehouses and the routes covered by the Trailer.

The Salley Grocer Co. operates warehouses in Bernice and Shreveport, Louisiana . . . and depends on this Truck-Trailer to bring food products from New Orleans . . . 300 miles away, and from Memphis . . . a distance of 285 miles.

STORE-DOOR DELIVERIES

Besides making these overnight runs with 45,000-pound loads, the Trailer makes straight-to-the-door deliveries to stores on the route.

Because of the narrow margin between cost and selling price on most grocery items, the loads carried must be as large as possible. Yet the equipment must be kept within the size and weight limits of the three States through which it runs. *A Truck-Trailer is the answer!* The Trailer hauls far more than the truck that pulls it is designed to *carry*—yet by distributing the load over a greater length and more axles, there is no more weight per axle . . . thus meeting rigid State restrictions.

300,000 MILES OF PROOF

After more than 300,000 miles of trouble-free service, officials of the Salley company will tell you that without the advantages of Trailer hauling they couldn't give their present service to their customers. No other transport method is so practical.

The Salley experience is not unique. It is duplicated thousands of times in more than 100 *different* kinds of business.

When it comes to getting food on your table . . . the miller, the packer, the grocer, the baker . . . all will tell you that Trailers do jobs which couldn't be done as well, if at all, by any other means. And when they say Trailer . . . more often than not . . . they mean Fruehauf!

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers

FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY • DETROIT 32

Service in Principal Cities

Buy WAR BONDS AND STAMPS Today

A TRUCK IS LIKE A HORSE
IT CAN PULL MORE THAN IT CAN CARRY

FRUEHAUF TRAILERS

"Engineered Transportation"

MOTOR TRANSPORT WILL GET YOUR JOB DONE!

If you aren't using truck transportation, have you ever challenged your shipping costs and over-all efficiency with the job that professional haulers can do for you? The fact that the for-hire motor transport industry has grown so rapidly is indicative of what others think of its services. Why not at least get the facts and stack them up against your own records?

Too Bad she didn't know she had GINGIVITIS

Some Signs May Be Tender Bleeding Gums
Handsome Teeth Need Firm Gums

Neglect often leads to Pyorrhea, which only your dentist can help!

TOO MANY PEOPLE TODAY have Gingivitis and at first don't even suspect they have it.

SOME OF THE FIRST WARNING SIGNS may be gums that bleed (even a *tiny bit*) when you brush your teeth or are sensitive to touch.

NEVER NEGLECT Gingivitis because neglect often leads to Pyorrhea, with its shrinking gums and loosening teeth, which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months. Then at home do this:

One Of The Best Ways To Help Guard Against Gingivitis

MASSAGE YOUR GUMS twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste—the remarkable formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—the *first* and *original* toothpaste made *especially* for both massaging gums to be firmer and cleaning teeth.

THEN NOTICE HOW refreshed and invigorated *your gums feel.* How clean, naturally bright and shining *your teeth look.*

START USING FORHAN'S TODAY. And then see if you aren't glad you did! Results should thrill you. At all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S!

use Forhan's with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

Collier's
FOR FEBRUARY 3, 1945

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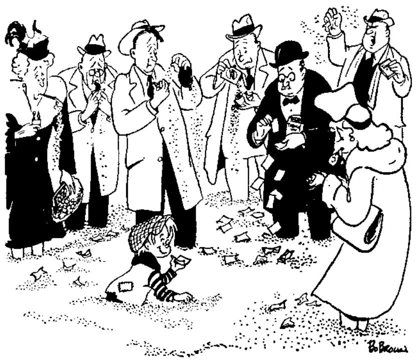
COVER By *MUKY*

any week

MAYBE this isn't so (not that it matters), but we've just been informed by Mrs. S. Grienik of New York City that the absolute truth about the smoking shortage is due to the loss of thousands of tons of tobacco incident to the struggles of Americans to learn how to roll their own.



A NICE long letter from Sergeant Bugs Hickey of Tolliver, New Mexico, but now in Belgium, contains interesting advance dope on the peace conference which, he says, will be held in Paris in September, 1945. We give you a small sample: "At a prearranged signal—one shot from a Long Tom—the delegates will pounce upon what is left of the map of Europe. Late that night Joe Stalin will show up at home hollering for Mrs. Stalin. 'Mamma,' he's going to holler, 'look what I got. Hungary, Poland, Germany and a lot of funny little countries that sorta got mixed in. Throw them in the pot. No use wasting butter on them.' "

SERGEANT HICKEY spent quite a few weeks in Brittany too. Of the Bretons he says: "They are a very industrious people who all work themselves up in the world to become station agents and beer bottlers. Everybody in Brittany thinks he can speak English better than we can speak French which is sometimes right. The country is rich in low rolling hills which always turn out to be manure piles and the girls wear more than three hundred types of caps. An early ruler decreed that any Breton getting drunk more than twice a week should have his ears cut off but the fellow who has the job is never sober so it isn't done. Grapes are not plentiful."

RECENTLY, it seems, this magazine has published articles about male cooks. This has aroused a number of readers; some of them, males, have sent us recipes. One is from Mr. Carver Mitchener of Paducah, Kentucky. "You take five armfuls of Swiss chard," says Mr. Mitchener. "You take and take them until you are many miles from home. Lay them down gently—gently, mind you—and tiptoe quietly back home. This is the only satisfactory way to serve Swiss chard."... W. D.

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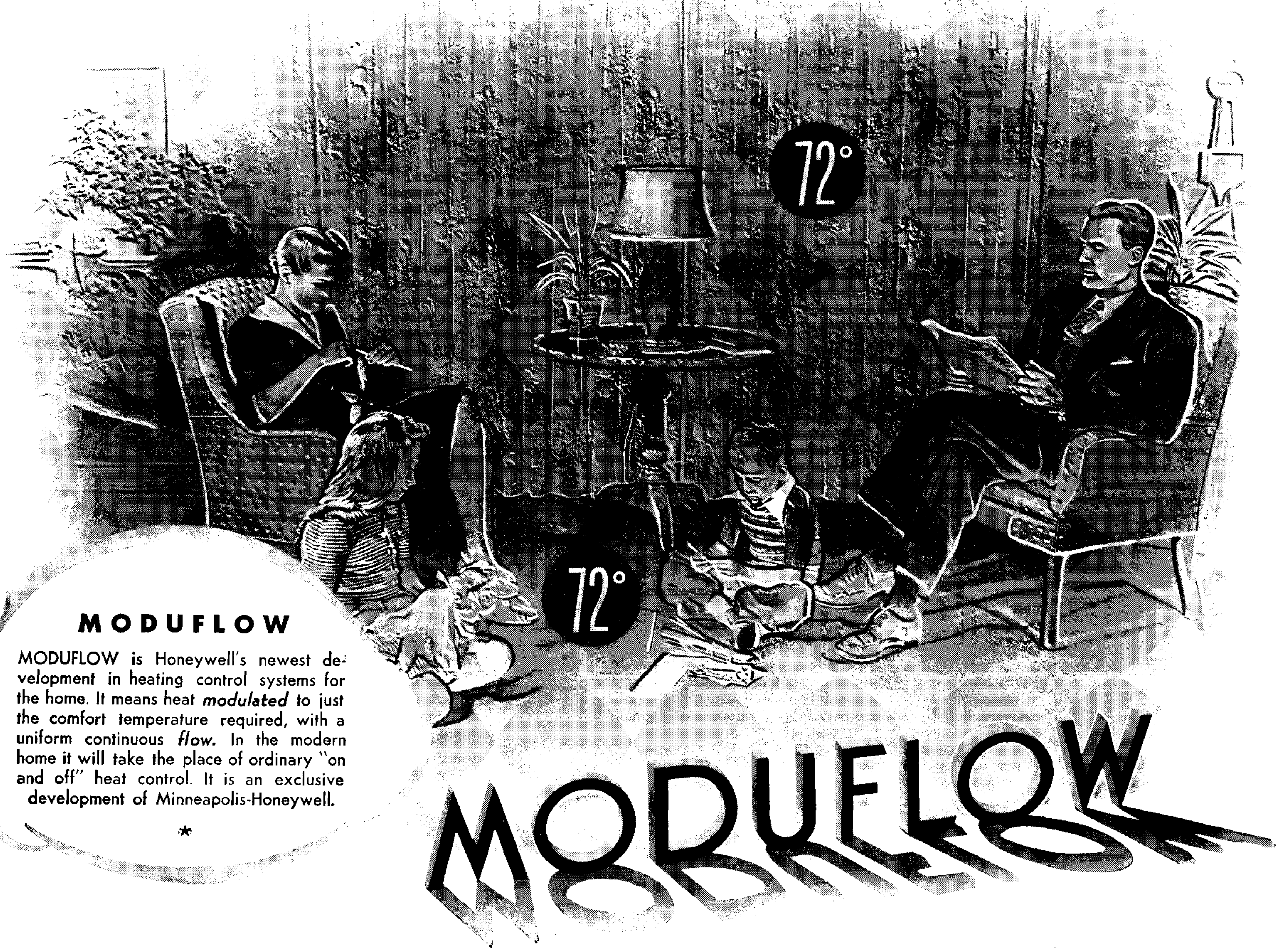

MODUFLOW

MODUFLOW is Honeywell's newest development in heating control systems for the home. It means heat *modulated* to just the comfort temperature required, with a uniform continuous *flow*. In the modern home it will take the place of ordinary "on and off" heat control. It is an exclusive development of Minneapolis-Honeywell.

★

. . . MEETS THE CHALLENGE OF TOMORROW

The homes of tomorrow will demand comforts and conveniences far beyond our present standards. Honeywell stands ready to meet that challenge with Moduflow, the remarkable new heat control system. It has been acclaimed the greatest advancement in house heating since the invention of automatic controls.

Moduflow operates on an entirely different principle from that of ordinary "on and off" control systems. It provides a *continuous* flow of heat at the temperature required for comfort under all kinds of weather conditions. It will do away with wasteful overheating, and the drafts and cool periods caused by intermittent heat supply. Instead of overheated ceilings and cold floors, you will be completely surrounded with a cozy blanket of warmth at just the comfort temperature from head to foot.

Moduflow is now available for a very limited number of existing homes, as well as for postwar homes. Make your heating plant *truly modern* with a Moduflow control system. Consult your heating dealer or send for the interesting booklet, "Heating and Air Conditioning the Postwar Home". It tells about the amazing, continuous, even comfort that Moduflow can bring to every home owner at a price within reach of all. Mail coupon today for your free copy.

Keep them Winning—
Buy More War Bonds!

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FREE

Dry Scalp is nature's call for help...

Vaseline
HAIR TONIC
5 drops a day
check Dry Scalp

help nature give you good-looking hair!

YOUR HAIR CAN TALK! Loose dandruff, and lifeless-looking, hard-to-comb hair is Nature's way of saying you have Dry Scalp . . . that natural scalp oils need help. Give Nature that help. Supplement natural scalp oils with five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic daily. Always use as a massage before shampooing, too. You *see* and *feel* the difference. Your hair gets that natural, "just-combed" look. Your scalp feels better. Be sure to get 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, the hair tonic that contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients.

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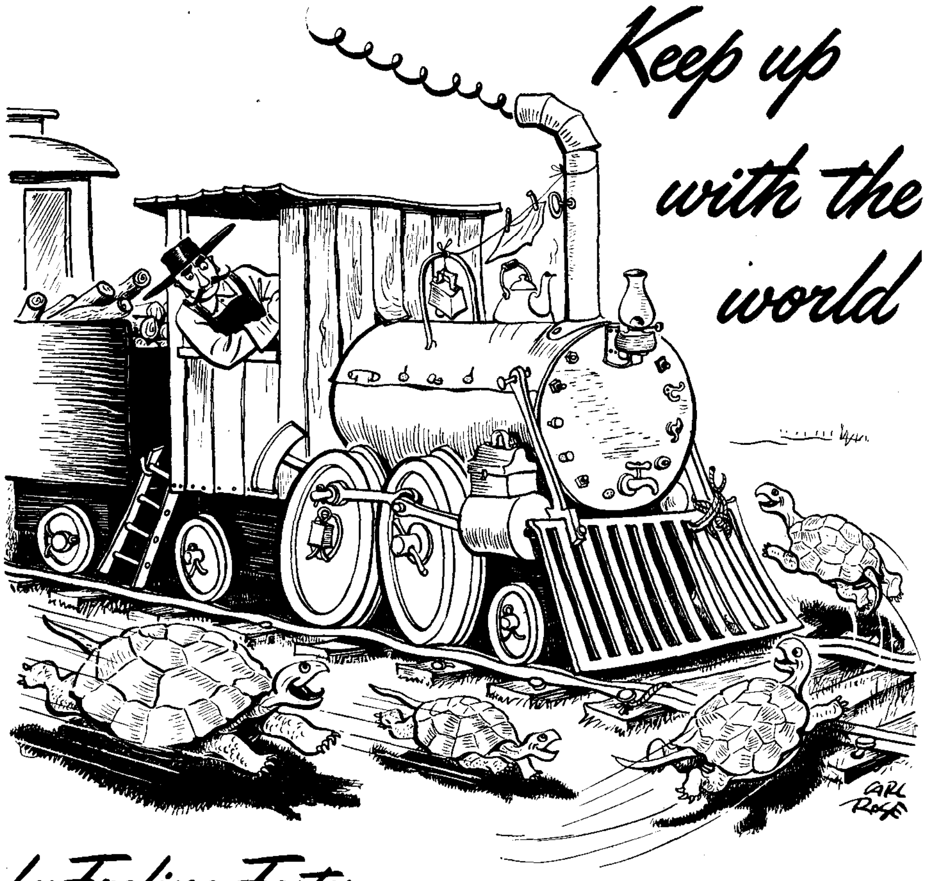
HAIR TONIC
double care... both scalp and hair



Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

The world's slowest train, running between Corrientes and Burucuya, Argentina, operates on a schedule of 13 hours and 10 minutes for this 110-mile trip—or at an average speed of eight miles an hour. Furthermore, it is never on time, usually arriving several hours late.

As a concession to the belief of one man, the writer Stewart Edward White, the last three editions of Who's Who in America have deliberately omitted a fact in his sketch, the death of his wife in 1939, the first "inaccuracy" permitted in the some 465,000 biographies published in this book in 46 years. Mr. White does not consider his wife dead, because he continues to feel her presence and writes his books with her collaboration. His conviction is based on the fact that, when alive, Betty White developed psychic powers and often communicated with the other world.—*By Allen F. Morton, Montgomery, Alabama.*

A zipper that seals itself with overlapping rubber lips is the latest development in slide fasteners. It comes with the lips on the inside or outside for sealing in or out, respectively, all liquids, air and other gases. Potential uses include closures of diving suits, bail-out kits and oxygen tents.

The 2,400 Japanese prisoners of war in this country, all of whom are confined at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, earn a minimum of $23 a month near-by, or eight times the minimum they received as soldiers, and are given the best food and medical care. Yet they sometimes attempt suicide for having allowed themselves to be captured.

When the Olympic Games were held at Athens in 1896, the first time since they were abolished at Rome in 392 A.D., the ten men representing the United States had no trainer and no time to train. Yet, of the twelve events, they won nine. Incidentally, Harvard's J. B. Connolly won the initial event, the hop, step and jump—the only time in his life he had ever tried it—and was crowned first Olympic Games champion in 1,504 years.

Fearful that the dead may return, many peasant families in Poland still tie the feet of the corpse to the casket with a strong rope.

Before New York City outlawed and confiscated, about three years ago, the 11,000 pinball machines operated in its five boroughs their monthly "take" totaled $1,650,000, one half of which went to the owners of the establishments where they were installed. Within three weeks, the loss of their income forced 135 candy stores out of business, thus proving that these sucker devices were appropriately called "rent payers."

Most brands of vermouth and other aromatized wines still contain a bit of quinine, a practice started when the apéritif-loving Europeans first colonized tropical countries which had much malaria.

The famous Anglo-American painter, John Singer Sargent, who died in 1925, neglected to sign some of his works and even forgot, years later, ever having painted them. But he could easily identify these pictures in a unique way. If a painting was his, a microscope would reveal a fine red or green line painted around the white objects because, owing to an eye defect, he saw them bordered in one of these colors.

A new stabilizing device for helicopters materially increases their safety by keeping the rotor in its normal horizontal position when the body of the plane dips and rolls at various angles.

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Six of the 261 past Popes of the Roman Catholic Church have ended their pontificate by abdication.

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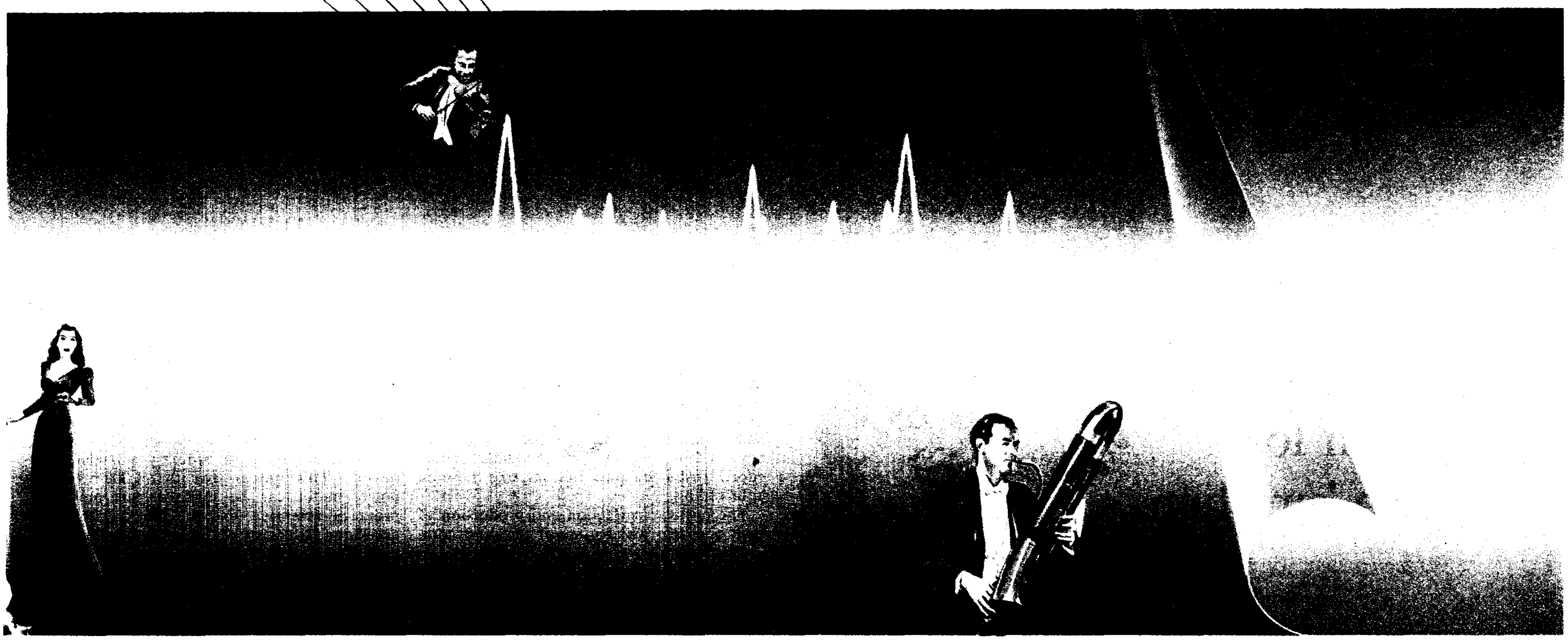
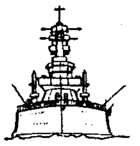
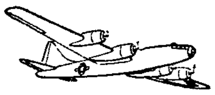


Bendix . . . foremost creator of scientific communication devices, instruments and controls for land, sea,  and air  . . will present a complete line of postwar radios and radio phonographs for the home, produced by the Bendix Radio Division . . . center of radar and radio research and manufacture for the Army Air Forces and commercial air lines.

With this announcement, radio for the home comes of age. At long last the science of radio reception and record reproduction has come abreast of the science of broadcasting and recording.

As soon as war production permits, Bendix will bring you The *Real* Voice of Radio—the accurate reproduction in your home of everything broadcast or recorded *exactly as it enters studio microphones.*

The full majesty of symphonic music, from the highest notes of the violin to the deepest tone of the bassoon. Every exciting note and overtone of every performance of your favorite swing band. The *living* voices of actors, singers, commentators. These are the enchanting new vistas opened up by Bendix postwar radios and radio phonographs—the glorious result of Bendix leadership in modern sciences.

Created by Bendix Radio Division—world-famed for its achievements in radar, radio and electronics—these splendid instruments will naturally bring you every worthwhile technical development. In skill, experience and research facilities this Division is uniquely equipped to produce the finest F.M., television, and phonograph performance yet devised. And in their styling Bendix radios and radio phonographs will reveal the highest attainments of the cabinetmaker's art.

Watch for the coming of Bendix radios, and listen to them when they come. It will be an experience new to you and to the world. *For the first time you will hear The REAL Voice of Radio.*

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Builders of the INVISIBLE CREW

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KOOL
Mild Menthol
Cigarettes
Tipped
UNION MADE
KOOL
KOOL
I LOVE KOOLS
—for good!
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

On Valentine's Day you had a cold

So someone gave you a pack of KOOLS

(and you tried a few)

If you fell in love with 'em then

(even when your throat was raw)

Why not go steady and smoke 'em all the time?

They'll be your One and Only!

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

Chief of the Electrical Branch, Equipment Laboratory, at Wright Field is Col. T. B. Holliday, who predicts push-button controls for postwar planes

NEW electrical devices are now under development which will simplify aerial navigation, combine engine controls into simple knob functions, automatically ration the gasoline consumption and permit take-offs and landings in almost any kind of weather with very little human effort. Just a few push buttons, like those on your radio.

The postwar perfection and production of such a system will be one of the most compelling features of tomorrow's airplane, so the views of an expert who has done more than dream are worth having. He is Colonel T. B. (Ted) Holliday, chief of the Electrical Branch, Equipment Laboratory, at Wright Field, Ohio, and he has spent almost half of his thirty-eight years accumulating and applying his knowledge of electricity to the airplane.

"Electricity in future planes," says Colonel Holliday, "will make aerial navigation practically automatic for the pilot. Not only will he be guided by radio compass and radio beams, but an electric instrument will give him his latitude and longitude in spite of wind drift. Another electric instrument will tell him the exact altitude he is flying at all times."

The ultimate in push-button controls, according to Colonel Holliday, can be accomplished by coupling the many new electrical devices with an automatic pilot and radio beams. Once the airplane is in the air, it will align itself properly on the radio beam and head for its destination. All the pilot is required to do is change the radio receiver frequencies to correspond with the radio beam transmitters on the ground. At the destination, another push-button will put the airplane on an automatic electronic landing signal; engine controls will automatically maintain proper landing speeds; the automatic pilot will ascertain proper glide paths, and the airplane will be guided to the runway —regardless of visibility.

"Therein," says Colonel Holliday, "we have almost complete automatic flight from take-off to landing."

Colonel Holliday also comes up with something that used to be sneered at: electrical propulsion, or airplanes powered by electricity.

"The advent of jet-propulsion engines came as a boon to the electrical engineer," he declares. "In it, he can see a practical gas-driven turbine which could serve as the generating unit of an alternating-current system for large aircraft without the problems of cumbersome gears that must be used with low-speed conventional engines.

"When such a gas-driven turbine becomes a reality, speculation of a not-too-radical nature permits the possibility of an airplane being propelled by electricity.

"Design studies indicate that by using 400-cycle power it will be possible to build a 1,000-horsepower electric motor which will be no larger than an ordinary wastepaper basket. This means that the 1,000-horsepower motor can be made a part of the propeller assembly, and the motor with its necessary reduction gears will be no larger than the propeller hub itself.

"Electrical propulsion of aircraft would make it possible to duplicate many convenient marine practices. It would be possible to install the engine generator units at accessible points near the center of the fuselage where an engineer could maintain constant supervision over them. The propellers could be located at any point near the leading edge or trailing edge of the wing, fuselage or tail. It would be possible to shut down one or more of the engines during flight and still keep all propellers going since the load on the propellers would be divided among the remaining generators. There would be no synchronizing problem, since all motors would automatically run at the same speed and since all engine generator units would deliver power to a common line.

"At the present time, the fuel consumption of the jet engines is too high to consider them for this purpose, but improvements in their operation will put the electric airplane in the not-too-distant future."

Automatic Controls for Planes

Colonel Holliday also sees the need for automatic engine controls:

"To have automatic flight, we will have a plane which will take off, follow a navigation beam and land with automatic control of the engines. This means that an engine with its supercharger for high altitude operation, and variable pitch propeller will be controlled electrically."

At present there are about four levers necessary to control an aircraft engine in the larger planes: the throttle, which corresponds to the accelerator in an automobile, the propeller pitch control which is analogous to the gear shift, supercharger control and the mixture control which can be likened to the choke.

The ideal answer, Colonel Holliday points out, is a single lever which can be operated by the pilot to control all four functions in each of the engines correctly and simultaneously. This can be done with electrical controls.

(Continued on page 56)

WE'LL BE INSIDE . . . LOOKING OUT!

There'll come a day when *we're* the lucky ones . . .

There'll come a day when our dreams come true . . .

And the hopes and plans for a house of our own take shape on our land on the edge of town where the frozen brook makes a silver streak between the willows bowed with snow.

Perhaps, before another winter comes, we'll be on the inside . . . looking out . . . looking out at the swirling snow, drifting high on our own front lawn, piling up on the window sill while Jack Frost paints the window panes and we draw our hearts and write our names . . .

As the early dusk settles down outside and the street lights wink on one by one . . . inside, I know just how it will be . . .

The kettle will be humming a tune on the range . . . that wonderful, magical electric range you can leave to cook dinner all by itself. And I'll open the oven and show you the beans, bubbling away in an earthen pot, fragrant with molasses and crispy salt pork. And if by chance you didn't know, the smell of brown bread steaming away in the deep-well cooker of the range tells you this is Saturday night! And I'll show you the salad crisping behind the crystal doors of our refrigerator with all its different kinds of cold for all the things we love to eat. Our new home freezer's next, and I'll open the door and say, "You choose! There're blueberries, plums and cherries, too, or anything else your heart desires."

And then we'll leave the dinner to finish itself and wander into the living room and we'll both curl up in the same big chair and stare into the leaping fire, so warm and peaceful and safe and secure . . .

And I'll ask you to pinch me just to make sure . . . it isn't all just a lovely mirage, and it won't disappear when the lights go on!

• • •

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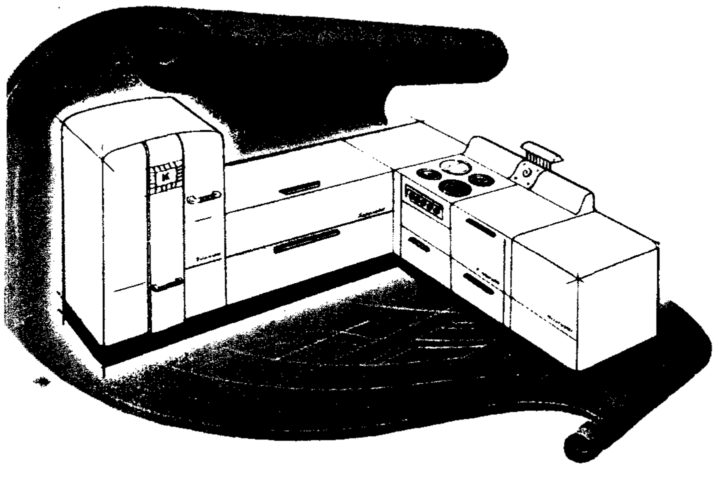
That means finer Kelvinator refrigerators, electric ranges, home freezers and electric water heaters . . . to make the kitchens of America the truly enchanted places they can be. It means that the new developments, the scientific advances made in war will be built into these appliances as rapidly as possible to make them the more useful, the more efficient part of the home you want—when peace comes.

This will be our part in the building of a greater, a happier nation. For we believe all of us owe to those who have fought and worked to preserve it, a strong, vital and growing America—where every man and every woman will have the opportunity to make their dreams come true.

This booklet with pictures and floor plans for six modern low-cost homes, together with details of their exciting new postwar kitchens designed for easy living, is offered to home planners without cost. See your Kelvinator retailer or drop a post card to Dept. 5-D, Kelvinator, Detroit 32, Michigan.



HEART of your postwar kitchen . . . the Kelvinator electrical appliances: the new Kelvinator Refrigerator . . . the new Kelvinator Electric Range . . . the new Kelvinator Electric Water Heater . . . and the new Kelvinator Home Freezer that keeps foods at flavor peak indefinitely!

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Refrigerators, Home Freezers, Electric Ranges, Electric Water Heaters, Beverage Coolers, Ice Cream Cabinets, Frozen Food Merchandisers, Commercial Refrigerating Units.

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This evening thousands of service men will be asking for the Long Distance lines that connect them with their homes all over America.

You'll be doing them a real favor if you help keep the lines open from 7 to 10 P. M. They'll appreciate it.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR FEBRUARY 3, 1945

ACME

El Caudillo Franco takes the salutes of the crowd during a celebration of his victory in Madrid. During a similar ceremony in Oviedo, guerrillas successfully raided a near-by arsenal

BATTLE FOR SPAIN

BY TED ALLAN

Behind airtight censorship, Spain's civil war has continued ever since 1939. Slowly guerrilla forces have grown, armed themselves and completed their organization. The veterans of the first fight against Fascism plan to achieve victory in the final one

A HOT Spanish sun added some warmth to the celebration. Franco's troops marched past the reviewing stand in Oviedo, capital of the Asturias, bands played spirited Falangist airs, thousands of people had gathered by order of the Falange to celebrate the eighth anniversary of the generals' revolt against the Spanish Republic. It was July 17, 1943. German consular officials stood at stiff attention on the reviewing stand as the band played the German national anthem. The Falangists cheered, arms were raised in the Nazi-Falange salute, and a roar came from the throats of the Falangist militia. "Viva El Caudillo!" It was quite an affair.

Standing on the side lines were three men who had been sent into Oviedo to make sure the celebration was being held as scheduled, and that the troops, police and Falange militia were taking part. The men were big men as Spaniards go, and if Franco's police had been more alert they might have recognized them as miners and suspected that they were guerrilla spies who belonged to Pepon de la Campa's *guerrilleros*. Pepon means Big Joe, and Big Joe stands six feet four in his sandaled feet and he leads the largest and most efficient army of guerrillas in Spain.

While the Falange was enjoying itself in Oviedo, Big Joe and his men came down from the Asturian hills and surrounded the town of San Esteban de Pravia, some thirty-five miles away. They flung open the jails, releasing every anti-Franco political prisoner, opened the doors of the huge arsenal, gathered every truck and wagon in the vicinity and carried away every gun, bullet and shell in the place.

The celebration in Oviedo was suddenly called off. Spanish soldiers and Falange Storm Troopers were rushed to San Esteban de Pravia. But when they arrived, Big Joe was gone, the munitions were gone, the political prisoners were gone, and three hundred and fourteen men of the town were also gone. They had joined the guerrillas.

Big Joe is the most colorful guerrilla leader in Spain today. Already a legend, this huge, powerful former Asturian miner who helped defend Madrid in 1937 has welded together one of the toughest and most effective guerrilla forces in Spain. His spectacular raids on arsenals and German-owned munition factories have netted his men scores of thousands of rounds of ammunition, thousands of rifles, submachine guns, hand grenades and shells.

Available for his command are estimated to be 12,000 men, which is a good-sized guerrilla force in any country. Big Joe is an expert in guerrilla tactics of lightning attack and withdrawal. He is the terror of Franco's troops in the Asturias. Every time a new big reward is offered for him dead or alive, Big Joe posts his own reward for Franco. "One peseta, for Franco dead or alive, preferably dead."

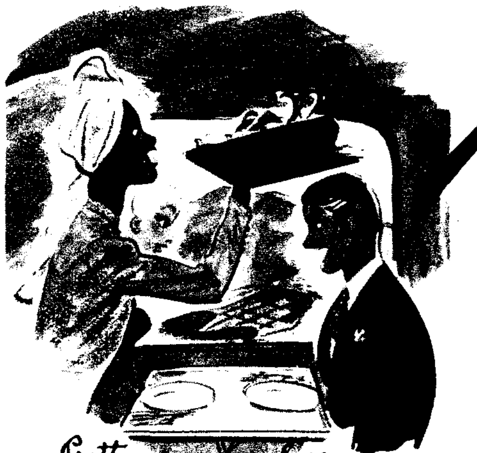
Franco has sent bombers to blast Big Joe from his headquarters in the hills. The huge miner has been surrounded many times, reported wounded six times and dead three times, but each month he seems to get stronger, with more men, guns and raids.

Many of his men are former Asturian miners like himself, and any of the correspondents who covered the wars in Spain, North Africa, Italy and France will tell you that there isn't a finer group of fighting men in the world. Besides being crack shots, Big Joe's men pride themselves on their ability to handle dynamite, *(Continued on page 49)*

PIX

La Pasionaria (above) and Dr. Juan Negrin (below) are two of Spanish Republicans' greatest leaders

BLACK STAR



Pretty soon lunch came, that was prettier than breakfast and more of it

Maiden with Butterflies

BY TOM POWERS

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The Story:

When a beautiful, blond cigarette girl in BUTCH'S café helps an Indian prince (HALLA BANDAH ROOKH) escape a band of Chicago hoodlums, then sets out to recover his treasured ruby ring which the gang leader, PIMPLES, stole off a chain around the prince's neck, she walks straight into a maze of adventure. Timidly tracking the wily PIMPLES to his hotel room, she sees him knocked out by a genial young stranger, MR. WENS, who then hurries her away, though not before she slips the ruby ring from PIMPLES' finger. Whipped back to the prince's suite, she is greeted with acclaim and learns that MR. WENS, whose real name is SWIFT, is an F.B.I. man, keeping tabs on the prince, who is in America to sell valuable jewels before returning to India. Breathless and confused, she is told she must fly with the prince to Mexico because PIMPLES and his gang will make life dangerous for her in Chicago. Supplied with a chaperone (AUNT MARY), a white-haired serene-faced woman, escorted by a troupe of Indians, she is rushed to an airport, kisses her puzzled boy friend, JEFF, goodby, and finds herself borne up into the clouds.

II

I HAD always wondered what it would be like to go flying and here I was doing it and there was nothing to it. Flying is just a train that's no trouble and if you do hit the ground it's no worse than hitting another train that trains are always doing. So I just looked back at the sunrise over my shoulder and decided to enjoy it like Pop said to try to do no matter where you find yourself, or with who.

Then the prince gentleman was sitting beside me and I says, "Good morning."

"Good morning," he says, in his soft voice.

"Listen," I says, "can you understand me all right?"

"Yes," he says.

"Well," I says, "you see, I'm American and I don't know your ways because I never met any princes before and my Pop always said, if you don't know how to do, ask polite, and anybody that is anybody will answer, just as polite, and then you'll know, my Pop says."

"Yes," he says, "he is right."

"First," I says, "what do I call you, Your Majesty, or what?"

"What you call me before," he says.

"Well, I didn't have to call you nothing before, because before you was just somebody in trouble, see, and I was trying to help you."

"You did help me," he says. "We are friends, yes?"

"Sure," I says, "I am, anyway."

"Me, too," he says. "Treat me as before. I like it very much."

"Well, that's fine," I says. "But first I got to give you some money," I says. "I had to spend five dollars for the gold chain the ring was on, to the man who found it when he swept up after the fight at Butch's last night. And a hundred-dollar bill I had to spend to buy chips to get in a place where the ring was at, so I did. And I won some, and you are only out that hundred, because I didn't want to take the ring off of the fellow that had it without giving him something. Here's the rest." And I give him what was left.

He held it in his two hands, and two big tears come in his eyes.

"Haven't you got no handkerchief?" I says, and then I saw it sticking out of his sleeve, and so I took it, his hands being busy holding the money and I wiped his eyes for him, just like he was a little kid.

"Don't cry," I says and he started to give the money back to me and I give it to him again.

"You know why you go with me?" he asked.

"Do you?" I asked right back.

"Of course," he says. "It is because of danger for you."

There didn't seem to be much to say to that so we just sat there, quiet and he put the money in his pocket.

"Your Aunt Mary is kind," he says finally.

"Yes, she is," I says, and I sure hoped he wouldn't ask too many questions.

"She thinks you ought to stay away for some time," he says, "and that your brother will explain to your father."

Of course he meant Jeff, who he thought was my brother, so I didn't say anything.

"We stay one day in Mexico City," he says, "and you must have clothes. I do not like you to wear black," he says. "White is better for you."

"Listen," I says, "I don't understand all of this."

"I know," he says. "Tomorrow Aunt Mary takes you shopping. You agree?"

"Okay," I says.

"Now I send you some breakfast," he said, and he held out his hand with the little ring on it. "We are friends," he says.

"Sure," I says, and we shook. His hand was so little and so strong you couldn't believe hardly it could be both. So he left, and Aunt Mary come back so quick, I knew she had been waiting for him to go.

"Well," she said, and she hardly had time to say more than "Well" till the two boys brought in the prettiest breakfast you ever saw. They hooked the tray on somehow, and there it was, just like a drive-in. There was flowers on the tray, fresh roses, a red one for Aunt Mary, and a white one for me.

While we ate I looked sideways at Aunt Mary. Her hair was white, but her face was pretty and soft and kind. She was all in black, like me, and nothing seemed to be on her mind but getting sheered eggs into her mouth, with a kind of a dainty way of holding her fork. It was a heavy fork and not like any I ever saw.

The dishes was made out of the same stuff as the fork, silver I guess, except the cups, and they was china and ivory color, so thin and light you thought the handles would break right off, but they was strong and didn't.

"I want to talk to you," she said, when I had put back my napkin that was like a thin handkerchief with writing embroidered on it, and the boys had taken away the tray.

"Mr. Swift says you are as calm as a water lily," she says. "A water lily can be very restful."

"I never saw a real water lily," I says. "What has it got to do?"

"It's got to rest quiet on the water," she says, "just looking as beautiful as what you look." I can't say it like she said it, so calm and quiet, with pretty near a smile.

"And no matter what waves come rolling in," she says, "nor which way the current takes the water lily, it just goes along, asking no questions."

"But if it don't know what it has to do," I says, "maybe it won't do what it's supposed to."

"As long as it sits quietly," she says, "it'll be guided."

"By who?" I says.

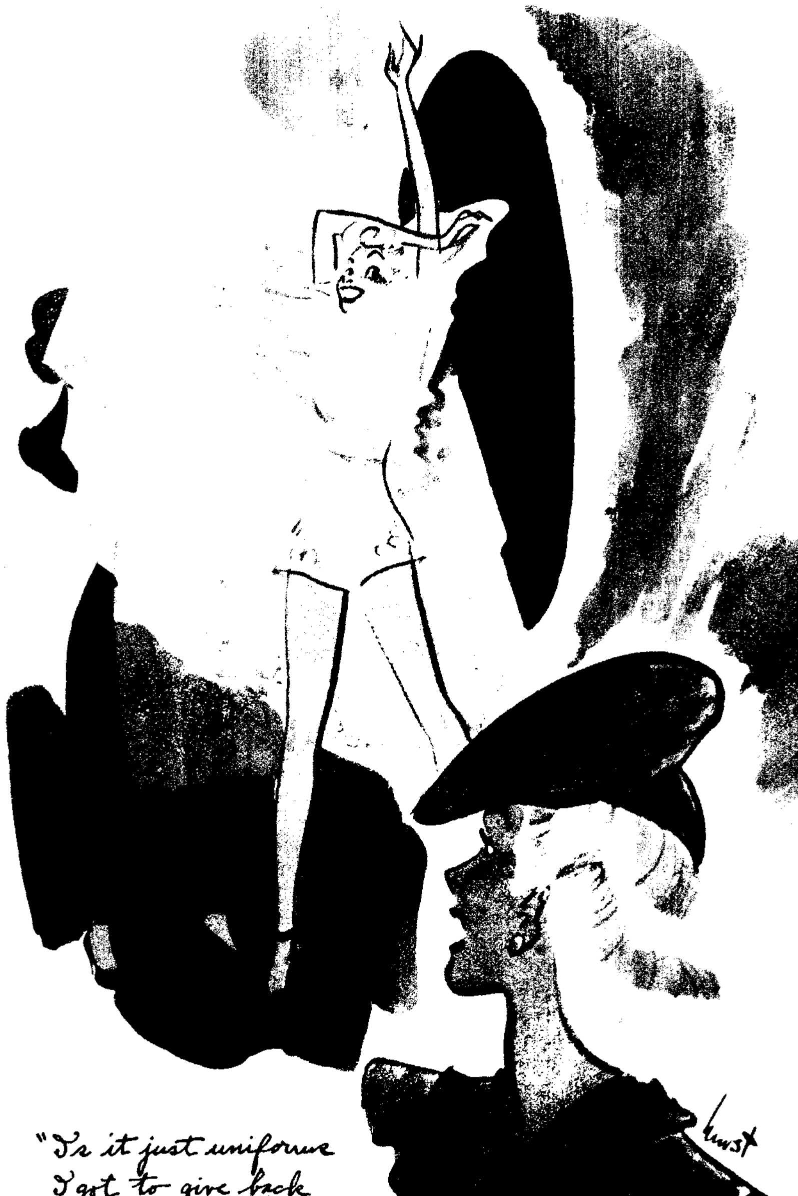
"By a very wise old fish," she says, "tha can't explain just now."

I got a little tired of this crossword puzzle way of talking.

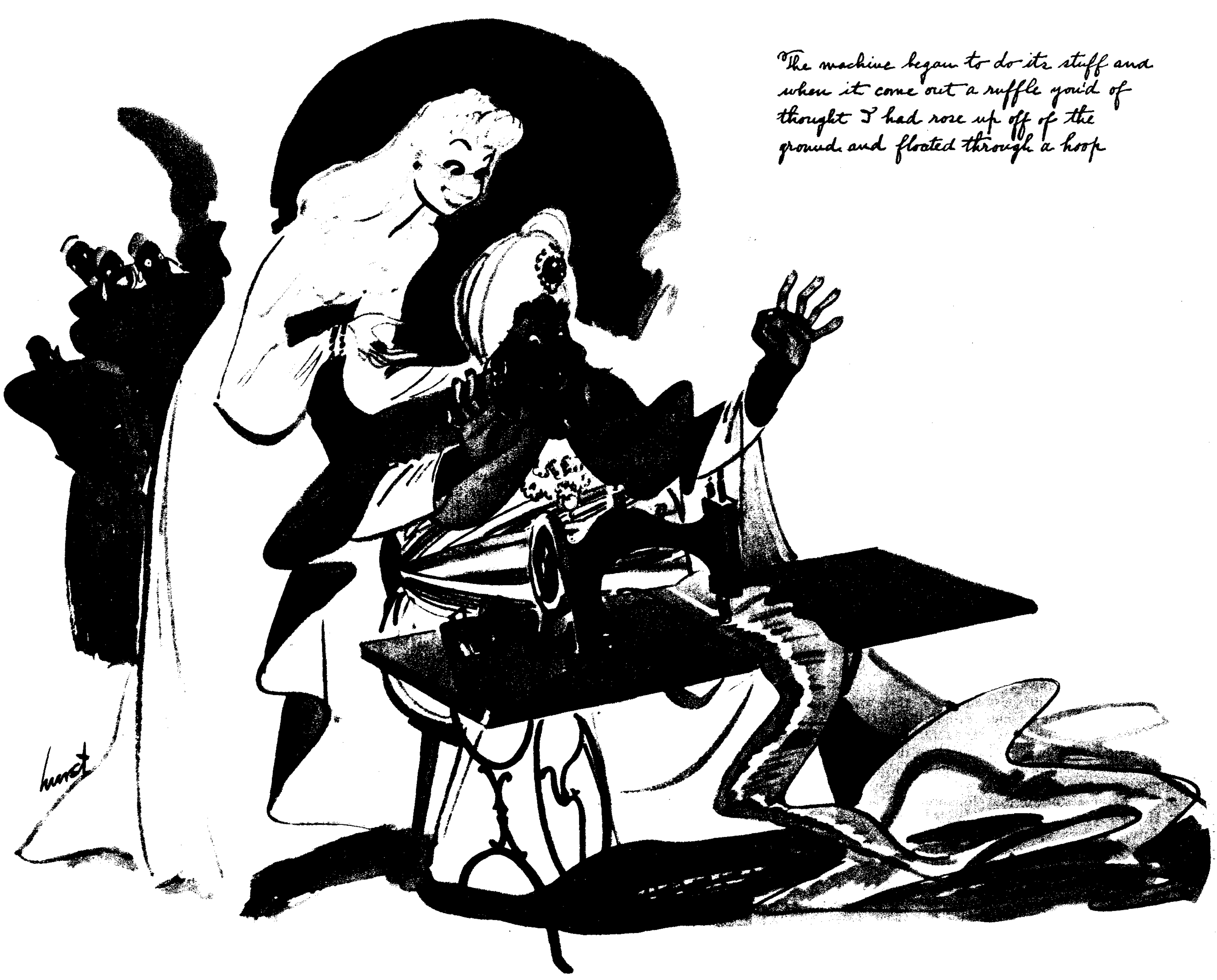
"The prince gentleman is leaving Mexico tomorrow night," I says. "Do we go back to Chicago then?"

"That is a current we'll have to meet when we meet it," she says. "All I want to see you do is have as good a time as money and new places can give you."

"His money?" I says. "I won't take pay for what I done. It's all right if Mr. Hoover wants to pay my way," I says. "He wouldn't be fool enough to put out the cash unless he thought it was worth it. But this gentleman is a foreigner and he talked like he wanted to put out for some clothes and shopping for me. Maybe he don't know that with us a girl don't go around taking clothes off a man, for just nothing," I says.



"Is it just uniforms I got to give back when I give up this job?" I says



The machine began to do its stuff and when it come out a ruffle you'd of thought I had rose up off of the ground and floated through a hoop

"Just books and flowers," she says, and she was smiling. "That Swift boy is a genius," she says. "He'll get decorated for this."

Soon after that I went to sleep, and I dreamed about Pop and being back there in Mattoon. And something jolted and I woke up to find Aunt Mary had buckled my safety belt around my stummick which is what you do when you land, and we got out of the plane, someplace pretty flat, and Aunt Mary and I went to the Ladies and we started to take a walk up and down to stretch our legs.

Then a lot of men in overhall suits climbed onto the plane, and the prince gentleman talked to some reporters that hadn't seen us yet because of where we had been, and then they did see us and they asked the prince who we was, and he wouldn't tell, and they started toward us, so we got in the plane, and the prince paid out money in the office and then he hurried and got in too.

BUT one of the reporters got a ladder and climbed up it and flashed a camera flash at me right close through the window, and the motors was going, and somebody pushed the ladder over with him on it and dragged it out of the way, and we moved off.

We settled down and I felt at home and pretty soon lunch came, that was prettier than breakfast and more of it.

After the trays went away, balanced by the two boys, the brown men all talked together, then me and the prince gentleman was sitting together again, and it seemed like we had gotten to be friends. We laughed a lot and had a real good time, till we got to flying over Mexico.

"Is this your plane?" I says to him, as we was looking at the mountains down below us.

"I buy it for my brother. I take it back to him, a present," he says.

"That'll be a nice present. I guess he'll sure be surprised to get a plane," I says.

"He has some," he says, "but none so big as this American one. It is best," he says. "I have ordered it before the war came, but after it is finished they cannot get men to fly it to my home, and no ships to send it, so I bring pilots and come to collect it. It is very nice, and nicer because of you." . . .

Well, when we got to Mexico City it seemed like those two Japanese gentlemen that had been visiting in Washington, they didn't do right, because some other Japanese that sure was no gentlemen, they come over to a place that's called Pearl Harbor, and they blew it right up. And they oughtn't to of done that, till at least after those Japanese gentlemen had went home, so there was a war.

Aunt Mary said she was glad we got away when we did, and she talked to the prince about it.

Somehow she didn't seem quite the same when she was talking to him, as she did with me. I thought she sounded just a little dumb sometimes, and I was worrying about it a little, for fear he wouldn't see how smart she was, so I decided maybe she didn't feel quite comfortable with a prince. But I just went on being a water lily, and I let Aunt Mary do all the planning.

I couldn't help thinking how I'd make Millie's and Moe's eyes open when I got back and told 'em. I sat and thought how they'd both look when I walked in, and they said, "Where you been?" And I'd say, "Oh, Mexico City."

And the plane jolted and we had on our emergency belts and it landed and there we was in Mexico City.

WE WENT to a hotel. It was lovely, and Aunt Mary and I had pretty rooms on each side of a bathroom that looked just like a big, shiny restaurant. And we took turns and there was plenty of hot water, and we both felt fine.

Our Indian friends had some meetings and there were newspapers about the war, and Aunt Mary could read Mexican, which I never knew anybody that could, and she could speak it, too.

In the afternoon we drove out through a great big park that was like having a masquerade, with the Mexican gentlemen all dressed up, and taking off hats and dusting their horses flanks with 'em and bowing to the cars full of ladies.

And that night we had dinner with our Indian friend and, boy, was it a dinner! It was held in a private room and Aunt Mary and me was both treated like we was princesses also, as well as him.

Well, it seemed that Aunt Mary talks French, too, for I asked her what she was talking, if it was Indian, which wouldn't of surprised me, and she said it was French, so I guess it was. And the prince gentleman it seemed that he talked French better than he talked American. So while they was doing it quite a lot I ate everything that was put before me.

Well, after they had said their French, him and I took our little doll coffee cups and walked right out of some long windows on a balcony like, and drank it, standing up by the railing.

There was an avenue down below us, full of lights and cars, and people, all acting like a carnival, only there seemed to be some excitement.

He said it was about the war and that Mexico didn't think those Japanese gentlemen ought to of been there in Washington while their friends was busy blowing up Pearl Harbor, but it took him so long to say it that I changed the subject.

I told him about Pop and me when I was younger, going down town in Mattoon to see the Elks' carnival and street fair, B.P.O.E., which this was just now reminding me of, and I asked him to tell me about where he lived, and did he have anybody like Pop.

Well, he used to live with his Pop, who was a pretty wonderful man, but now he didn't because he wasn't a boy any more, but, aside from that, his Pop wasn't very pleased with him, just now. What was the reason he didn't say, but his Pop had given him a state to run for his own, and he had a house and he lived there.

I asked him if he had a wife, and he didn't, but his brother had two, and his brother had a state where he lived, too.

He loved his brother, I could see that, and he was sad because his Pop wasn't very pleased with him and his brother. He talked a lot about England, as if it was part of his country, and I couldn't see why he did,

(Continued on page 57)

CAN CHINA UNITE?

BY MARK GAYN

Touched off by some tough talk from the usually docile People's Political Council, clamor for reform rolls through China, voiced by businessmen, government and military leaders and the Communists. An authority reports on who is asking what

ON a rainy morning a few months ago, somber men in dark gowns filed into a building in downtown Chungking. They shook the water off their oiled-paper umbrellas, gravely looked about, exchanged ceremonious bows with friends. These were the members of the People's Political Council, come for its third session in six years.

This time, as in its early days, the council held no power and enjoyed no privilege—save that to speak, question and recommend. But now disaster knocked urgently on China's door, and the council was no longer timid. It wanted action.

For two weeks, the council met. It listened to Chiang Kai-shek and some of his ministers. It received reports on the progress of the Communist-Kuomintang "peace talks." And it spoke itself, with bitterness and passion, with disregard for the feelings of those who held power, with an insistence that sent a shiver through Chungking.

Much of what was said in that small hall did not appear in public print. But by word of mouth, it became known that Finance Minister H. H. Kung had been handled roughly. Army leaders, too, had been assailed. "The report says we are going to train crack troops. How many? How well? It says we are going to look after the well-being of the draftees. How? We want definite plans, not just vague promises!"

One after another, the delegates rose to make pointed attacks:

"Corruption of officials, especially of district officials, is staggering."

"To read the government reports is just like reading an old thesis submitted for the imperial examinations during the Manchu Dynasty. I am afraid that next year . . . the government will submit the same report. We usually talk big and do nothing."

Angrily, the men cited detail after detail:

"Gasoline in Chungking is as precious as blood. Why is it wasted to provide transportation for the wives and girl friends of officials on shopping tours?

"In ancient times we had a tradition of giving aid to the poor. Now the so-called New Life Movement (sponsored by General and Madame Chiang Kai-shek) has a center here; and the Kuomintang Youth Corps has just spent millions of dollars to build a Youth Hall. . . . But young men who took the college entrance examinations at Shapingpa recently died of hunger and exposure because they had no food and were forced to sleep in the open."

The men argued, accused, passed resolutions, made recommendations which no one expected to be heeded. But this time something did happen. The two men the council attacked most bitterly, Finance Minister Kung and War Minister Ho Ying-chin, were dropped a few weeks later. Some of the reforms the council urged became the basis of government-backed plans.

The explanation was simple. Greater pressures than the council were at work; the spectacular Japanese gains, American influence, the growing Communist strength, the signs of dangerous dissidence in the south. But the council had done an uncommonly courageous and able job in voicing the necessity for change.

One task it had accomplished was to correct the distorted picture of China presented to the American public. In this picture, the Chinese political crisis was portrayed as a conflict solely between the Kuomintang and the Communists. The council helped to show that the opposition to Chungking was not confined to the Communists, that it was wide and vigorously democratic. By its stand, the council also made it possible to disclose much more of the truth about China, hitherto buried in the files of newspaper correspondents, government bureaus and business enterprises. It is such information that this report reveals, in many cases for the first time.

A United Front for Reform

Reform was the battle cry of all the opposition groups. American-trained businessmen wanted the end of corruption, of unsound economic policy, of the disunity which foreshadowed future bloodshed. Professors and students, ever China's most articulate and politically conscious group, had long battled for democracy. For their pains, hundreds had been put in concentration camps, hundreds more had been forced to make long and dangerous trek to the Communist universities in the northwest. Generals who had fought for Nationalist revolution, and who now, with anger and heartache, watched the Japanese knife toward China's heart, cried for army reforms.

Within the Kuomintang itself, progressive leaders like Doctor Sun Fo, the son of China's first president, and T. V. Soong, now Acting Premier and Foreign Minister, demanded a purge of the government, a union of all anti-Japanese elements, and democratic reforms which would give new energy to a weary and disheartened people.

In this chorus of reform, rightist voices harmonized with leftist, bankers sang the same tune as ragged, hungry students. In Chengtu, the so-called Nationalist Group *(Kuo Chia Chu Yu P'ai)*, once a vigorous Red-baiter, now shouted such "Communist" slogans as "Let's end the Kuomintang dictatorship."

Across China, in the south, the influential Democratic League drew up its Principles, based partly on Anglo-U.S., partly on Soviet Russian ideas. The latest draft called for the elemental freedoms: of speech and press, of assembly and academic thought. But it also urged reforms in the system of landholding and the distribution of daily necessities. The opening sentence of the principles could have come out of the American Constitution: "In a democratic state, the people are the masters."

These are potent words in China. They were echoed at a mass rally in Chungking. The speaker was the picturesque, simple-mannered General Feng Yu-hsiang, whose name can be found in every Chinese history book:

"One reason we suffered a setback in Honan is that our soldiers made themselves the enemies of our own people. We cannot draft army recruits and let them die of hunger if we know the true meaning of democracy. We have an old saying that good leaders must bear the hardships of their men. Our military leaders have all failed in this. Unless we make far-reaching reforms now, we will very soon see the disintegration of our country."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL LEAF—FROM GUILLUMETTE

Mme. Mao Tse-tung left Shanghai stage to wed Communist leader

A candid Kuomintang official told an American friend that the resentment against the government was so widespread that if a free, universal election were held, four out of five would probably vote against it.

Except for the Communists, the resentment has been largely unorganized. Most of the minority parties have been driven underground. Public assembly is dangerous, unless sponsored by men too important to fear arrest. The press is rigidly censored, and critical speeches even by such eminent government leaders as Sun Fo are often suppressed.

But if the Communists are not the only opposition, they comprise its major element because they are strong and well-organized, and Communist sympathizers have come to include a spectacular variety of political hues. The Communists also offer a well-thought-out program, a tight and well-disciplined political machine, leadership and a huge army.

What goes on in Communist territory is no longer a secret. In the last seven months, American military officers, officials and correspondents have visited the so-called Red Border Region, have studied the facts with deep and sometimes hostile interest and emerged with voluminous reports. Many of these have been critical; none has failed to point out the striking contrast between the picture in Chungking and in Communist territory.

"We have come to the mountains of North Shensi," said one correspondent, "to find the most modern place in China." An American officer summed up in a single word: "Exhilarating."

Communism in China was nurtured on battle. For eighteen years, the Communists have been at war with the Kuomintang, for nearly eight with Japan. "One cannot help coming to feel," said one observer, "that this movement is strong and successful, and that it has such drive behind it . . . that it will not be easily killed."

But in the growth from an underground party to a state within a state, the Communists have undergone a metamorphosis. They are no longer Red. Their program and objectives today find their closest U.S. parallel in our Farmer-Labor Party of the twenties.

Communist leaders now admit the errors of their infancy. Communism, they have discovered, cannot be planted in present-day China. Forces of history cannot be bucked. Therefore, they profess a readiness to go slow, to encourage private enterprise, to stimulate industry. They even talk warmly of American loans. The confiscation of land and its redistribution among the landless was left by the roadside years ago. Communist slogans have been toned down.

But in giving up their "Redness," the Communists did not abandon their old appeal to the masses. Shrewdly, they have wooed the people with rural reforms, with the beginnings of self-government, with a program of education and hygiene.

A foreigner reported that in eight months spent in peasant huts and at inns, he had not seen a single bedbug. This, he said, was the result of a Communist antibug campaign.

Properly the emphasis has been on rural reform. Especial attention was paid to the three causes of the small farmers' distress: exorbitant land rents, exorbitant rates of interest, exorbitant taxes. Today land rent has been reduced to 25 per cent of the crop produced, compared with 50 per cent elsewhere in Free China. Taxes have been reduced, standardized and graduated, with the rich paying 30 per cent, the poor none. Interest has been kept down to 20 per cent, as contrasted with as much as 200 per cent and 300 per cent in the rest of China.

While income from land has been kept down, the landlords have been assured, by various local ordinances, of prompt payment. The Communists have not "liquidated" the big landlords, but have tried to create a sense of social responsibility.

Land scarcity has been partly met by reclamation. Since the Communists moved into China's barren northwest, they have reclaimed an acreage equal to the state of Wisconsin. This has been accomplished largely by a system of incentives. Farmers tilling new land pay no rent for the first three years, no taxes for five years, and they receive free seed.

A New Era for the Farmer

In eight years the average family plot has been increased from two acres to ten. Yields have also been increased through crop diversification, pest control, prevention of land erosion and relentless, day-in-and-day-out schooling.

Communist agronomists introduced new, hardier types of millet. Gradually, wheat became the second basic crop. Cotton acreage has been expanded. Patches of lettuce, potatoes, sugar beets have sprung up everywhere, engulfing even the grave mounds which are such an integral part of the Chinese landscape.

Next to the sword, the plowshare received top priority in the allocation of steel and iron. Improved farm implements, which are made in small arsenals, are being distributed on easy credit terms. Refugees from the hungry neighboring provinces are given free tools, seed and even land. The sparsely peopled northwest wants manpower.

It is in the use of labor that the Soviet influence comes to the fore. Urgent work like spring planting and land reclamation is done by co-operative labor brigades. Where there are no collective farms of the Russian pattern, neighbors are encouraged to till their land co-operatively.

The outstanding workers become "heroes of labor," honored throughout the Communist territory.

Next to rural reform and self-government, the Communists placed self-defense. They took the farmers' impotent hate for the Japanese and gave it method and muscle. The farmers no longer have to take abuse and torture from the enemy. Man, woman and child, they have all been organized, trained and armed. Apart from a regular army of 475,000 claimed by the Communists, there is a people's militia of 2,200,000 men and, beneath that, a still larger layer of potential fighters.

Out of this mass of armed men came ceaseless pinpricks which have been a drain on Japan's strength. In defense, the Japanese built walls and dug deep moats along the railroads. They dotted North China with thousands of garrisoned pillboxes. They managed to limit the attacks, but they never stopped them.

Out of the ranks has come the Intelligence section of the Communist Command. Probably no better illustration of this can be given than the story of an American newspaperman who one night slipped past a Japanese-held pillbox in north China. Casually, his guerrilla guides told him the number of men in the pillbox, their names and their home towns.

This last bit of information was used to "angle" the propaganda aimed at that particular pillbox.

It is not easy for an American to grasp the fact that most of the fifteen Communist Regions lie behind the Japanese lines. This means heartbreaking problems in organization and supply, constant vigilance against a never-ending peril.

When the Japanese move into an area, the Chinese officials flee, and a vacuum results. Sooner or later, Communist agents filter through the enemy lines and begin their work of organization. The villagers are urged to

(Continued on page 30)

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRESS

By WALTER DAVENPORT

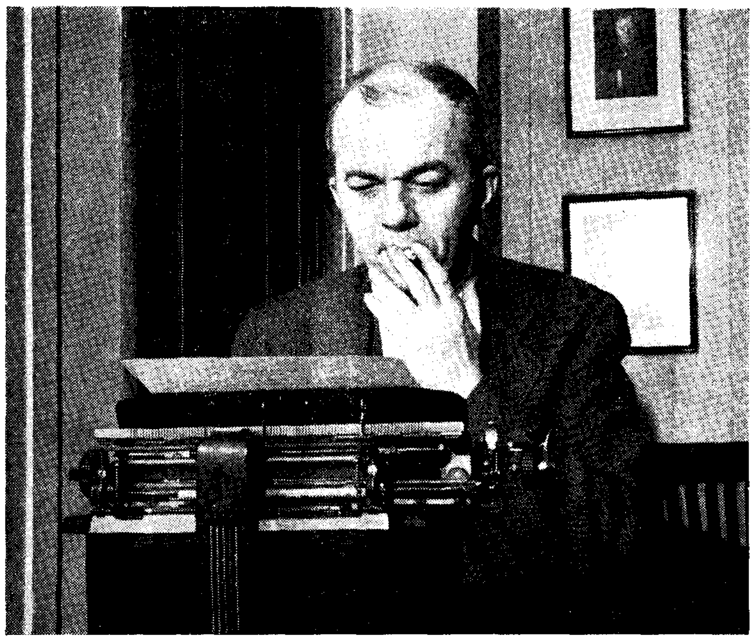
In his second article on the President and the newspapers, our political expert explains the workings of Mr. Roosevelt's press conferences and discusses trial balloons and other devices that enable him not only to combat, but occasionally to manipulate, the American press

Correspondents waiting for the President's conference to begin. Among them are such well-known reporters as Bert Andrews, New York Herald Tribune; Elizabeth May Craig, Maine newspapers, and Helen Essary of the Washington Times-Herald

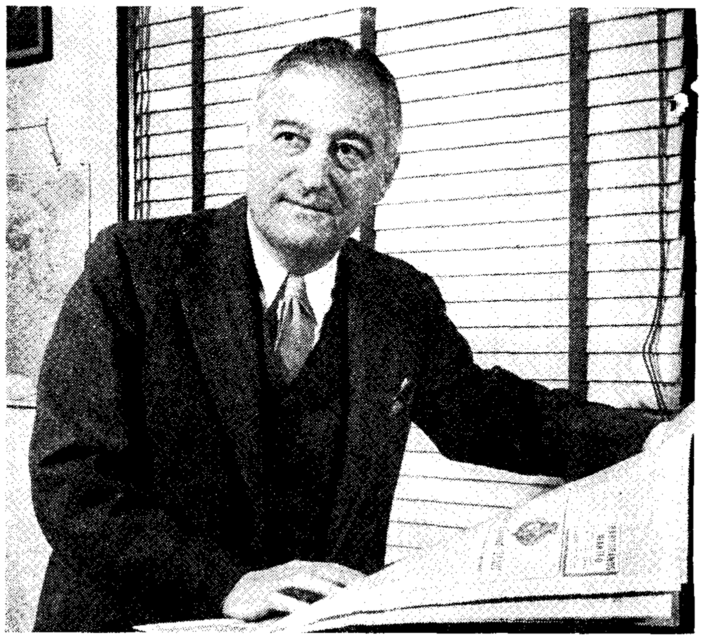
FOR three successive Presidential elections—1936, 1940 and 1944—Mr. Roosevelt has won re-election opposed by the majority of America's newspapers. This may correctly be regarded as a considerable shellacking for the press. It can be interpreted as you see fit, provided it is not your aim to demonstrate that the editors and their publishers are ahead of, abreast of, or even that they are following the political will of their readers.

Increasingly Mr. Roosevelt has become more critical of the opposition press and even less solicitous of those newspapers friendly toward him. His criticisms of newspapermen from owners down to their Washington correspondents have become sharper, more frequent and more careless of his own accuracy. That he should show less respect for the vaunted power of the press today than he did when first elected is understandable; no man may be elected President of the United States four times without beginning to suspect that his opposition must be misrepresentative of the people. And you can argue this until your voice fails and convince nobody who isn't already convinced.

For the few statistics we shall use, we've gone to the files of Editor and Publisher, the principal trade paper of American journalism. There it is recorded that in 1932, 55 per cent of the newspapers supported Mr. Hoover who, as you doubtless recall, got only 59 electoral votes. Four years later, 60.4 per cent of the press went all out for Mr. Landon, who got exactly eight electoral votes—Maine's and Vermont's. In 1940, Mr. Roosevelt was opposed by 66.3 per cent of our newspapers and Mr. Willkie got only 82 electoral votes. In 1944, according to the final tabulations of Editor and Publisher, 60.1 per cent of the press, representing 68.5 per cent of the total daily circulation, implored their readers to elect Governor Dewey. Some of the straw-grabbers managed to garner a little cheer because Mr. Dewey did



Thomas L. Stokes, Scripps-Howard papers



Arthur Krock, of the New York Times

Ernest K. Lindley, of Newsweek Magazine

Raymond P. Brandt, St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Steve Early, the President's secretar has his own press conference. Correspondents taking notes include William O. Playe New York Post, and D. Harold Oliver of the A.P.

At the National Press Club—Lyle Wilson, United Press, talks to Charles A. Michie, John Terrell and Charles W. Van Devander

somewhat better than any other Roosevelt opponent, getting himself 99 electoral votes.

To add to the excitement which these figures have created in journalism, it does not follow that Mr. Roosevelt had the support of all the newspapers which didn't support the Republican candidates. In each election a considerable number of them refused to declare for either candidate. In his latest victory he was supported by only 22 per cent of the dailies, representing 17.7 per cent of newspaper circulation. And considering that he got about 53.5 per cent of the popular vote, this adds a certain heft to the arguments of those who, like Mr. Ickes, not only maintain that the press has lost its leadership and political influence but its virility, too, and that its very freedom is threatened.

Such critics persist in minimizing the vote-swinging power of the radio, saying that Mr. Hoover, Mr. Landon, Mr. Willkie and Mr. Dewey also had microphones in front of them from nomination to defeat. A few of the more cynical add that this very fact contributed no little to the defeats. The losers, with the exception of Mr. Hoover, were largely limited to telling the people that they could do what Mr. Roosevelt was doing but do it better and more economically. Mr. Hoover—alas—was confined to self-defense, and had he been right, his voice, like the others, was scarcely a match for President Roosevelt's.

In six states, no newspaper supported Mr. Roosevelt, according to the Editor and Publisher survey. They are Delaware, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, North Dakota and Vermont. And yet Mr. Roosevelt carried Delaware, Louisiana and Maryland. The only state wherein no newspaper backed Mr. Dewey was Mississippi, not that it mattered much. That the American newspapers are no longer the voice of the people (granting that it's possible they never were) is shown in the weak journalistic support Mr. Roosevelt got, say, in New England, which he carried—always excepting Maine and Vermont.

In New England only five dailies advocated Mr. Roosevelt's re-election and none of them was in the big-circulation ranks. For example, none was in Boston. In populous Connecticut, there was but one Roosevelt paper—the Bridgeport Herald.

We might bore you to death with statistics from other sections, but only add more and unnecessary testimony to the evidence that if the American newspapers are to lead influenced voters to the polls, they'll have to change their habits. We might pause for a moment to have a swift look at the South. Just why no newspaper polled by Editor and Publisher in Louisiana backed Mr. Roosevelt is perhaps what's wrong with the press as a sturdy popular force in general. Only 41 per cent of Texas' newspapers supported the President, and only 31 per cent of Tennessee's. Of course, there was a Roosevelt revolt in Texas and Louisiana and, to a lesser extent, in Tennessee.

The Voice of Big Business

Election results make it pretty clear, however, that it was a business-office revolt and not a popular revulsion. The voter read the news and, with some exceptions, the newspapers printed news as it happened and not as the editors hoped it might happen. Anti-Roosevelt editors and publishers were for the most part thinking of the election in terms of economics—taxes chiefly. Or their newspapers, having followed the great American trail, had become big business and the spokesman for big business.

However, it is as unnecessary as it is unfair to lay all journalistic opposition to Mr. Roosevelt's re-election to such earthy reasoning. There are publishers and editors who honestly feared the lasting effect on American traditions, were Mr. Roosevelt or any other man "perpetuated" in office. And then there were some who (like many thousands of otherwise unconcerned voters) were just doggoned tired of Mr. Roosevelt; who were for a change even if it had to be Governor Dewey, to whom very few warmed up personally.

In their eagerness to unhorse Mr. Roosevelt, some of his opposition press became so impassioned that it defeated itself—overplayed its hand. It outdid and thereby undid itself, for example, on the Communism issue. We have no room for more than one typical example, so we'll cite the Shreveport, Louisiana, Times for November 5th.

In a long editorial, it compares three men, two of them foreign-born—Lieutenant General Walter Krueger (Germany) and Mr. Sidney Hillman (Russia). The third was Mr. Earl Browder who was born in Kansas. General Krueger, commander of the American Sixth Army in the Pacific, is exhibited as signifying all that the foreign-born American should be—whose parents "brought their boy up in the Americanism they had adopted, not in the foreign isms they had deserted."

But Mr. Hillman, the editorial goes on, came to America when he was twenty. "His ideals and philosophies had been molded before he ever saw the Statue of Liberty," wrote the editor. "Foreign birth gave him alien philosophies, and he never let go of them. . . . He went back and forth between Moscow and the United States, working with William Z. Foster here and Trotsky and Lenin over there. He was in those days Comrade Hillman, full-fledged Communist, associate of armed revolutionists. . . . Today Hillman is looked on as the man who will undoubtedly rule American labor through his C.I.O. powers . . . if his political objectives are attained. . . ."

With sorrow, the editor describes Mr. Browder as "the boy from Kansas who has fought Americanism since he was old enough to make a soapbox speech." But the point is that this editor indicated that by electing Mr. Roosevelt, we would be surrendering to Mr. Browder and Mr. Hillman who, he says, are representative of those who "use the privileges given them by their Americanism only to undermine it and to replace it with evil foreign isms."

This editorial, to repeat, was typical of many such journalistic shudders. They had, among other shortcomings, a certain amount of inaccuracy. Mr. Hillman is not a Communist, denies that he ever was, and no one has produced reliable evidence that he was. The unhappy Mr. Browder was repudiated by Mr. Roosevelt, as a Communist, and there is no evidence at all that the re-election of the President has added anything to the almost indiscernible influence he has ever had.

More important, however, is the fact that many newspapers had to resort to exhortation of that sort. They placed before the reader no sound reason for voting against Mr. Roosevelt or his policies, particularly in the midst of a war which—with the President as Commander in Chief—we were winning. And they confessed to a grinding poverty of reason why Mr. Dewey should take over. Moreover, they were all suggesting that the American voter should "go back" to a pre-Roosevelt something, when the President's re-election to a third term should have made it clear that the said voter has no intention of "going back" to anything.

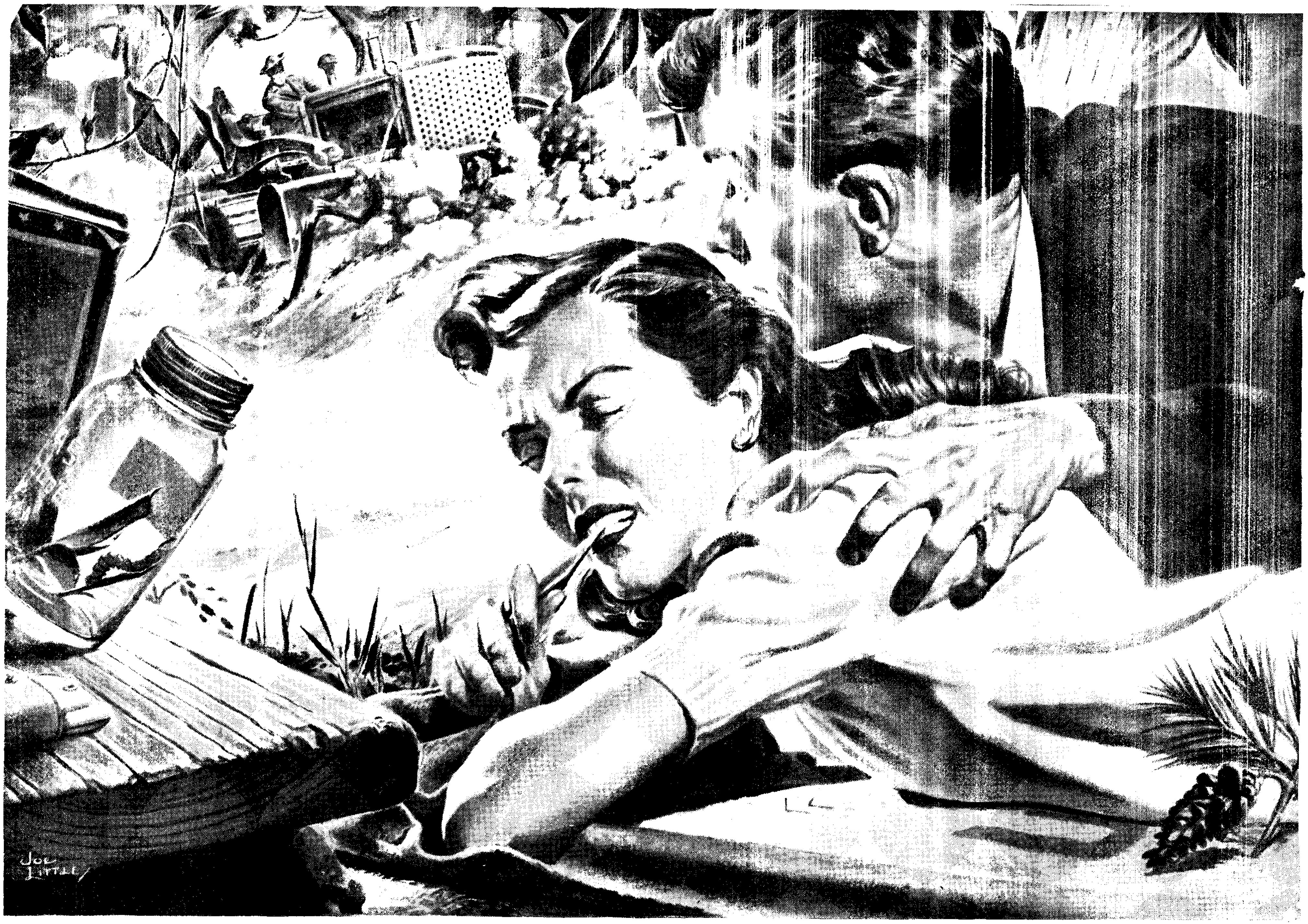
In various sections of the country, there is considerable complaint that the press has actually abandoned the people. And this can be of much greater importance to the press than Mr. Ickes' charge of lost leadership, influence and vitality.

Let's take Denver as an example: Mr. Dewey carried Colorado, but Mr. Roosevelt had such a large vote in Denver in the face of the opposition of that city's two newspapers—the Post and the Rocky Mountain News—that a third and more liberal newspaper is likely to appear, and with excellent prospects.

Mr. Eugene Cervi, Democratic State Chairman in Colorado, formerly a reporter for the Denver papers, is negotiating with Mr. Marshall Field, and it is said that the pro-Roosevelt publisher of the Chicago Sun and the New York PM is willing to subscribe a million dollars to the founding of a third Denver paper. Mr. Cervi charges that both the Post and the Rocky Mountain News declined to publish Democratic news without first subjecting it to Republican censorship—the very serious accusation that Denver's newspapers had abandoned their primary duty: to be newspapers. He bought time on radio station KOA, intending to criticize this alleged shortcoming. But two hours before his broadcast, KOA canceled his time, saying, he claims, that he must first clear his talk with the editors of the two newspapers. Anyway, he filed charges against KOA with

(Continued on page 47)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY H. J. KNOPF-PIX



We saw the bulldozer headed straight for us. There was no time to do anything so we lay flat on the blanket and waited for the end

The House in the Woods

BY RACHEL MADDUX

What our uprooted Army wives miss most is a home. This soldier and his wife made themselves one—largely out of imagination and camouflage

WHEN I used to go see Bruce in the hospital every day I never got anything else done at all. He was at Fort Belvoir in Virginia and I was staying with my sister in Bethesda, Maryland. Now if it ever were a clear day there, you could almost see Fort Belvoir from Bethesda, but to get there is the darnedest journey in the world. By the time that I made the round trip, I had been on ten busses, and in order to spend a few hours with Bruce each day I had to spend twelve hours away from the house. It was, need I add, June and July and part of August.

Well, at first it was horrible. Right in the middle of OCS Bruce had come out to see me one day, and my brother-in-law, who is a doctor, had said to him, "You had better report to the hospital tomorrow. You are a funny color." It didn't show so much then, but in the hospital they wear purple bathrobes. He and several hundred others had the Army's jaundice and the purple bathrobes, being the complementary color, brought out the bright yellow (especially of the eyeballs) to an amazing degree. There was one Italian boy there with very dark hair and eyes who looked exactly like a Baltimore oriole.

It was all a mystery then. No one knew what caused it and, although they were not in pain, a couple of the men had died of it; so not knowing what was going to happen to them or how long (how long, oh Lord!) they would be kept in the hospital, they could only sit around and stare yellowly at one another. Then all the beds were moved closer together and another hundred men were brought in. Then a row was made down the middle and still another hundred came in.

There wasn't enough room to move around in; there was no quiet for sleeping. And there was no place to go except to the Red Cross Waiting Room. So there we sat, wives and yellow husbands, two by two, packed in like sardines. The heat was simply awful. Now and then someone would say, "But, darling, I paid the insurance," or "Haven't we got *any* money in the savings account?" and then everybody would stop talking and get self-conscious.

Across from the hospital barracks there was a spacious, lovely, cool, green, wonderful woods.

But, verboten. Someone had discovered it first. Looking like Robin Hood's men in their purple robes, a group had gone into the woods and started a poker game. They had been found. From then on, the woods were forbidden. But we could not stand the crowded Red Cross Waiting Room any longer. We stood on one side of the road and looked longingly, longingly across at the forbidden woods.

"Do you see that tall tree standing by itself?" Bruce said. "Beside it is a path. Tomorrow when you come, go down that path until you are out of sight. I'll meet you there."

"But what about the rule?" I said.

"Yeah," he said. "What about it?"

Next day I snuck off the bus and ran quick to the big tree. Like an Indian, I padded down the path. There was Bruce. We were alone. It was wonderfully quiet and, for Virginia, it was cool. We walked down the path and suddenly we came to five pine trees in a circle making a lovely enclosure. It was a perfect room. The floor was all covered by pine needles. It was secret. It was quiet. It was private. It was ours.

At first, in our room made by the five trees, I was too worried that someone would find us and it did not seem like home. Bruce brought out his blanket and we would sit on it in the quiet and, for a while, we would really talk, but if a bird stirred or a twig snapped, I would jump. But I suppose if you began to steal and you stole something every day it would gradually come to be quite natural to you and so, as the days went by, I began to get calmer about being in the forbidden woods.

My sister's husband has been in the Navy for fifteen years and in this time my sister has planted fifteen gardens, one for every

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE LITTLE

spring, but she has only seen two of these come up because her husband always got transferred. She has come to be very superstitious about morning-glories because it is always on the day when they blossom that the orders come. So I told Bruce that next time I would bring out morning-glory seeds and maybe then he would get to leave the hospital soon.

We had to clear a place at the base of each of the five trees because the pine needles were very deep and thick. We spent the whole afternoon digging in the dirt and putting the big seeds in; it was good we had them because Bruce had just found out that his blood tests showed he was still full of jaundice; he had next to the highest index in the whole group and he had begun to feel that it would never drop and that he would never get out of the hospital.

Next day I was late getting there and when I came to our room I found Bruce sitting in the midst of it, looking very tired and yellow and triumphant. He had outlined the boundaries indicated by the five trees with stones—beautiful, whitish, uniform stones about as big as the bottom of a glass coffee pot; they made the room ours, somehow, just as though they had been high walls. And this was the first day we laughed out loud.

GRADUALLY the room came to be the *only* place where we were at ease. If we had to go into the great dining room to eat, we would hurry to get back to our own place, and we lived only for the hours that we spent together there. Now we were spoiled and if we had had to sit in the Red Cross Waiting Room as we had at first, it would have been intolerable. That was why I stared at the sky with such apprehension one day all the way out on the five busses because any fool could see that it was going to rain. In fact, as I ran down the path a fine, misty rain had already started. Not only was it going to rain but I had lost our room. I stood there in a panic, afraid I had taken the wrong path and that I was lost in the woods, when right close beside me I heard a voice saying, "What's the matter? Don't you know your own house?" And there was Bruce and *there was a house*, so wonderfully camouflaged I had never noticed it.

He, too, had seen the dark sky early in the morning and (how motivating is the dread of the Red Cross Waiting Room) he had been hard at work. Two sawhorses, stolen from the carpenter shop, were the framework. Over this, canvas. Over this, branches and little trees. You had to crawl in, but once in you could sit up, though you could not stand. It rained all around us. Well, to tell you the truth, that first day it rained in a little, too, but later Bruce fixed it. Now we had a shelter. We had a secret hidden place with a *roof* on it.

A roof is a wonderful thing. As long as it was just a stone boundary around five trees, open to the sky, I simply accepted the room as a marvel. But as soon as the roof was on, I began to have ideas. I wanted a bookcase.

And one day, when I arrived in our secret house, there it was. It was quite a wonderful bookcase, made out of two boards supported by stones. And that evening before we went to dinner we walked further into the woods and we found a magnificent striped caterpillar, so we brought him home. He had not been eating when we found him, so we picked a few leaves and put him in a glass jar. And it was on that walk that we turned over all the big stones we found to see what was underneath, and for the first time I saw an ant colony. The eggs (well, later I found out they're not really eggs, but cocoons) would be directly under the stone all laid out in even rows. There would be hundreds of them, each about the size of the end of my little finger. Bruce transplanted a colony to a huge Army mayonnaise jar and this we put on the top of the bookcase. Sitting in our house we could watch for hours the huge red ants, just the color of the red earth of Virginia, running busily around doing their chores.

The morning-glories began to come up, the first pointed, folded leaves growing atop the white stems. So we fixed strings for them to climb on and we said we would never be there to see them, they would be climbing without us. But we were wrong. The morning-glory vines began to climb up the trees higher and higher and still Bruce was a bright yellow color and he thought he would become an old, old man there, would never get back to OCS, would never, never get out of those gray pajamas and that purple bathrobe. We had now an ash tray and a drinking mug and a jug for water. We had, too, some books. But, most important, we had a set of Faber water-color pencils and a sketchbook and Bruce was keeping a record for us of the caterpillar, the ants and of how the house was constructed.

ONE day I crawled into our house conscious of something sticking in my brain, like a song you cannot quite recall. So finally I poked my head out and crawled back onto the path where that fleeting question had first happened.

"What is it?" I thought. "What troubles me? Have I forgotten something? Is there something missing or . . ."

There it was, a square corner in the woods. It was not right, somehow, not congruous, *and it had not been there yesterday*.

"What is that?" I said to Bruce. "Way up the path there? Something's funny about it."

So we crawled in our house and we lay on our bellies and stuck our heads out the door and we watched this strange thing, a straight line, a square-cornered plane, a thing that does not happen in the woods. After a while a man appeared, lugging a huge load of wild grapevines. He had discarded his purple bathrobe. He had discarded the top of his pajamas. In gray pajama pants and moccasins and rivers of sweat this man was building a house! So much had our house become mine, so much at home was I there, that I no longer thought of the Army at all and I was only delighted and flattered.

"Oh, Bruce," I said, "how nice. We have a neighbor."

"Oh, Lord," Bruce said. "*Now* they'll find us out for sure. We'll lose our house because of him. I could kill the guy!"

The man stood there, sweating and exhausted, but pretty soon he got rested and went off for another load. We knew where the wild grapevines were and we knew he would be gone for a long time, so we went down to take a look.

"Oh, look," I said, "how neat it is. Oh, what a lovely house."

"The fool!" Bruce said. "The crazy fool. He's used tracer tape. They've blocked this out for some kind of practice. Now they'll go on a hunt for their tracer tape and when they find it, they'll find his house. Then they'll find ours. Then we'll be back in the Red Cross Waiting Room."

Yes, I had forgotten. This was the Army. The woods were forbidden. Our house was a transgression. Stealth was the essence of our home. But, oh, our neighbor had done a lovely job. For camouflage it was wrong. But for a *house*, it was fine.

Four trees, he had taken, and these were the corner posts. Higher than his head, he had built a closely woven lattice enclosing the four trees, except for the front door. But the lattice was made of stolen white Army tracer tape. In and out, in and out among the squares of the lattice he had woven and stuck and anchored twigs and leaves and branches and the wild grapevines. Everything neat, everything tidy, everything at right angles. Good for a house, but bad for stealth. And very dangerous for us, his neighbors.

We went back to our own house and I was still somehow thrilled with the discovery, this strong domestic urge cropping out so powerfully in a soldier, in a *sick* soldier, that he would heave the wild grapevines in the blistering sun, that he would sweat and suffer to make a house, a temporary house. They were all of them thin from the sickness. Bruce had lost twenty-five pounds and his ribs were heartbreaking to see or touch, so sharp they were.

But Bruce was not thrilled. He did not care what it proved about the soul of mankind. He was depressed and he hated our neighbor with a terrible hatred. And then we heard footsteps coming down the path. This had happened before, and we were not alarmed any more because our house (not neat, not tidy, not square-cornered) was so well camouflaged that several times when officers had stood holding conversations near by—so close that we could have reached out and put our hands around their ankles—no one had ever noticed us. So we lay still, hugging the ground, hardly breathing, not looking at each other for fear I would giggle. The footsteps stopped. We saw the knees bend. A face came in our front door.

"Hello," it said.

"It's okay," Bruce told me. "It's only Private Farinucci."

"Come in," I said.

"Well," he hesitated. "No. I only wanted—Well, I have a house, too, you see."

"I know," I said. "We saw it."

"Would you come up?" he asked. "I want you should look at it and tell me."

So we crawled out and I looked at Bruce's face but, though he did not look very cordial, still he no longer looked very angry. Private Farinucci smiled. He stood there on the path and he was shy and he blushed and rubbed his hands together.

"I want you two should see it," he said, "because it was from you that I got the idea. I come out here one day alone and I stumbled on your house and—and so I owe it all to you that I thought of it at all."

I snuck a look at Bruce's face and he was softening a little. We walked along the path until we were at Private Farinucci's house and he paused there before the portico under the soft wild grapevine leaves.

"You are a woman," he said to me. "I have watched you in the Red Cross Waiting Room. You can tell me if it is right—this house. If a woman would like it. If I should change it. My wife, you see. It is all a surprise. She does not know. Tomorrow she comes. Tomorrow is Sunday. I must have it done by then."

I LOOKED at Bruce and I knew that he would never berate Private Farinucci about the stolen tracer tape. Now Farinucci was our neighbor. If he lost his house, we would lose ours with him. Even to keep from sitting in a crowded waiting room you cannot tell a man his house is no good.

"Oh, it is beautiful," I said. "She will love it. It is wonderful the work you have done on it. You can stand clear up in it. And the archway. It is lovely. She'll be pleased. What time is she coming?"

"Two o'clock," he said. "Sunday is her day off. She does not know. She thinks we will sit in the Red Cross Waiting Room like last Sunday. I will take her hand and lead her down the path and then . . . and then . . . we will stand here, by the door."

"And she will like it," I said. "She will like it fine."

"And there is nothing," he said, "nothing, as a woman, that you would change?"

"Nothing," I said. "It is fine. It is beautiful. There is nothing I would change."

We went back to our house and the tears were streaming down my face, that women can be loved so well and so profoundly and yet most of them do not know it.

"You like Farinucci's house," Bruce said. "You like it better than ours."

"Oh, no!" I said.

"You do," he said. "You like it because you can stand up straight in it, because it is square."

"But I'm not Mrs. Farinucci. I like the house you built."

"Those leaves will wilt," he said. "In two days they'll be all dry and withered."

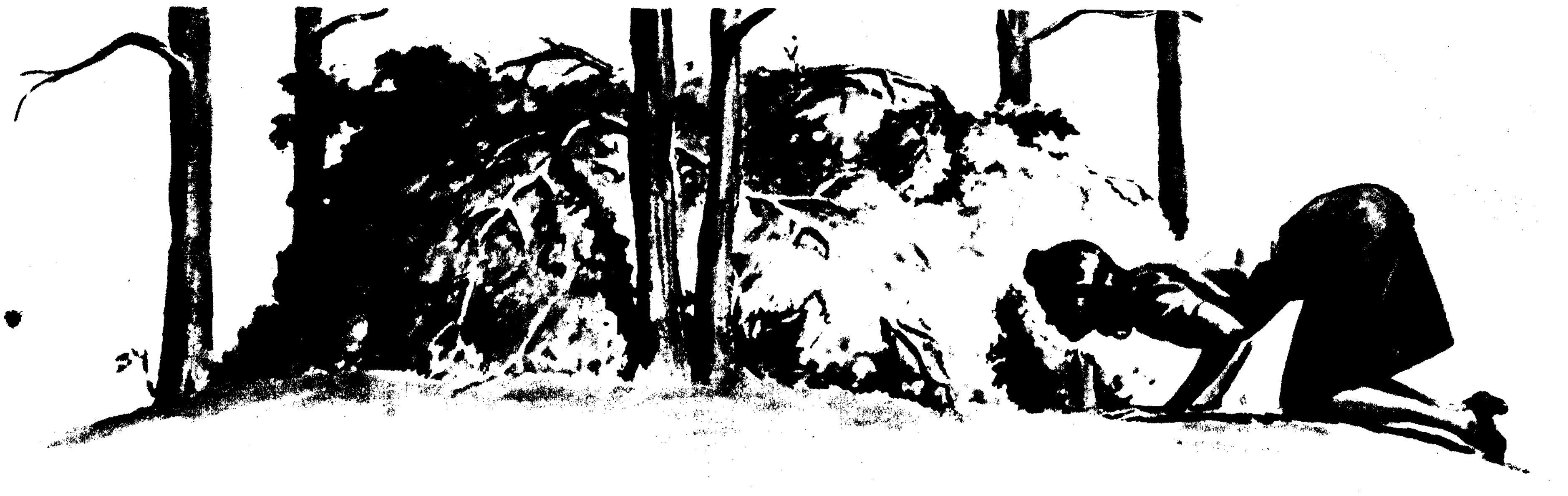
"You're jealous," I said. "Oh, Bruce."

"You'll see," he said. "They'll wilt. So will the oak leaves. He'll have to replace them every two days."

I looked down at the blanket and the color is called olive drab. Oh, drab, drab. Drab olive. That's the way I felt. Bruce began to laugh at me.

"Oh, I was only teasing you," he said. "We'll go and *call* on them tomorrow if you want to. Let's go eat." He gave me his handkerchief and I dried my eyes and blew my nose and we started down the path.

(Continued on page 71)



California Open Work

BY AIMEE LARKIN

A GROUP of West Coast fashion designers has adopted the slogan: California is not a location, it's a way of life. Sure, sure. We know what they mean. A back-to-nature way of life, with strip-teasers running up and down the beaches, hair flying in the breeze, lots of skin glistening in the sun.

Only, look. Look at the pictures on these pages. The designers have crossed us up. The clothes shown here aren't the bare-skinned California way of life we've been brought up to admire. These clothes, unless the camera lies, are modest. What, in this year of nudity, has come over California's fashion makers?

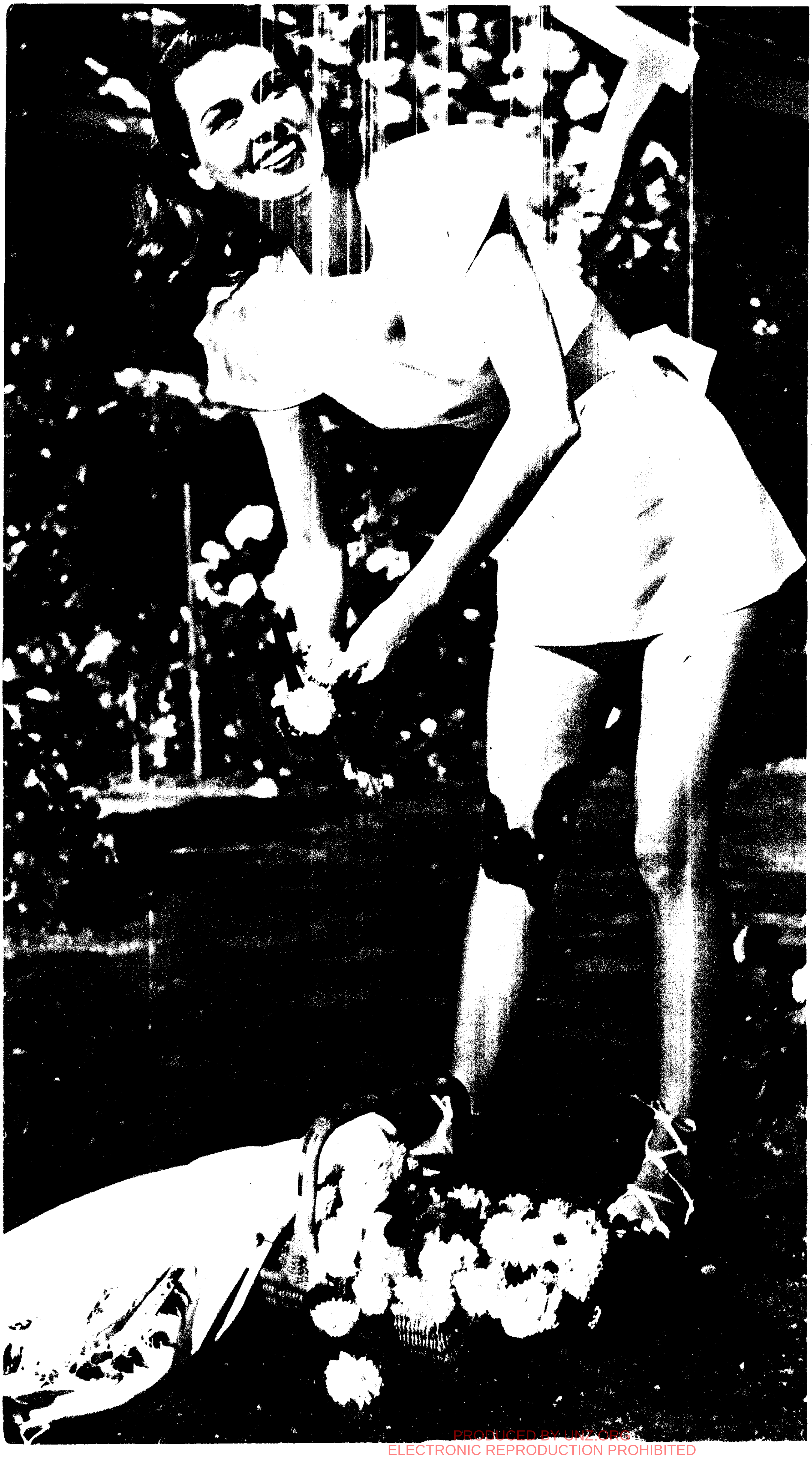
Hollywood has always claimed leadership in open-work fashions. New York, Palm Beach, Miami and Paris weren't in it when it came to inventing figure-revealing fantasies. Sarongs came out of the South Seas via Dorothy Lamour. The two pieces of midriff swim suit parted company and grew farther and farther apart as Hollywood photographs expanded the notion in every section of the country. Shorts, bras, tie-on skirts, bare-back dresses all grew and thrived in the nourishing light of Hollywood's big glamor industry. Hollywood could and did take credit for selling the country on nudity.

But now, just when traditionally conservative designers are suggesting naked and still more naked fashions, even for the street, Hollywood reverses itself. Buyers from all over the country, attending California's winter style showings, note a cover-up trend. Little sleeves protect sun bathers from curious glances and shoulder blisters. Jackets, for beach or garden, are long and loose, not form-fitting. Short shorts place second to long shorts hitting well below the knee. Tie-on skirts overlap.

Strip-tease effects are giving way to suave good taste, with fashion interest centering not in nudity, but in good color, original Western-flavored fabric designs and wearability. Beautiful prints in sleek new synthetic fabrics are splashed with cacti, calla lilies, Indian heads, Spanish mission scenes. Clothes are easy to put on and take off, with simple wrap-around and tie-on arrangements taking the place of zippers and buttons.

This new restraint is a sign that California's sportswear industry has grown to adult status in the last few years. Designers who used to work directly for the movie companies have branched out into businesses of their own, creating fashions for all the people. And most of the people, these designers seem to have decided, look better somewhat covered up.

California's fashion makers are sure of themselves now—and, if they keep on the way they are going, they may win out against the apostles of nudity. They may even start a national epidemic of modesty. ★★★



The scooped-out neckline is counter-balanced by modest cap sleeves in this Lynn Lester idea for winter wear. The waistband ties in a bow, making it adjustable to anybody's midriff, including that of lovely Actress Dusty Anderson

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

Designer Fay Foster covers up the shoulders, favors bows. Martha Vicars and Joyce Reynolds pick same outfit in different colors and prints. Tie-on skirt is added. And the toenails match

Left: Chief Many Treaties smokes in tribute to Indian-head print costume worn by Marguerite Chapman. War-paint colors splash against white and deep green. Designed by Lynn Lester

Below: All you need here is Spanish music. . . . Ballerina has supplied the girls with the right costumes for California now . . . for anywhere else next summer. Laraine Day wears a Mission print, bare-middle dirndl. Esther Williams wears black shorts, yellow bolero with woven Guatemalan design

Designer Joseph Zulkin lengthens shorts, stresses long-bloused lines in a wrist-length jacket. Chartreuse and cinnamon make a striking technicolor combination with June Vincent's golden hair

Below: Ava Gardner's calla-lily décolletage, Marjorie Montgomery's idea of a sun dress. Frances Rafferty in half slacks and bodice, by Agnes Barrett

Hunting party begins as Luther Millsaps sets out with "strike dogs." Parties, **organized by North Carolina State Conservation** Bureau, are made up of 10 to 25 **men, mainly native woodsmen, augmented by** a few outsiders from all over U.S.

With several bullets in him, this boar managed to escape across the stream from Newt Hooper. Two boar and one wildcat were caught on the trip. The bag limit is two boar for each hunter, but lucky is the party that bags one or two

WILD BOAR

BY HANS GROENHOF

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHO

Newt Hooper, left, and Homer Huffman finally close in on boar pictured left. Boar feed on acorns, fern and grass, but will kill and eat young deer and stray pigs. Even the mountain lion and bear are unwilling to stalk the wild boar for a fight

Dividing up meat is a well-established ritual with boar hunters. After skinning, the hams, loins and shoulders are placed on improvised table. Jim Huffman points with rifle at meat while Homer Huffman, at extreme right, calls name of recipient

Hunting wild boar is not for the timid, for the animal is a tireless, savage killer. But, if you like danger, wild boar is your meat

WILD-BOAR hunting has more than its share of thrills and danger, and for those very reasons it has been a favorite sport in Europe and India for centuries. Even "Cotton" MacGuire, who lays claim to the title of champion wild-boar hunter in the Western Hemisphere and who, in fifty years in the Great Smokies, has hunted everything from coon to wildcat to bear, fears only one—the wild boar—or, as the natives call it, Russian hog. And, says Cotton, it is for the kill more than for the sport that he runs them down.

However, as a result of the growing interest in boar hunting and the rapid increase in the number of animals, North Carolina's State Conservation Bureau now organizes hunting parties during open season from October through December.

Although often confused with the wild hog or razorback, actually boar was unknown in this country until 1912, when George Gordon Moore, a Canadian, introduced them to the Smokies. On Hooper's Bald in the Snowbird mountain range, twenty-five miles west of Robbinsville, North Carolina, in one of the wildest and most inaccessible regions, he established a sort of wild-life haven and hunters' paradise. There he stocked an enclosure with wild game including buffalo, elk and thirteen Russian wild boar.

Ten years later, the project was abandoned; the fence gave way to the weather, and the remaining buffalo and elk fell prey to the sharpshooting mountaineers. The hardy, elusive Russian boar, however, not only survived but multiplied so rapidly that today there are estimated to be 2,000 descendants of the original 13 roaming the wilds on both sides of the North Carolina-Tennessee border. So great a menace have they become to crops and animals that the native farmers and woodsmen and the Cherokee Indians wage constant war against them.

The wild boar is fast, fierce, aggressive—a savage killer. For attack, he has a lean, muscular body, powerful shoulders, short legs and sharp hoofs for crushing snakes and lizards. Most important of all, curving upward from his lower jaw six to eight inches, he has two vicious tusks with knife-keen edges. With these he can slash into any adversary, and hunting dogs are sometimes slit open from head to tail with one thrust.

For defense, the wild boar has a formidable armor in a one-inch-thick layer of cartilage over each shoulder; a hound's jaws cannot rip it, and it will stop any small-caliber rifle bullet. His tough skin is covered with dense, curly fur and strong bristles. His speed and endurance are terrific. In rough country he is considered faster than deer; chased by a pack of hounds, he is known to have kept up a running fight for eight to ten hours.

Boar hunting calls for plenty of stamina. The hunter must be prepared to plod over wild terrain for hours or even days. He must have at least a .30-.30 rifle, preferably loaded with soft-nose bullets. Above all, he needs a pack of fearless and tireless dogs that will strike, run and fight without letup.

Such dogs are hard to find. The best of them are bred and trained by the natives. Many are Plott dogs, a special breed originally developed for bear hunting by five generations of the Plott family of Waynesville, North Carolina. Others are crossbreeds of Plott, Redbone, Airedale or schnauzer. Whatever their pedigree, they have an innate love for the hunt. Painful experience has taught them to fight a boar at bay by taking repeated short nips at the animal. A reckless charge that might stun a bear will only spur the boar to quicker and more ferocious thrusts of his deadly tusks.

"Cotton" MacGuire, our guide, and Wayne Wiggins bring home the bacon. Cotton, .45 pistol on his belt, has been a woodsman and inveterate hunter for as long as he can remember—says he cut his teeth on a rifle bead. He will drop plow or ax at the sound of a rustling leaf, round up his dogs and roam the mountains for days on end

Into the Hills with the Hounds

Best boar country is in Graham County in the extreme southwestern tip of North Carolina. There one brisk December morning, Homer Huffman, one of the native game wardens, and I began rounding up our party. We found our guide, Cotton MacGuire, out chopping wood in the wilderness. At the mention of the word "boar," Cotton dropped his ax and stopped at his house just long enough to pick up his dogs, his favorite rifle and a pocketful of soft-nose shells. Next to Cotton, Newt Hooper, Jim Huffman and Wayne Wiggins, another game warden, are the most experienced boar hunters in Graham County. Mentioning the magic word, they fell in just as rapidly. Later we located Al Cook and finally Luther Millsaps, who claims he has the best hunting dogs in the Smokies—hounds that will run anything from a grasshopper to an elk.

At daybreak the next morning the party assembled at the game refuge at Santeetlah Lake, where it is split up into two groups. One consists of the drivers (usually the native woodsmen) who lead the dogs through the dense forest and up the steep mountain ridges where boar is most likely to be encountered. When they find fresh "sign," one or two of the yelping hounds, known as "strike dogs," are released to take up the scent and track down the game. A good driver will stay right on the heels of the strike dog. When the dog opens up—that is, when the barking gets faster and higher pitched—the driver knows that game has been struck. Then he releases the rest of the pack for the wild chase through the woods.

Hunters in the other group are spaced apart in "stands," preselected places where the stampeding boar is likely to pass on his headlong flight. These men must remain in their designated locations until a boar approaches or until they are signaled by a shot or a hunter's owl call. From previous experience and an uncanny knowledge of the habits of wild animals, the woodsmen can determine almost the exact spots where the boar will pass.

With my camera in one hand and a .45 six-shooter in the other, I took up a stand together with Chief Game Warden Joe Longshore in a cove of a stream leading down to Santeetlah Lake. By the time the sun rose, we had resigned ourselves to a whole day of freezing at subzero temperature and had built a fire so that at least our toes would not fall off, when suddenly we heard the faint yelp of a hound echoing from a distant ridge.

After a while, we heard it again—this time a distinct, sharp bark, followed instantly by the bark of another dog. Quickly we stamped out our fire, grabbed camera and guns and foolishly deserted our stand to head toward the dogs. When the staccato of yelps grew into a concerted howl we knew that the whole pack had been let loose and the chase had begun. We tried to follow the sound as it moved along.

Suddenly the noise died away as the chase went around the mountain. Then we picked it up again, lower on the ridge, moving fast toward the exact spot of our stand. When we arrived breathless at the sloping bank of the stream, we were just in time to see the massive shoulders of a king boar appear only a little more than a hundred yards away. We estimated that he weighed well over three hundred pounds.

For an instant, the boar hesitated at the sight of the patches of ice on the water. Then, as the howling pack closed in on him, he wheeled around and disappeared in the thicket with lightning speed. Because we had both been sure he would ford the stream and pass within reach of the camera, we had not even raised our guns. Too late we realized our lost opportunity. At the end of the day's chase we learned that the animal had finally outrun his pursuers.

Two boar were struck next day but neither of them was as big as the one we had let escape. Jim Huffman killed one instantly with a well-placed shot. The other, wounded and enraged by pain, put up a savage fight. At a signal from the hunters we left our stand and arrived in time to get a few pictures. While aiming the camera at the shifting mass of animals, I suddenly saw in my view finder that the boar had turned from the dogs and was heading straight for me. I plunged behind a tree not a moment too soon as the furious boar rushed by. It was a very comfortable feeling when immediately afterward a gun cracked behind me.

With a booty of two boar and one wildcat, which was shot by a hunter while waiting on his stand, we returned to the game refuge in late afternoon to divide the meat.

Boar meat, tender and lean, is savory and tastes somewhat like pork with an added gamy tang. Veteran boar hunters consider boar ham a rare delicacy. However, they insist on having it cooked according to a special recipe, which is used also for bear and other wild game.

First, the meat is placed in cold water. The water is slowly heated to a boil, whereupon the meat is removed and transferred to another pot filled with already boiling water and with maybe a little salt and onion added. When tender, it can be baked or fried the same as any other meat. For baking, a gravy of black pepper, vinegar, mustard, salt and water is highly recommended. The meat of young boar may be fried without previous boiling. But it should be fried in an open pan with a little water added so the water will steam off and carry away the strong gamy taste. ★★★

A Thousand SONGS OF LOVE

by GEORGE WESTON

Mort had twenty-four hours to find a new girl who would love him better than the old one. Audubon said it could be done—and had to prove it

THE two young ensigns had taken a room, left their bags at a hotel, and were now in a department store laying in supplies.

Audubon said, "I would like to see a lady's handkerchief."

"Something—rather nice?" asked the salesgirl with a certain meaning in her manner. She smiled openly at them, then turned to consider her stock.

Mort eyed her shapely back, then glanced hopefully at Audubon. "Wouldn't she do?" he whispered.

Audie shook his head with decision. "She'd never have enough time out to play," he answered, "and I doubt if she has a car."

The salesgirl turned around then, a handkerchief—a few square inches of white cloud with rosebuds around the edges—held carefully in her hand. All it needed was a pink cherub in the middle to scatter petals.

Audubon nodded his approval. "Exactly what I wanted," he said. "Don't bother with the wrappings."

The salesgirl smiled brightly again and said, "And here's a new perfume we're pushing. *Mille Chansons d'Amour*—a Thousand Songs of Love. Do you mind if I spray a little on the handkerchief?"

Audubon had been too long in the Navy not to understand the importance of signs and portents. "Spray on all you like," he said. "I'll buy a bottle, too." The whole task, he told himself, was now practically as good as accomplished. Morty would soon have another girl.

WHILE they waited in the nearest parking lot, Audie instructed Mort earnestly. "Take a Tchaikowsky Symphony," he said. "There you start with a classic. Then a wise composer comes along and modernizes it into Moon Love. Same way with a handkerchief. There's your classic. But jazz it up with a parking lot and a hundred good-looking cars, and what do you get? Watch closely."

An attendant was bringing a sedan into the "Out" alley. A girl approached it from the side lines. This girl was bright and brisk. She had lips that said "Welcome" in dark red raspberry. She had a dimple in her chin and a twinkle in her eyes.

"There you are," said Audie. "Car and everything."

All his naval training and all his previous studies stressed the importance of timing. He waited till she was sliding under the wheel. Then Audubon went into action. With thumb and finger he drew the scented cloud out of his pocket and set his course for the open window of the girl's car.

"Pardon me," he said, "did you drop this?"

She looked at it and then at Audie.

He smiled and she smiled knowingly.

He delicately wafted the handkerchief, and the Thousand Songs of Love began to take effect. It was a beautiful moment. It was a moment to remember.

"You are very kind," she said, "and very observant, I'm sure."

She took the handkerchief as gracefully as he had held it. With thumb and finger she took it and laid it on the seat by her side. Then she swung her left hand so near to Audie that he had to step back to save his nose from being furrowed by the rings on her third finger. And off she went.

Audubon returned to Mortimer rather more slowly than he had left him.

"The acquisitive type," he reported. "But after all, a good American trait. It's because we like to have things—better and better things—that we lead the world today."

"Yeah," said Mort, "but she got away with the bait."

Before Audie could answer, another attendant brought a convertible coupé from the back of the lot. It was a luscious job. The body was apple-green. The upholstery was light cream leather. It had class. It had chic. It had whoof.

"Playboy's car!" scoffed Audie. "Don't they know there's a war on here?"

"Look again," said Mort.

A girl was approaching the car from the other side of the alley. She, too, had class. She, too, had chic. She was luscious.

"If you only had another handkerchief," said Mort.

Audie didn't hear him. He was already on his way to the car. "Pardon me," he said, "did you drop this?"

It had been his first idea to offer his own handkerchief, still in its laundered folds. But when he had reached for it, his fingers had touched the narrow rectangular box containing the perfume he had bought in the store. By that time he was near enough to his goal to see that nothing he could offer would be too much. So when he said, "Did you drop this?" it wasn't a handkerchief that he was holding. It was a Thousand Songs of Love, in its bright wrapper.

THE girl looked first at Audie and then at his offering. Her eyes were violet and reminded him of the quart boxes of pansies which his mother bought every spring when his father bought the cabbage and tomato plants. She had high cheekbones and a mouth that was worth watching. Her hair had the color and shine of a chestnut just out of its prickly pod, and there were no rings on the third finger of her left hand.

She said, "It isn't mine. I'm sorry."

Her voice was low. There was music in it. She had evidently said, "I'm sorry," because of the trouble which Audie had taken to find the owner of the Thousand Songs of Love.

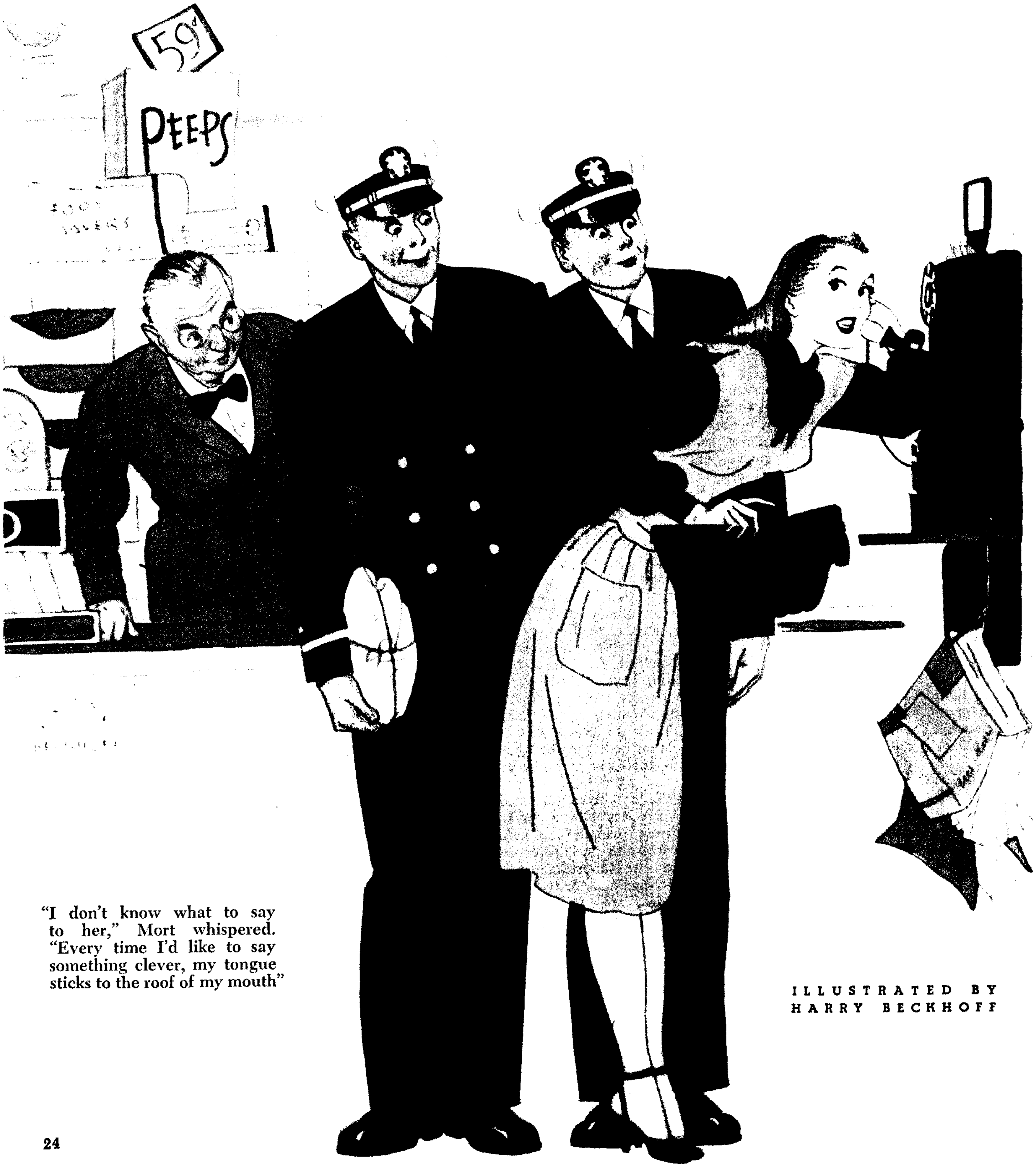
Audie said, "I'm sorry, too." And to make the whole thing sound impersonal and put it on a high-class plane, he added, "I was asking for a friend."

You could tell from the way she swept her hair back that she could hardly believe her ears. She looked all around Audie, but there was no one there but Audie. She said, "Did you say 'for a friend'?"

"Yes. He's standing by the cashier's cage. The tall one in uniform."

She looked over at Mortimer, who was watching them with a quiet, dignified something which might have been fatalism. He hadn't been lucky with his last two girls. Why expect more from a third? Besides, this was Audie's idea, not his. If Audie wanted

(Continued on page 26)



"I don't know what to say to her," Mort whispered. "Every time I'd like to say something clever, my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

A good tire figures the angles, too

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

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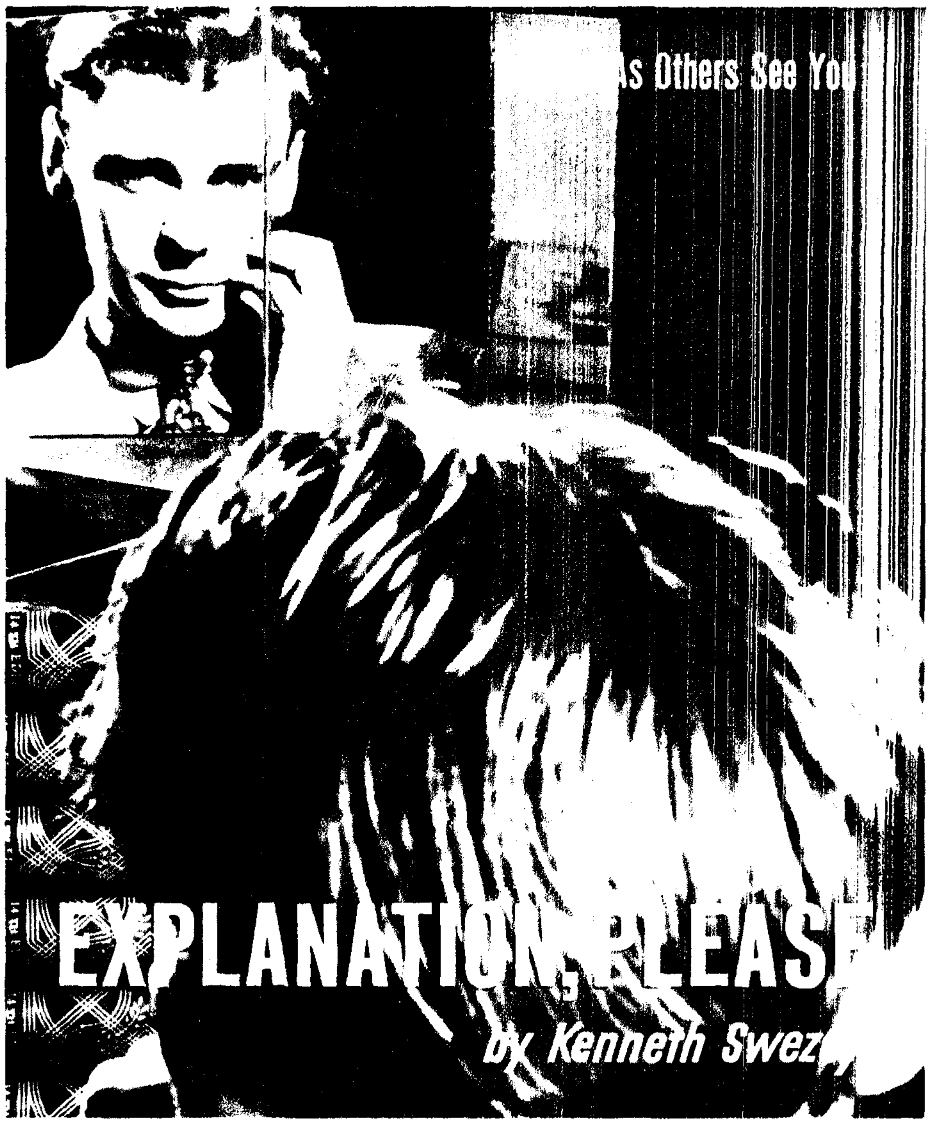

EXPLANATION, PLEASE

by Kenneth Swez

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

Do you know how you look to your friends? Don't say yes, just because you've gazed into a mirror. Ordinary mirrors turn you completely around. But if you take two ordinary mirrors (preferably without frames) and arrange them at right angles, as here shown, you get a true picture of yourself as others see you. Know how this reversed image is formed?

EXPLANATION

Oddly enough, no part of the image of yourself that you see in this mirror combination comes originally from the mirror on which it is seen. Remove either mirror, and you see no image at all. What really happens is this: The image of the right side of your face is caught by the right-hand mirror and is reflected over to the left-hand mirror, which in turn reflects it back to your eyes. The same is true for the left side.

●

When you turn up the edges of a calling card, pour water into the tray thus made, and propose to boil the water by the heat of a match or two, people will look for a trick. But the water will actually boil and, if you're careful, you shouldn't burn yourself. Why? Scientific explanation uncovers a law which tells you, also, why water helps to put out fires, and why you can't boil potatoes any faster by turning up the gas.

EXPLANATION

First of all, water can't be heated above its boiling point. Since the water cools the card to the water's own temperature, and since the water can never reach the burning temperature of paper, the card just can't burn. You can't heat water hotter than its boiling point, because of a simple law: All heat applied after the boiling point has been reached is utilized in changing water to steam. Increasing the heat doesn't increase the water temperature, it merely increases the output of steam.

Calling Card Kettle

A Thousand Songs of Love

Continued from page 24

to test his salesmanship, let him go ahead and test it. Audie had said he could arrange this deal in twenty-four hours. But getting to know a strange girl well enough to become engaged in twenty-four hours was what Audie considered a challenge. Mortimer didn't believe it could happen to him.

The girl in the car looked back at Audubon, who still stood there by her side with the Thousand Songs of Love in his hand.

"Tell me," she said. "Why are you asking for him and not for yourself?"

"Because he's feeling so low," said Audie. He suddenly decided to tell her more. He felt he could trust her to understand. There was something in her glance—perhaps a future mother's sympathy and understanding. "His girl sent his ring back," he told her. "We only docked last night, and there it was in the mail this morning."

"Why did she send it back? Do you know?"

"Well, for one thing, Mort's the quiet type. And I think Mildred wanted somebody with more zing."

"Is that what Mildred told him?"

"In a way, that's what she told him. What she actually said was: She didn't like his letters. She said they were short and formal, and were sometimes only copies of the ones he wrote his Aunt Clara."

"And now he's brokenhearted?"

"He's naturally feeling low."

"And has lost his faith in young American womanhood?"

"Well—some of it."

"But if he could meet a nice girl now—say one who likes perfume—"

Audie was glad then that he had kept hold of the perfume. This girl began to sound as if she were an old hand at the game. Perhaps he had trusted her too much. Perhaps he had leaned too hard upon his intuition.

"You can believe it or not," he told her evenly. "I've the ring in my pocket."

"Why isn't it in his?"

"I was afraid he would throw it overboard."

"In a moment of despair?"

There she went again.

"Now if you had told me," she said, "that his girl had found a man with more zing—"

"That's exactly what happened," said Audie, beginning to hope again. "I had a letter from my girl this morning, and she told me all the details. Mildred's been running around with an Army lieutenant at the training camp back home. He writes poetry to her. All his letters are in poetry and when she reads them, she squeals."

She nodded her head. "That does it. Absolutely. At last I know you're telling the truth, because no one could dream up a thing like that."

A horn blew behind her.

"What would you like to do this afternoon?" she asked quickly.

"Go to the beach," he as quickly told her. This being a step of his plan.

"I think I can get another girl," she said. The horn behind her blew again with the customary courtesy of its kind. "All right, Admiral. Call your friend. We've got to get out of here."

BY THE time they reached the Beach Club, social amenities were over and infiltration tactics had begun.

The name of the girl with the violet eyes was Jane Culpepper. The name of the girl whom Jane had telephoned, while the boys were buying bathing trunks in a drugstore, was Marjorie Shayne.

Marjorie's hair was a golden red. Her eyebrows were dark. She could say more without speaking than most girls can say with many, many words.

They had come to the beach in Marje's sedan. Audubon and Marje had been in the front seat. They were the supporting cast. Mortimer and Jane had been engineered into the back seat, though they might just as well have been separated by a ten-foot wall.

"I don't know what to say to her," Mort had whispered, while they were in the drugstore. "Every time I'd like to say something clever, my tongue sort of sticks to the roof of my mouth."

"Don't worry. I'll blow your horn every chance I get," Audie had promised him. "'Deeds, Not Words,' that's your motto. The quieter you are, the harder she'll work to draw you out."

"You still think we can do it before noon tomorrow?"

"Mort, we've got to do it," said Audie earnestly. "There's no two ways about it."

The Shayne girl, if anything, was quieter than Mort. Whether or not she expressed herself in deeds, she certainly treasured her words.

"Reminds me of Ethel," Audie told himself, thinking of his girl at home. But he knew Ethel's line. It was the promise of comfort, of agreement, of complete dependability. What, purely in a spirit of scientific inquiry, was the Shayne girl's line?

Then bit by bit he got it. It was the challenge of silent expectancy. It was the lure of the Sphinx.

His arm, as if unconsciously, moved along the back of her seat. She said nothing but gave him a quiet glance which said "And now?"

He absent-mindedly patted her shoulder when she cleverly passed a truck. Again she said nothing, but her eyes said "Yes?"

"She wouldn't do for Mort, though," he thought. "Two people like that get married, their children wouldn't say 'Da-da' till they were ten years old."

SO HE had done the talking in the front seat, and Jane had beaten the breezes in the back. Later, after they had lunched at the Beach Club, the two conversationalists had swum out together to the deep water beyond the rollers. Perhaps because they felt they would like to do a little listening for a change.

"Your friend doesn't say much. Does he think an awful lot?" asked Jane.

"You'd be surprised," said Audie. "And don't get the idea that he's slow. He's smart as a whip and quick as a flash when the time comes for action. You should have seen and heard him the night we were torpedoed. The way he got the men out. The way he got me out. The way he fought and shouted at the sharks."

"You say he actually shouted?"

"He shouted good and plenty."

"So he's not only smart as a whip and quick as a flash, he's brave as a lion?"

"You bet he is," said Audie somewhat shortly.

"And keen as a razor?"

"Keener."

They were swimming on their sides, facing each other. She said, "There's a sand bar out here somewhere. We'll hit it with our feet before long."

Her eyes still reminded him of boxes of pansies. But now it was the way they used to look when his mother had watered them with the little enameled sprinkling pot with the roses painted on its sides, which she kept under the washing machine and only used for the house plants.

"Oh-ho," said Jane. She stopped swimming. "I just touched something with my foot, and it didn't feel like sand, either. Felt more like a shark. You'd better call your friend to come and shout at it."

He was sure she was fooling.

He was so sure she was fooling that he did a jackknife and went down under as if to see what it was.

Not to be outdone, Jane cautiously put her head under, but kept her feet as close to the surface as she could without actually lifting them out of the water.

At first they thought they were looking at some strange monster of the deep. It seemed to be sitting on the ocean floor, looking up and showing its great white teeth as it swung and swayed to the motion of the waves. But something in its head and face became more and more familiar.

Practically at the same moment they saw

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it was a water-logged, half-deflated sea horse of some poor substitute for rubber. But in between that first look and the last, both Audie and Jane had a few moments so memorable that they were both out of breath when they started to swim again.

They made their way slowly to the sand bar. Once, indeed, Jane had to rest her hand on Audie's shoulder. It seemed wonderful that they could stand once more. They faced the shore and let the long rollers gently lift them off their feet and gently set them down again.

"That's funny," said Jane. "Here are we, two chatterboxes, not saying a word to each other. But next time we lift on a swell, look at your friend, the Strong Silent Man, sitting in front of the peppermint-striped umbrella."

A high roller lifted them for an unobstructed view. Mort and the redheaded Sphinx were sunning themselves, chatting away to each other like a couple of Californians meeting in an Eastern state on a rainy day.

"Maybe that's what quiet people need: quiet people," said Jane, after the roller had set them down for an interval of general discussion.

"Do you think there's a chance of anything permanent there?" asked Audie hopefully.

"Not a chance in the world. Marje's boy friend's in England. She cries herself to sleep every night thinking about him."

Again they were lifted. Again they had a good look. Again they came down to talk it over.

"He's forgetting his troubles," said Jane. "What would you like to do tonight? To keep him forgetting?"

"How about dinner? The four of us. Some place to remember. We're pushing off soon, and who knows when we'll be back?" He looked at the clock in the tower facing the beach. It was four o'clock. H-Hour plus four. Twenty still to go. There was still, he thought, plenty of time. If Jane would only stop her kidding every time he blew Mort's horn.

IT WAS hard to believe they were the same girls. In the early afternoon, in their knee-length skirts and flowered blouses, they had been altogether human and modern. Later, at the beach, a certain spirit of mythology had entered the picture. One caught glimpses of figures from old Greek tales and Roman legends. But here at the Terrace Supper Club, in graceful formals that all but swept the floor—powdered, corsaged and coiffured to perfection—it wasn't difficult to think of such expressions as super and duper, and now and then even of words like heavenly and divine.

"She's coming around," Audie had encouraged Mort, when they had a few minutes alone. "I can see it in her eyes. Dance with her. If you can't think of anything to say, sigh in her ear. Sigh good and loud."

"Trouble is, I don't dance so hot," said Mort. He didn't say how he sighed in ears.

There was an outside terrace for dancing. It was lighted by colored lanterns. Each contained a bulb of approximately half a candlepower. There was no moon. But none of the shadowy figures under the lanterns seemed to miss it.

To set Mort an example, Audie danced with Jane while they were waiting for dessert.

"Do you mind if I speak frankly?" he asked, as they edged away from the crowd.

She held away, the better to look at him.

"You haven't been talking frankly up till now?" she asked.

"Mort's feeling awfully low again," he continued.

"Frustrated?" she suggested.

"That's right."

"Defeated?"

"And how!"

"Wounded in his pride?"

"Wounded so badly I want to see him engaged again. It's the only thing that will put him back on his feet. There must be someone—"

"Have you thought of advertising?" she asked.

There she went again. He tried to look at her sharply, but when he caught her glance, he found he couldn't look at her sharply. But he wondered if Mort had been talking.

"No, please. This is serious," he said.

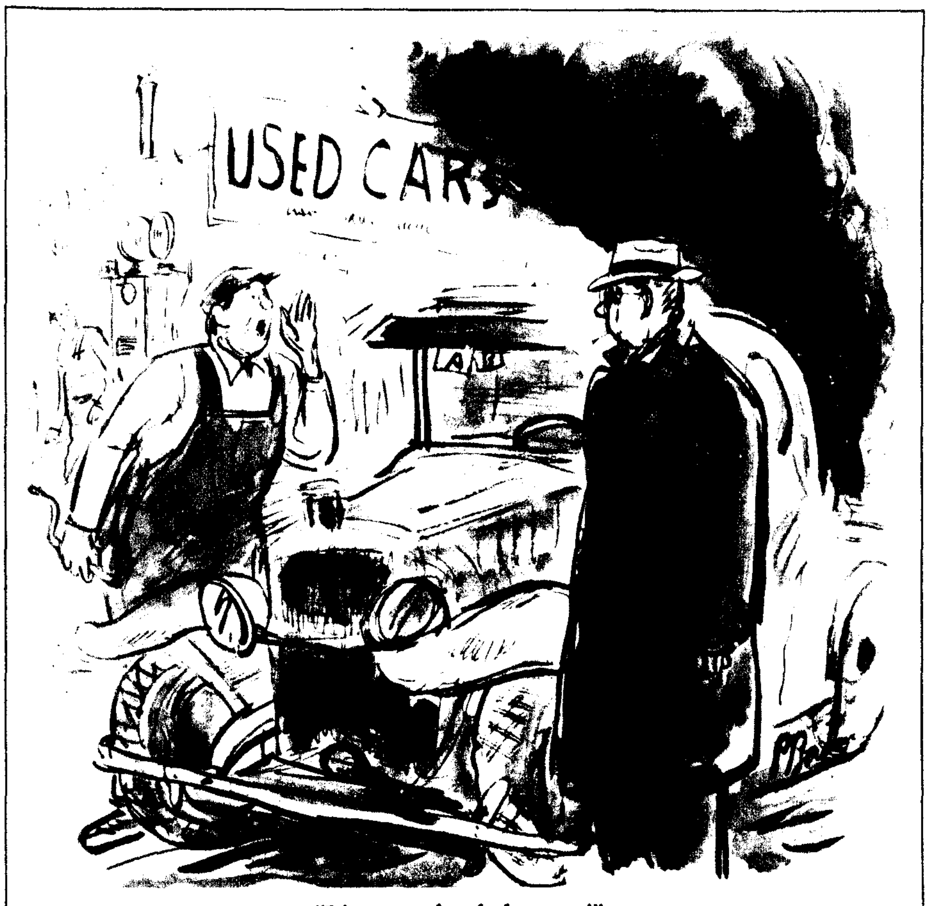
"But advertising can be serious, too. 'Brokenhearted ensign, wishing to patch pieces . . .'"

"The only reason you think it's funny is because you haven't known him longer. All right. Let's consider that angle—realistically. Why is it that a girl wants to know a man anywhere from a few weeks to a few years before she becomes engaged to him?"

"OH, I suppose it's because she's just darned ornery. Or maybe she wants to find out a few little things about him. About his character, for instance. About his family. Silly little trifles like that."

"But you do know about Mort. Believe me, Uncle Sam looks up a man from the day he was born before he lets him wear this uniform. And then his ribbons. Don't they tell you anything?"

"They didn't mention it to Mildred. She kissed him goodby first chance she had."



COLLIER'S "Listen to that baby purr!" PERRY BARLOW

"Well, he was never very crazy about Mildred in the first place."

"Then why did he buy her an engagement ring?"

"He had bought it for someone else. And while he was waiting for a chance to ask her to wear it, another guy stepped in and snapped her up."

"So he's lost two girls instead of one."

"Which means he's a good risk now. He can't keep losing them forever. About his family—I can tell you all you want to know. Mort and I grew up together."

"Grand people?" she suggested.

"They don't come any better."

"Backbone of the nation?"

"His father and his Uncle Leonidas own the local paper. His Uncle Mortimer owns the hardware store. That's the one he was named after."

"What about your father? Does he own a store?"

"No; he's a lawyer."

"I'm not surprised. Your mother's a lawyer, too?"

"No. She keeps house and writes books about birds. She's always been interested in birds. That's how I came to be called Audubon. It was either that or Robin."

At that they laughed together.

"So now you know about Mort, and you know about his family," Audie continued. "What other arguments have you against quick engagements?"

"Plenty. The average girl likes to be rushed. She likes the introductory attentions, the little proofs of a man's growing interest. I think she likes the gifts, too. The candy. The books. The flowers."

"All right," said Audie. "Suppose I give you—I mean suppose Mort comes around to your house first thing in the morning and gives you all the candy you can eat in six months, and more flowers than any one man can carry. Would that make everything hunky-dory?"

He could feel her head shake "No" against his ear.

"You've still left out the little attentions—the little proofs."

"Couldn't they all be grouped into one big attention? One big proof?"

"I don't know how. But I wouldn't put it beyond you to figure it out. Which reminds me: You haven't told me what business you were in before you joined the Navy. Were you a lawyer?"

"No. I was just getting ready to jump out of college and leap on the world's fat back. Business economics. Majoring in salesmanship."

"You'll do well at it," she told him, as they danced back to the dining room to see if their dessert was ready.

"You mean I'm selling Mort?"

He thought he could feel her head shaking "No" against his ear again, but he wasn't sure. For that matter, he thought he could feel her heart beating. So he probably wasn't sure of anything.

"You're selling something," she thoughtfully told him. "It may turn out to be Mort—"

AT NINE o'clock the following morning, Ensign Audubon X. Buckley rang the bell at the residence of Townsend J. Culpepper. Mr. Culpepper's daughter Jane opened the door. She opened it cautiously as one might open the door of an enemy pillbox.

"Oh, it's you," she said, and after an uncertain moment: "Come in."

The living room was like an alcove in a flower show. There was everything there from A for Asters to Z for Zinnias.

"The candy is stacked in the hall," she said. "The fruit is on the kitchen porch. The carnival dolls are under the stairs. The Thousand Songs of Love is on the mantel."

"Didn't the popcorn come?"

Wincing openly, she led him to a breakfast nook. There a sporty-looking old boy in a linen suit was evidently just finishing his breakfast. Opposite him sat an earlier edition of Jane. She was slightly marked here and there by the restless hands of time, but was still notably attractive both in binding and design.

"Well, young man," said Mr. Culpepper, after Jane had introduced him without either pride or passion, "I always knew the Navy did things in a big way, but I never realized until this morning how big that way was. You're sure you're not overdoing it?"

"There are two things to be considered in answering that question, sir," said Audie. "Before I entered the Navy, I majored in salesmanship. In the introduction of a new product, it is often advisable to attract the attention of the customers with a smashing announcement. As unforgettable as human ingenuity can devise it. What I have displayed before your daughter this morning is my equivalent of a double-page ad in full colors. I trust the product will be long remembered."

"And the second thing to be considered?" asked Mr. Culpepper.

"Is the fact that my time is short, sir," said Audie. "And the shorter the time, the faster must be the work."

"Your ship isn't here, then, for any considerable time?" asked Mrs. Culpepper.

"No, madam; I believe not. All leaves expire at noon today."

It seemed to Audie that both Mr. and Mrs. Culpepper looked relieved; even vastly relieved. But before he could deal with that, Jane beckoned him away. She led him into the living room and seated herself between a dozen giant gladioli and a large glazed pot of elephant ears.

"Well?" she inquired.

"Well, what?" beamed Audubon, looking at her as a connoisseur views a choice painting. First with his head on one side. Then on the other.

"Where's Mortimer? Or is he lost with the popcorn?"

"Oh, Mortimer. I'm glad you asked. The last I saw him he was happy as a cricket. He was talking over long distance, laughing and shouting and having the time of his life. I was just about to tell you when you asked me. He has his old girl back."

"So Mildred changed her mind?"

BEFORE Audubon answered, he looked around until he found the pansies which he had ordered. He arranged them in front of Jane's feet and returned to his chair.

"It isn't Mildred," he said. "As a matter of fact, I don't blame Mildred for sending his ring back. Trouble is: He's a one-girl guy. And that one girl is Ethel—the girl I stepped in and won away from him. And then you know what he went and did? He saved my life that time we were torpedoed.

"So last night, after thinking everything over, I waited till he was asleep. Then I went downstairs and called Ethel on long distance. I remembered what you said yesterday when he and Marje were so busy talking. You said maybe quiet people needed quiet people. And Ethel is quiet people. Anyhow, I called her on long distance last night, and before I hung up I had sold Mort back to her. So now they're engaged again, and I don't have to worry about Mort any more."

"Then what are all the flowers for? And the other three-ring effects?"

"Why, they're my little attentions all rolled into one," Audubon told her. "They're my double-page spread. I'm selling myself now, and there's no time to lose."

She, too, apparently realized that time was of the essence. She said, "Your leave expires at noon?"

"At twelve o'clock. If you can drive me to the dock," he eagerly added, "I can stay till a quarter to twelve. Two hours and a half. Not a minute to waste if I'm going to make this sale."

It seemed to Audubon that her eyes had never been so violet as when she looked at him then over the pansies and between the giant gladioli and the elephant ears.

"I don't know how you're going to do it," she said, "and I'm not promising to help you. But from what I've seen of the way you work, I wouldn't be surprised if you find you have time enough."

THE END

It's all in knowing how

As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined. And our country has always encouraged the boyhood knack of making things—especially things that work. That's one reason why America is rich in stories of men who could do the hard wartime jobs—such as the one told below.

For many years before the war, General Motors men kept busy making more and better things for more people. They had learned through endless research and experiment how to improve the quality of these things, while at the same time producing them in large volume.

They reduced complicated mechanisms, like an automobile, to their simplest parts—made these parts exactly alike in great numbers—then assembled them into complete units.

This cut time and costs so low nearly everyone could own a good car—and most people did.

But the war brought problems that promised to stump even the experts in volume production.

For example, the famous Oerlikon gun, a piece so precisely made it seemed that only slow handwork could ever duplicate it.

But General Motors men took it on. They redrew blueprints from metric to English measure. They devised new machines and new methods that produced to ultra-precise limits.

The production skill acquired over many years was quickly focused on this task. And soon our ships began to bristle with thousands of those quick-firers that rip dive bombers to pieces.

Spitting 400 shells to the minute, GM-built Oerlikon guns barked notice to the world that American methods were as adaptable to making guns as to producing automobiles.

This is just one wartime example out of many hundreds that shows how America is benefiting from its peacetime mass-production "know-how" and its manufacturing skill.

Ability to make things in great numbers is as useful in protecting our American way of life as it was in enriching that life before war came.

And when total victory is won, it will be ready in peace to provide more and better things for more people.

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Can China Unite?

Continued from page 15

form a government. The new village councils introduce rural reforms, combat usury, open schools. Young and old alike are drawn into self-defense organizations. Meetings are held, posters distributed, "wall newspapers" issued.

In about six months the village is ready for action. Men have been trained in the use of rifles, hand grenades and mines. Booby traps (that favorite guerrilla weapon) have been planted on all approaches. Patrols and spies have been sent out. Trenches and tunnels have been dug.

Then one night the spies report that the foe's vigilance has slackened. Quietly, a unit slips out, raids a pillbox, kills off its ten or twelve defenders and takes the weapons. The village has now had its baptism of victory. Morale soars.

When a Japanese punitive expedition arrives, the forewarned population vanishes with its belongings. The village may be burned down, but few lives are lost. When the enemy withdraws, the villagers return. If the enemy attacks during the spring planting or the autumn harvest, Communist army regulars go into action.

Guerrilla armament is meager. Small arsenals produce crude mines and hand grenades, and reload cartridges. Most of the rifles, machine guns and mortars are Japanese—either captured or bought from Japan's puppet troops. A foreigner reports that last summer only eighty cartridges were issued for each rifle and only three hundred for each machine gun. This of necessity puts a premium on superior Intelligence work, on booby traps, on the thousand and one tricks of guerrilla trade.

The Seat of Final Power

Each Border Region is run by its own government, but the decisions on policy—and the cementing power—repose in Yenan, the heart of Communist China.

A small, shabby town lost in the loam hills of the northwest, Yenan is a city of vivid contrasts, of immense vitality and great pride. Many of its 40,000 inhabitants live in caves, but next door to them are two of China's biggest universities. Its streets are filled with fine, thick dust, but they resound with the accents of every Chinese province, with vigorous political debate and the language of Marxism.

Visiting American officials were impressed by the lack of guards at Yenan's approaches, or blockhouses on the surrounding hills. A casual eye will see no policemen, none of the bodyguards which are so much a part of the Chungking scene. There are few soldiers apart from an occasional group of men marching to the barracks—without an armed guard. There are no beggars or other signs of desperate poverty, no rumors of a bandit raid near by.

Simplicity is the keynote of clothing and living. Almost everyone—including women—wears the same plain semimilitary uniform of native cotton cloth. Women are treated as friendly equals, but familiarity is rebuffed. Much credit goes to the tough, competent, often brilliant men who lead Communist China.

One is Mao Tse-tung, the tall, shy, shaggy-haired Lenin of China. A peasant by birth, Mao is not learned or cosmopolitan. But during twenty-eight years of revolutionary work, he has studied the theory and practice of mass movements. Within him repose the spark of magnetism and sympathy for the little man. But next to them are the ruthlessness and obstinacy necessary to revolution-making.

A year before Chiang Kai-shek launched his historic drive north, Mao was organizing a peasant revolt in South China. In 1927, when Chiang broke with the Communists, Mao formed the first Red Army and led it successfully through many a bloody battle. In 1931 he was elected head of China's first Communist government.

His first wife was executed for Communist work. His second marched with him across China, in the epic 6,000-mile Long March to Yenan. His third wife is a lovely, tired-looking woman who gave up a stage career in Shanghai to join other leftist intellectuals in a pilgrimage to Yenan. She married Mao and moved into his damp cave.

COLLIER'S "Here are souvenirs my brother sent me from Germany" DAVE HUFFINE

Even better liked, but less venerated than Mao, is Chu Teh, a squat, cheerful man who has been called "China's best officer." Chu is Mao's complete antithesis. He comes of a rich land-owning family, in pre-Communist years held high posts, smoked opium and kept concubines.

Then, middle-aged, he went to the coast, tried to contact Communist leaders and, failing, proceeded to Germany. Here he studied at Goettingen, served as a typesetter on a Chinese newspaper, joined the Communist party. Expelled, he studied in Paris and Moscow, returned to China to serve the revolution.

When Chiang Kai-shek broke with the Reds, Chu was chief of police in Nanchang. He organized an open revolt, led an army on a zigzag, blood-spattered course through South China and finally joined up with Mao. When Mao became president of the Chinese Soviet Republic, Chu became its commander in chief.

Chu is a friendly, quiet, ever-smiling man, who probably knows more about guerrilla warfare than any other man in China. It is from him that Colonel Evans Fordyce Carlson, USMC, learned many of the things he later taught to his famous Raiders of Makin and Guadalcanal fame. Carlson later said that Chu combined what was best in Robert E. Lee, U. S. Grant and Abraham Lincoln.

Paralleling Chiang's Career

The third of the Red Big Three is Chou En-lai, the handsome and ascetic ambassador extraordinary of Communist China. Of a patrician family, Chou has given twenty-five years to revolution. Through this quarter of a century, his life has curiously followed the life pattern of his enemy Chiang Kai-shek.

At twenty, Chou was a political aide to Chiang at the famous Russian-supported Whampoa Military Academy. At twenty-seven, he led Shanghai's workers into the streets in an uprising which enabled Chiang to seize the city. But a few days later when Chiang broke with the Communists, Chou barely escaped with his life. Nine years later at Christmastime, 1936, Chou helped gain Chiang's release by his kidnapers in Sian.

Since then, Chou has been in and out of Chiang's capitals, fencing, effecting compromises, acting as a Communist spokesman. He knows all Kuomintang leaders intimately, and they fear and respect him. When Wendell Willkie was due in Chungking on his historic One World journey, Chiang Kai-shek made an attempt to persuade Chou to leave town. Chiang failed, and Willkie was as impressed with Chou as every other American has been.

Mao, Chu and Chou no longer have to remain in hiding or to keep constantly on the move. The territory they control now includes almost four complete provinces, plus large chunks of five others.

Still more important is the fact that this vast Red empire is steadily expanding. Last year's Japanese campaign created an immense political void, into which Communist agents are already moving, to organize, to teach, to arm. Even before the military debacle, the Communists claimed that ninety million people lived in their territory.

In skillful hands, people and area spell power. The Communists know it. Their demands now fall into three distinct groups:

(1) A drastic purge of the government, inclusion of non-Kuomintang officials, a prompt country-wide Conference on National Affairs, free speech and press, release of political prisoners, and the end of political terror.

(2) Complete lifting of the anti-Red blockade, a share of Allied military supplies, equipment for sixteen divisions, "recognition" of the vast masses of militiamen.

(3) Recognition by Chungking of the local self-governments established under Communist guidance in Japanese-invaded territory.

Thus far, Chungking has been willing to talk mainly of the military terms; the Communists of the political. The third set, which would call for Chungking's assent to its own suicide, has presumably been advanced by the Communist horse traders for bargaining purposes.

But actually the so-called "peace talks" could hardly be called negotiations, for each side has tried to secure objectives which the other side considers fatal to itself. Neither can yield much; neither, in the long run, can be satisfied with little.

Persistently, the Communists have been raising their bid. But when Major General Patrick Hurley, the new ambassador, flew to Yenan and brought Chou En-lai back with him to Chungking, Chou cooled his heels for a week before the government contacted him. He was luckier than one of the preceding envoys, who waited for five months to receive a summons.

General Hurley, like all other able American representatives in China, has been compelled to meddle in Chinese politics. They had no choice. It is naïve to think that we can divorce war in Asia from politics. But no pressure General Hurley or Donald Nelson can exert could impel either protagonist in China to sign his own death warrant.

Nor does the American government wish to destroy the Nationalist regime, whatever its defects. Last September, Chiang Kai-shek was assured that the United States was anxious to see China emerge as the dominant power in Asia, with him at the head.

None in America can, or should, forget that it was Chiang and his government which stubbornly fought Japan, despite all disasters. Nor can America's conscience forget our failure to help China, when, during the years before Pearl Harbor, she cried for arms and industrial equipment. None should forget that Chiang has been called upon to cope with problems of physical exhaustion and spiritual despair which no man could possibly solve, or that even today Chiang's armies probably keep busy as many enemy divisions as faced General MacArthur in the Philippines.

Opportunity for the Allies

But if there are urgent reasons both for co-operating with Chungking and for tempering our criticism, there are also good reasons why we should take advantage of the chance to co-operate with the Chinese Communists.

Not even our own specialized agencies, with their vast funds and elaborate equipment, have been as successful as the Communists in psychological warfare against the Japs. This work is done by a small army of 400 Japanese, many of them converted war prisoners, under the astute leadership of a top-ranking Communist named Susumu Okano.

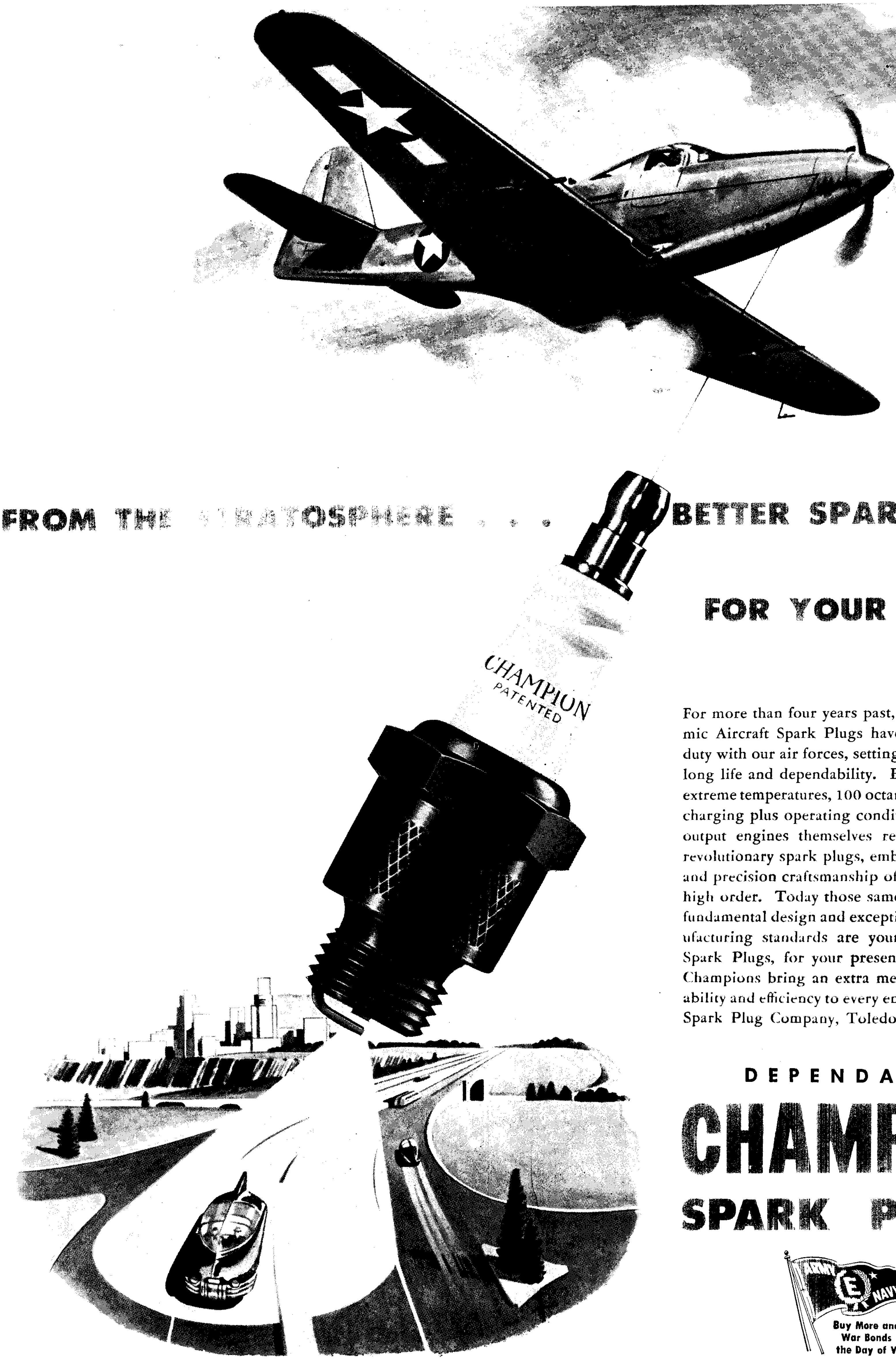
Through leaflets and posters, through the use of loud-speakers and radio, these men have been able to do grave damage to enemy morale in north China. With American material aid, this hurt can be deepened.

No Allied Intelligence organization has been able to match the Communists in gathering up vital information. Some of this has come from captured Japanese documents. This precious information can be of inestimable use to the U.S. Army. Collaboration with the Communists, thus, has its reward.

The course has already been plotted. It calls for continued American efforts to reach, if not a genuine coalition, then at least a truce between Chungking and the Communists, and co-ordinated anti-Japanese activity by both factions. It calls for increased aid to Chungking, but, with it, continued pressure for democratic reform. This does not mean the overthrow of Chiang Kai-shek or the Kuomintang. Rather, it should follow the program outlined by Chiang in his New Year's message when he pledged a democratic constitution as soon as a counteroffensive can be launched which will give "a greater assurance of victory." Such reforms can regain for the Kuomintang the full measure of confidence and support they once enjoyed. Such reforms, too, and not punitive action or futile blockade, can offer them the best hope in the deadly tug of war with the Communists.

But these reforms cannot be imposed on China by her foreign friends. They must come from within China, perhaps from within the Kuomintang itself. Therein lies our greatest hope for a common victory and continued friendship between America and China.

THE END



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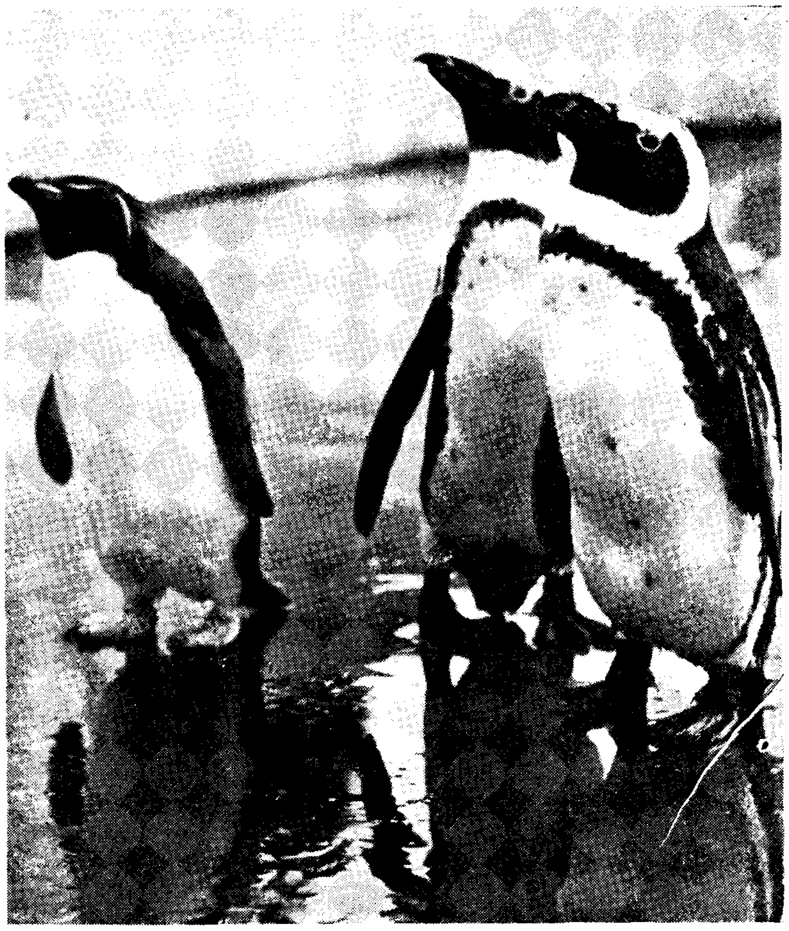
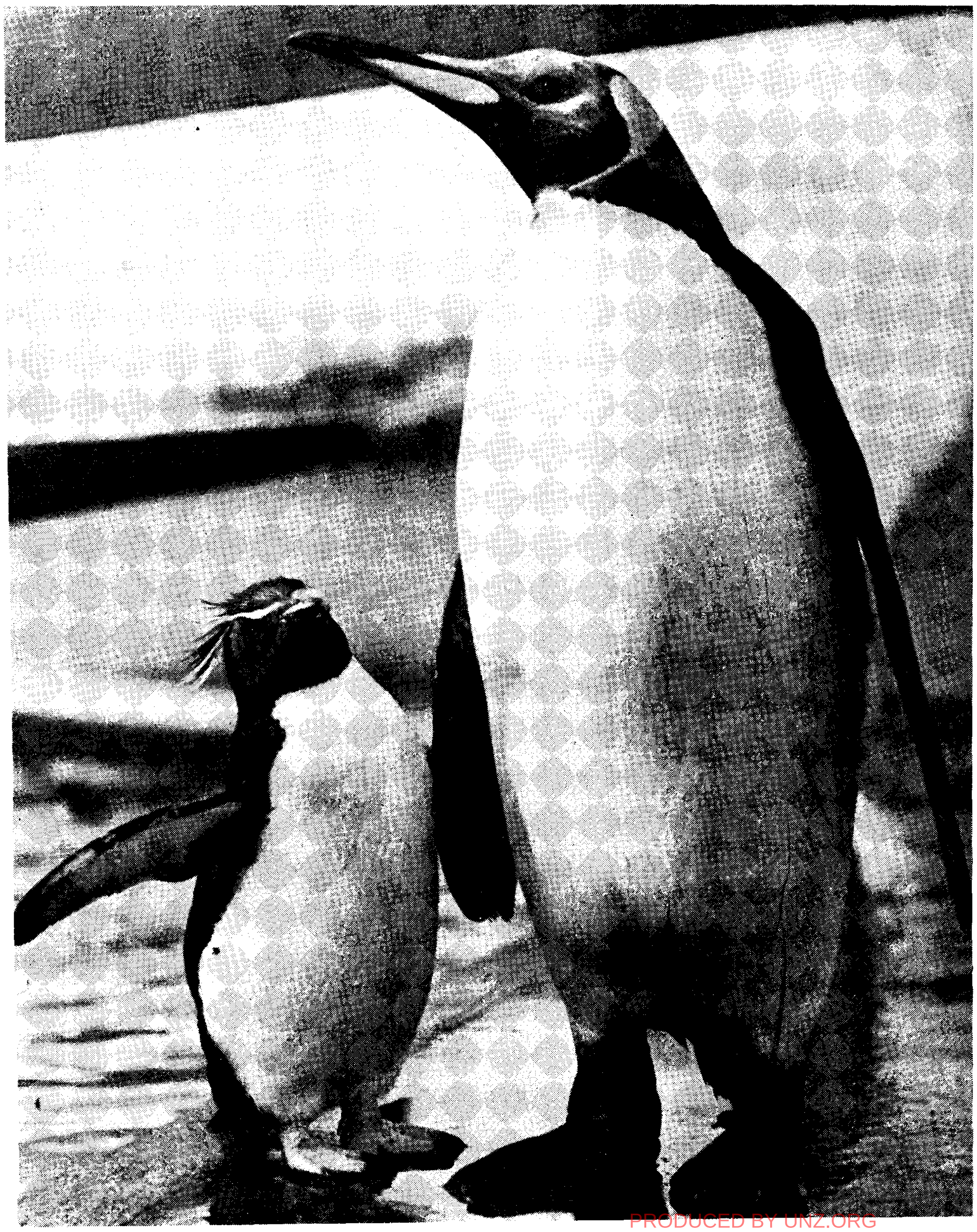
Penguins CAN BE FUN

By William Bridges

But when they fall in love they become as wild and savage as some humans in a similar state. Then they'd rather bite their keeper than a fish



The two birds on right, above, are blackfoot penguins. Big one below is a king penguin, who stands more than three feet in height



UNTIL she fell in love, you wouldn't want to meet a nicer penguin than Annie. Intelligent, affectionate, gentle, a born leader of other penguins, Annie as a bachelor girl was the pride of the New York Aquarium.

When distinguished visitors came, it was always Annie who made the occasion memorable by her eagerness to perform. True, a penguin's repertory is limited, and after you had seen Annie jump through a hoop and pretend to fly while lying belly-down on the palm of her keeper's hand, you had seen all there was to see. But the pride of her! The trusting way in which she nuzzled the visitor's trousers cuff! The gentleness of her reproachful look when he failed to pull a fish out of his pocket! It was the most charming thing in the world.

Then Annie fell in love with a handsome Humboldt penguin, and the good old days were gone forever. In the penguin pool at the Bronx Zoo, where the Aquarium's collection was installed after the old building in Battery Park was dismantled, Annie is as wild and savage toward her erstwhile friends as any newly caught penguin that never jumped through a hoop in its life. Annie would as lief bite her keeper's finger off as look at him.

She illustrates, incidentally, an interesting point in "tame animal" psychology. As long as Annie was without mate, she was in an abnormal state of "mind," and the attachment that normally would go to her mate was centered to a certain extent on a human being—her keeper. When she found a mate and her existence was thereby regularized, she reverted to the more natural behavior of her kind and would have nothing more to do with the alien human being.

Annie happened to be a blackfoot penguin from the coasts of southern Africa and her Humboldt mate came from the Pacific Coast of South America. Printed labels over the zoo's penguin pool mention the regions from which they came, and apparently many visitors, reading those labels, learn for the first time that penguins do not necessarily come from the South Pole and spend their time sitting on icebergs. As a matter of fact, the zoo has occasionally exhibited penguins that were hatched right on the equatorial line, in the Galapagos Islands of the Pacific.

In the years when they were housed in the old New York Aquarium, the penguins were the special charge of Curator Christopher Coates—and a heavy responsibility they undeniably were, too. Their swimming pool was large and clean and comfortable, but Coates believed that the health of the birds was better if they got a certain amount of exercise on a dry surface. And so, when his duties kept him in the Aquarium at night, he used to make his rounds of the dim, ghostly halls of the ancient building with the troupe of penguins padding softly along behind him.

Those nightly excursions were about the only occasion when the penguins showed any traffic sense. Their daytime home was a deep pool in the center of the Aquarium and a little mountain of artificial rock rose from the water. This was the penguins' lookout and their favorite loafing place. Four winding runways led from beneath the water to the top of the lookout. There had to be at least four, because now and then a penguin would start up the path, and then stop.

Nobody ever knew what he was dreaming about, but there he would stand, immovable, blocking the path. No traffic could move around him. Sometimes penguins would line up five or six deep behind one stubborn bird and stand there for half an hour until he decided to move and let them continue their climb. Even with four runways, there were sometimes traffic jams.

Adventure with a Military Flourish

But nothing like that happened at night when Coates put a cleated board from the top of the island to the railing around the pool. Adventure was in the offing, and the penguins scrambled out of the water, up the ramps to the top of the lookout and across the board as fast as they could go. With a cheerful "All right, ducks, let's go!" Coates would line them up and start off on his evening rounds of the tropical-fish tanks on the balcony.

As a matter of principle, Coates claims, he never made any concessions to his penguins because of the shortness of their legs and the fact that they are flightless birds and perforce must waddle and hop.

"I had my own work to do at night, and if they wanted to go along, they could jolly well keep up with me and climb their own stairs," Coates says.

Going up was easy: they just hopped stiff-legged up the stairs, one at a time. It wasn't so good coming down; they'd hesitate a long time at some steps, and then maybe take the next two or three without a second's hesitation. Coates never did figure out why they were scared of certain steps and would worry about one step for minutes at a time before making the jump down. All the steps were exactly the same height, as far as he could see.

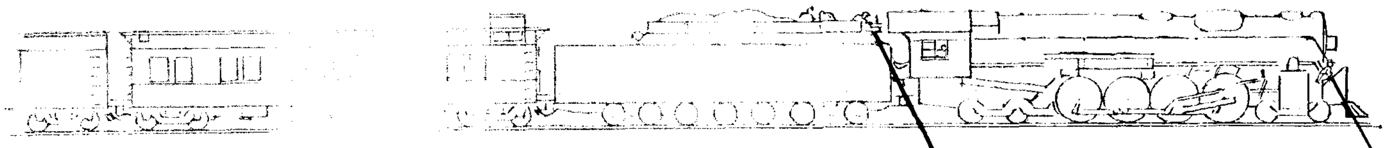
They were a little bit hazardous for the penguins, at that. Occasionally one wouldn't jump far enough to clear the edge of the step, and would stub his tail and go tumbling down. But he'd just pick himself up and stalk off as if nothing had happened.

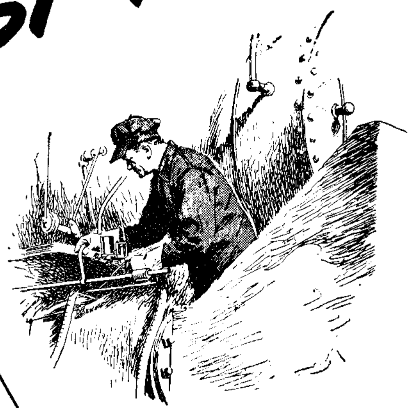
As long as Coates kept on the move, everything was all right. He would lead them around the second-floor balcony and stop to glance at various tanks, while they went exploring in all the dark corners. If a door *(Continued on page 44)*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YLLA – RAPHO – GUILLUMETTE

Meet the New York Central test engineers who help create tomorrow's finer engines

They put Locomotives in a Test-Tube

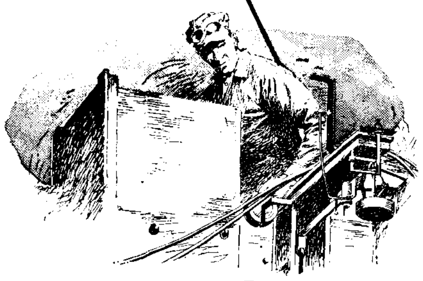




Mile after tense mile, New York Central test engineers cling to the speeding locomotive, or watch each flicker of the instruments back in the Dynamometer Car.

They feel the pulse of the mighty cylinders. They sample the smoke-box gases. They weigh every pound of coal for the firebox and every ton of pull on the drawbar. And steadily, the data they gather is recorded on the Dynamometer Car's moving chart. For this little car with the big name is their "laboratory on wheels" . . . where they figuratively put 250 tons of locomotive in a test-tube to study its performance.

Today, their work helps New York Central operate more efficiently as a vital link in the wartime supply line. And tomorrow . . . when critical materials are again available . . . their records will point the way to still finer locomotives for the future.



Locomotive Dietician

This observer weighs out each 100 lbs. of coal fed into the fire-box. Even on New York Central's naturally efficient *Water Level Route*, ways to save fuel are constantly sought.

"Scientists in Overalls"

Dressed in overalls and protected by temporary windbreakers, these New York Central engineers check engine performance and flash their findings back to the Dynamometer Car.

Tons on a Pen Point!

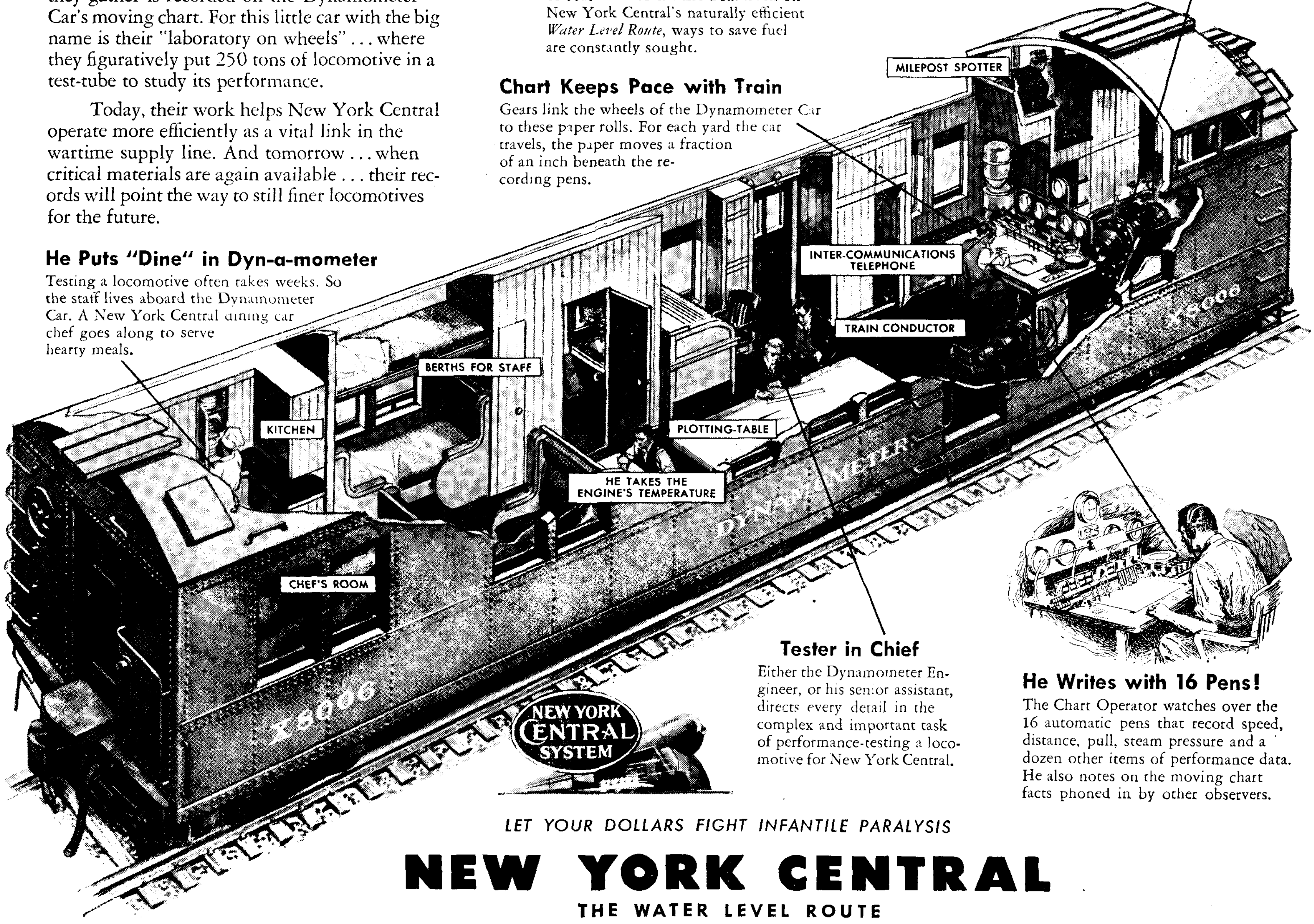
These oil cylinders can reduce a locomotive's 500,000-lb. pull down to a tiny force that moves a pen in New York Central's Dynamometer Car.

Chart Keeps Pace with Train

Gears link the wheels of the Dynamometer Car to these paper rolls. For each yard the car travels, the paper moves a fraction of an inch beneath the recording pens.

He Puts "Dine" in Dyn-a-mometer

Testing a locomotive often takes weeks. So the staff lives aboard the Dynamometer Car. A New York Central dining car chef goes along to serve hearty meals.



Tester in Chief

Either the Dynamometer Engineer, or his senior assistant, directs every detail in the complex and important task of performance-testing a locomotive for New York Central.

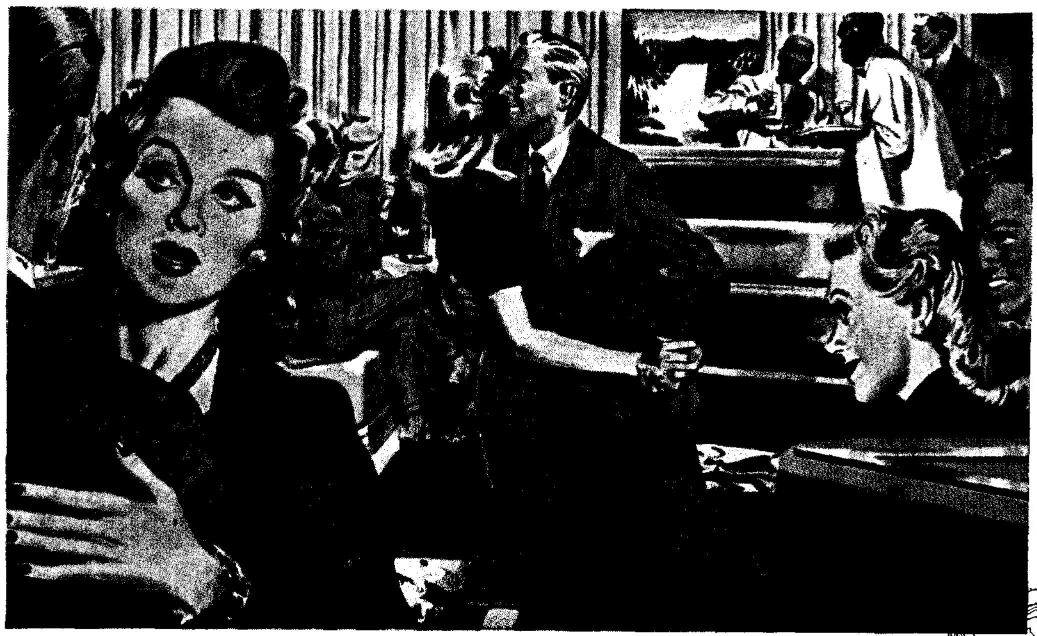
He Writes with 16 Pens!

The Chart Operator watches over the 16 automatic pens that record speed, distance, pull, steam pressure and a dozen other items of performance data. He also notes on the moving chart facts phoned in by other observers.

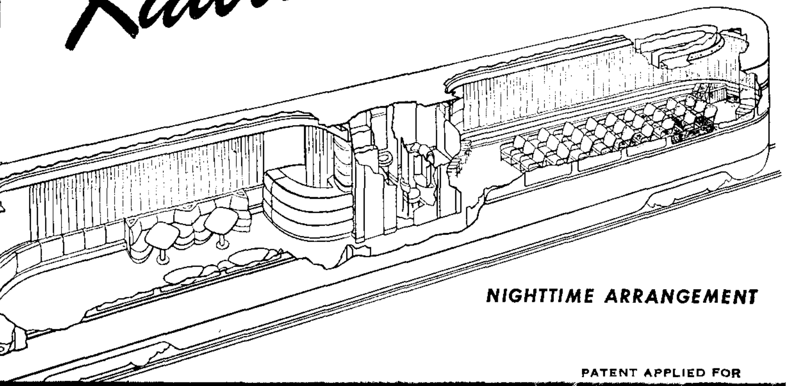
LET YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS

NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE

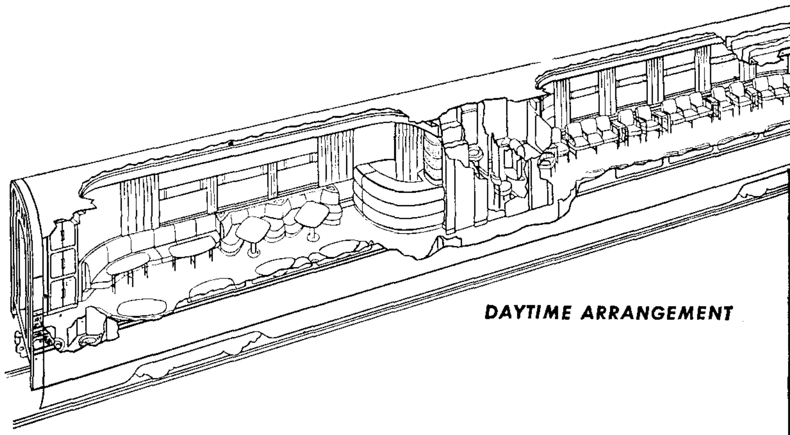


A New Thrill in Railroad Travel



NIGHTTIME ARRANGEMENT

PATENT APPLIED FOR



DAYTIME ARRANGEMENT

PULLMAN-STANDARD'S Club-Cinema Car

Miniature theatre and smart night club combined for the first time in a railroad car...movies and dancing!

• • •

Time and the miles pass swiftly in this novel recreation car designed for passenger entertainment. Retaining all the congenial features of the conventional observation-lounge car, Pullman-Standard designers have created a new conception of hospitality en route in bringing to the rails entertainment facilities heretofore known to travelers only on ocean liners. The after-section is convertible into a small theatre for thirty at a sitting, when chairs are arranged to face the screen. Forward, in the night club section, the center space may be cleared for dancing, or refreshments may be had at lounge tables along the sides.

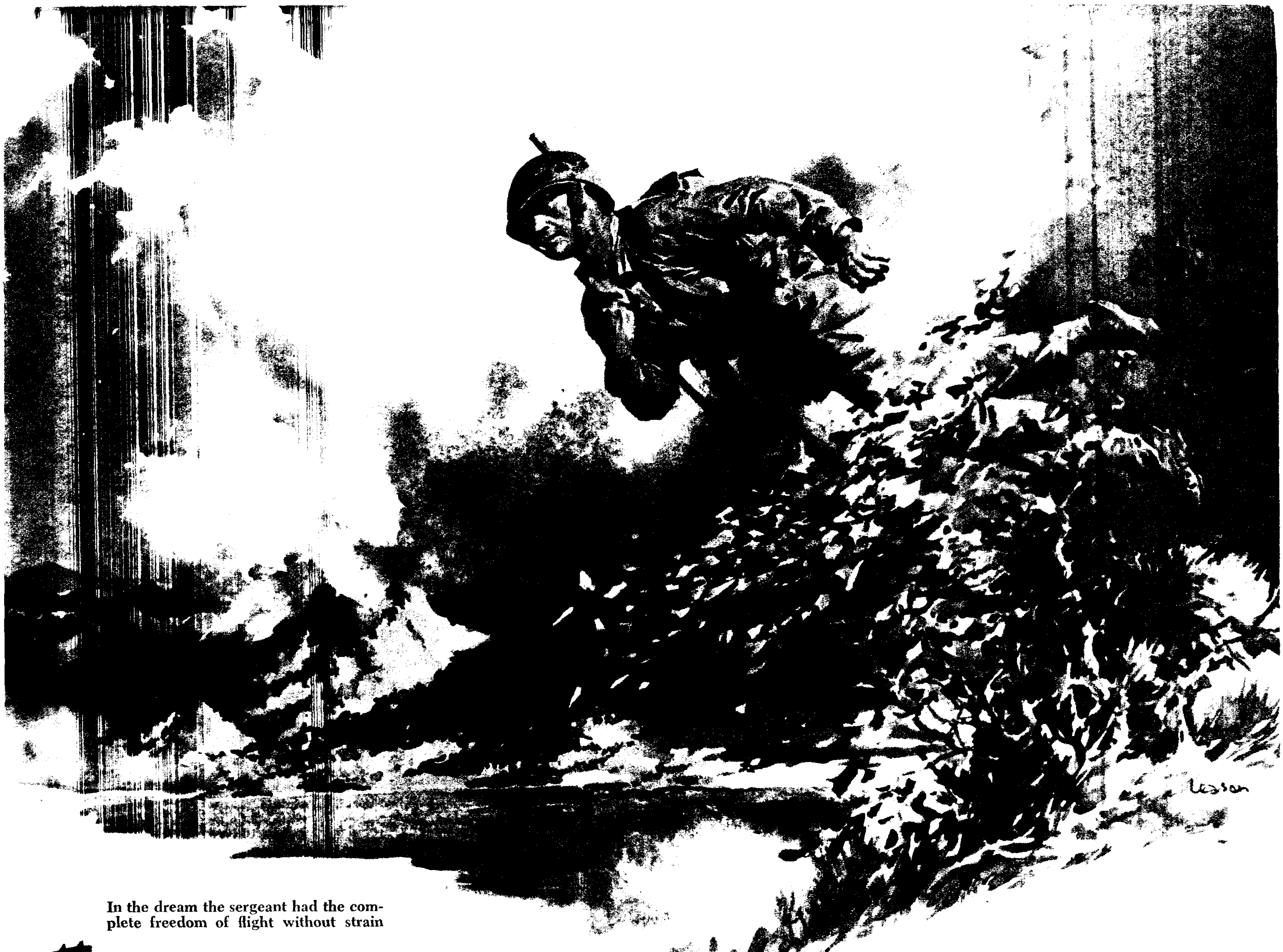
This versatile, de luxe car is the latest of the revolutionary series of newly designed cars—the Day-Nite Coach, the Threedex Coach, and the new-style Diner—which Pullman-Standard has originated and introduced to reflect the tempo of modern rail travel. After decades of unquestioned supremacy, Pullman-Standard leads today in the design and building of lightweight streamlined cars and trains, and, since it introduced the first streamliner, has built over 70 percent of all such equipment bought by the railroads. As a result of forward planning, Pullman-Standard is ready to produce these advanced-type lightweight cars of tomorrow for the trains of progressive railroads as soon as wartime conditions permit.

PULLMAN-STANDARD
Car Manufacturing Company
CHICAGO · ILLINOIS
World's largest builders of modern streamlined railroad cars

Offices in seven cities . . . Manufacturing plants in six cities

START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT
BUY WAR BONDS AND KEEP THEM

Copyright 1945, Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Company



In the dream the sergeant had the complete freedom of flight without strain

The WONDERFUL DREAM OF SERGEANT O'NEIL

BY WILLIAM L. WORDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

His dream of the future had nothing to do with the battle on Orote Peninsula—which was a nightmare in itself—but it gave Sergeant James O'Neil something to fight for

WHEN awake, Sergeant James O'Neil was never able to approach the sensation he frequently had in his favorite dream. The nearest thing to it was the queer detachment he sometimes could muster when he looked at his own boots during a perfectly executed jump turn on skis, watched his feet leave the earth, felt the snow coming up around his ankles in a dry spray, the speed terrific, the action effortless.

Sometimes, too, he approached the feeling of the dream when he came out of cold surf and ran up the beach to warm himself. Barefooted, his body had some of the same lightness.

Then, if he looked down as he ran, he could see ground passing under his outstretched toe and just for a fraction of a second he had the complete freedom, the sensation of flight without strain which he always had in the dream.

In the dream, the sergeant was able to start running and suddenly to leave the ground. Sometimes a yard or two of earth passed under him before his feet touched again; and sometimes whole ridges and valleys followed one another in parade below. When that happened in the dream, he always made a point of stepping only on the exact tops of the higher hills, never on the slopes. In a dream you must be careful about such details.

The only bad feature of the dream was that you had to be able to stretch your legs out straight in order to fly. If they were bent, if the feet were fouled in the sheet, for example, the dream simply was no good at all. It was at times like that, with his feet knotted in the sheet, that the sergeant woke up sweating, having narrowly missed crashing on a hill.

OF COURSE, dreams had nothing at all to do with Orote Peninsula. Nothing anybody ever experienced before had anything to do with Orote. Orote was a nightmare in itself, detached from the rest of the world.

When the sergeant first had seen it from the deck of a troop transport coming in toward Agat Beach—that was a laugh, to call that combination of mud, rock and animated iron a beach—he had thought the palm trees on top of Orote, and the rock ledges fringing it, singularly uninviting.

Later, lying on his stomach in the ruins of Agat town and looking across the muddy river to the neck of the peninsula, he had been even less impressed. It had been brutally hot then and dusty, the shade insufficient and the road a dim track between the bomb craters.

From Agat, he had seen the first of the sword grass—great heavy blades edged with minute teeth. The Orote mosquitoes had been there in Agat, too, and so had the first of the swarms of flies.

Now, days later, the river was behind them, its ruined bridge by-passed by a dirt causeway over which tanks grunted and multiwheeled trucks churned. The artillery was whispering its lonesome lullaby over their heads; the rifle fire up front was an unpleasant syncopation as the troops waited in the mud beside the road. The dust was mud now, the distant peninsula near. But Sergeant O'Neil, waiting with his squad, still could see nothing attractive about it.

Up front, the captain spoke an order, and the men resting beside the muddy road passed it back.

Sergeant O'Neil repeated it loudly to his squad; and, beside him, Tommy Canelli said a single word which would never do in a family magazine.

They moved up.

The squad spread out at the foot of a hill where a Nambu gun was talking. The Nambu makes a pretty souvenir for the sideboard of an admiral's cabin. Shined up, the light Japanese machine gun stands erect on its tripod, its carrying handle extended, and looks a little like a toy. On the hill, it was somewhat different.

SERGEANT O'NEIL motioned to the squad to stay low as they spread out, but it was unnecessary. They learn fast, these men who have heard the bullets singing around them. They learn fast, they hit the ground easily like falling sacks of grain, they rise and run at an unsteady gait which makes them harder to hit, they vanish at any opportunity into holes so small that they seem unable to hold full-sized men.

Sometimes the sergeant thought Tommy Canelli knew only two words. Sometimes he could amuse himself by counting the number of times Canelli was able to use the two in a single sentence. At other times he simply did not listen. He did not listen now as he left his foxhole and ran to the shelter of a downed

Are we wacky when we guarantee this SHAVING CREAM won't *make shaving a pleasure!*

Students in advertising courses say "yes"... but men who shave say "NO!"

The beardless boys, who know all about the "science of advertising," tell us that these messages about our Listerine Shaving Cream cannot possibly succeed in making sales.

Older men (*at least we judge that they are older because their letters say that they shave*) have on the contrary been sending us the most heart-warming fan mail we have ever received. And our sales, thank you, are continuing sharply upward.

Now we don't pretend that our laboratory Ph.D's. have not tried to win immortal fame by discovering the mysterious ingredient which would make shaving a joy forever.

But despite the time and money spent by our research experts in improving Listerine Shaving Cream, their final conclusions are: 1. Shaving is at best a tiresome business. 2. Our cream, good as it is, simply will not make it fun to swish off the whiskers.

That is why we offer our Listerine Shaving Cream only as a *sensible* shaving aid. We claim for it that its rich lather will help you reduce to a minimum the pain of parting with your whiskers. And you can judge the quality of Listerine Shaving Cream from the fact that literally a fraction of an inch makes lots and lots of good, rich lather. But don't forget to keep adding plenty of water when you brush it up, because our research proves that water is really the secret of the whole beard-softening mystery.

The best way to find out whether you like "no-hokum" lather is to meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY,
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

35¢ TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S

REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Listerine Brushless is 25¢

LISTERINE brushless SHAVING CREAM

and splintered palm trunk. Bullets splatted into the trunk, and dirt showered his face. Behind him, Canelli said the two words over and over again; nothing else, just the two.

The sergeant could see nothing clearly up ahead, but he stuck his carbine under the edge of the log and fired half a clip at a thick bush which might have concealed an enemy. Canelli's Garand jabbered more heavily; and, farther back, Ed Jones' Browning spoke in a bass voice. Canelli started to run toward the sergeant.

The big Italian boy almost made it, although it was a long, exposed run. He ducked, swiveled his hips and jumped holes. Then, quite slowly, he stood up very straight and dropped his rifle. He was almost above the sergeant's log; and when he fell, he fell into the protection of it.

It did not take long. The sergeant had no time to get out a dressing and it would have done no good. Blood covered Canelli's shirt; and under the shirt there was no chest left.

Canelli said two words this time. They were dramatic, in a way. He said, "Hello, Pop." Then he died.

WHEN he was younger, the sergeant had always blamed his own father for the fact that things were no different. Sometimes, delivering groceries up on Pacific Avenue, he had looked through the kitchens of the white cottages into the living rooms where there were rugs on the floor and lamps with heavy shades.

Now he could recognize the youthful impression as a possible falsity, but, at that time, there had been only warmth and friendliness for him in every one of those clean houses. Always it had seemed there was a motherly woman in a starched apron, cooking something at an enameled stove. And outside, it had always seemed that the rain was colder and the seat on the Star Grocery truck wetter than it had been before.

He remembered that he had talked to Pop about it one night when he was sober. It was one of the times when Pop had been on the wagon for a couple of weeks and the first miseries of sobriety were lessened. They were living then in the shack on the side of the gully, before the town tore the place down to make way for that new street. It was so long after his mother had gone that he no longer remembered her except at intervals.

He'd said something about his feeling—his envy of those white houses and carpeted parlors—to Pop; and Pop had been quiet for longer than was his habit. Then finally Pop had said, "I don't know how to *tell* you, boy, and you wouldn't believe it if I did. But the paint just covers up things—the same things we have here in the shack."

Pop had said more. He'd said that white houses had misery in them, that people hated in the soft light of those shaded lamps more often than they loved, that the things which mattered were the ability to laugh, to see the great absurdities by which men were governed, to look in the mirror and to be amused—not ashamed, not proud.

Pop was like that sometimes, before he began to need so much to drink. Later, when he was cooking bay rum and waiting around bars for other men to go to the washroom so he could finish their drinks, he had talked less frequently about laughing at yourself.

The last time the sergeant had received a letter—it had been a year or more—Pop had been in jail. The jail preacher wrote that he doubted whether Pop would live much longer. He said Pop was not quite right in the head any more. So the sergeant did not expect to hear again. . . .

In the dusk, the sergeant and Ed Jones dug their foxholes close together in a V shape with the two sides not quite touching at the apex. The digging was hard because of the interlacing roots of the bushes and because they could not stand up to use their shovels. They dug the holes two feet deep and piled the loose sand and coral rocks on the outside of the V so that they were protected on both sides by rough walls.

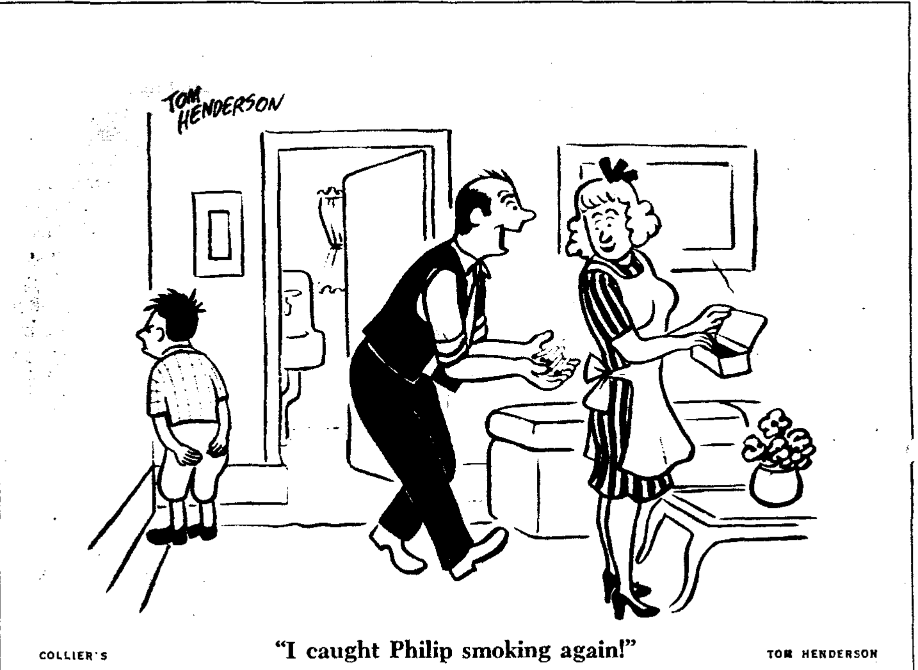
It was strange; the peninsula was dusty again, only a few hours after the rain. The dust was an abrasive on their hands when they used the shovels; and when they opened their K rations, dust gathered on the slabs of cheese in the cans before they could be eaten. They drank only small gulps of water from their canteens because no water had come up, and nobody knew when it would. There were pools around them, but they could not drink from them. In the Solomons, they had known men who did.

Behind and around them, men of the squads dug foxholes and set up machine guns in nests of palm fronds and dirt. Overhead, the artillery still sent its shells in an invisible but talkative parade. Behind the lines, mop-up squads worked, their dynamite blasting the houses and the huge caves the Japanese had left. The succession was queer. If you were looking, you saw the flash of the dynamite first. A moment later the ground shook under your feet; and after it had stopped shaking, you heard the great sound of the explosion. Not before.

George Brinkman, the corporal, crawled up in the dark to report the men ready for the night. He had word from the captain to stay where they were until dawn and to shoot at anything moving. "The captain don't want anybody to bother with challenges," Brinkman said. "So if it moves, it's a Jap. He says to take no chances."

AFTER he had gone, the sergeant and Jones stretched out in their holes with their heads toward the apex of the V. They put their ponchos down, laid their pistols beside the rucksacks which were their pillows. All over the bivouac, men checked their pistols, chamber-loaded them. Each pistol made a small click as it was cocked.

Overhead and forward of the line, the first of the star shells flamed, casting into wan relief the bushes, the muddy road along which they lay, the half-seen hill ahead where yet other Nambus hid their flaring noses. No sound came from the Japanese positions; but



COLLIER'S "I caught Philip smoking again!" TOM HENDERSON all along the American line men muttered and cursed the rocks in their foxholes. Only the sentries, leaning against trees, erect behind bushes, were silent.

Jones finally broke the silence in the V. He said, "Jim." The sergeant answered.

"You know, Jim," Jones said, "I've been thinking. I'll bet I have the silliest-sounding civilian job of anybody in the outfit. I build fences."

The sergeant grunted.

"Yeah," Jones said. "Fences. I know it sounds funny, but it's a damn' good business. Practically everybody who is anybody needs a fence built sooner or later, and I'm the best fence builder in the city."

The sergeant said he wished they had a good Jones fence in front of them right then, and Jones laughed in the dark.

"I'll bet you," he said, "I could build a fence that would stop any Jap alive. I built one for a guy on an estate up on Puget Sound when he was afraid somebody would kidnap his children. He had some big dogs he'd bought, too, and one of them got caught in my fence. It took four men to get him loose from the wire."

The sergeant laughed. A toad hopped along the edge of the pile of dirt beside him and nearly fell into the hole but saved itself with a last desperate hop. The mosquitoes were lumping the sergeant's face, so he dug out of his rucksack a bottle of evil-smelling insect repellent, spread it on and passed the bottle to Jones.

"It might surprise you," Jones said, "but there's money in fence building. I got into it first when I was in school and a neighbor wanted a special kind of fence built. I did that and some other jobs came along. By the time I finished school, I was making too much money from fences to stop and start all over again. I guess it isn't very romantic, but I get a real kick out of it."

The sergeant said, "I should think the Marines would have put you to stringing barbed wire."

"Uh-huh," Jones said. "You'd think so. I did, too, but you know how the Marines are. I've been in two years and haven't strung a single piece of wire."

Jones said nothing more. The sergeant began to realize how tired he was and presently they both slept. Three times, the sergeant rose to check the guard; toward morning he took a watch himself.

AFTERWARD he never could decide whether sharper eyes and ears might have warned him sooner. On the whole, he thought not, because the whole American line became conscious of the approaching Japs simultaneously, just before dawn. Except for the soft booms of the periodic star shells and occasional nervous bursts of machine-gun fire, there had been no sound anywhere on the line. Then there was yelling all up and down the sector. There were quick flashes from the machine guns on the hill, a hundred lesser flashes from the Japs' rifles as they burst out of their holes in full charge.

The sergeant was very busy. A small tank led the enemy attack, so he pulled his squad partially aside to let a Marine behemoth come through. It did, with clanking treads and a blue stench from its exhaust. Then the Jap infantry hit them. The sergeant fired his carbine until the clip was empty but had no time to reload. He clubbed the gun and smashed a tin helmet like an eggshell. Something hit him behind the knees, groaned when he fell over it.

The sergeant struggled to reach his pistol, came up instead with the long, thin dagger a raider had given him at Santos. He sliced the throat of the Jap on top of him, sank the blade into the back of another as he leaned over the foxhole where Jones still struggled to reach his Browning, kicked aside in the first rush. The Jap dropped a grenade, which went off in the foxhole where the sergeant might have been and smashed Jones flat.

It was only minutes but it seemed longer. The Jap tank, hit squarely, flamed, the bodies of its crew already smelling like burned pork. A platoon came up from behind on the double, and the last Jap turned to run. A grenade blew both his legs off, and he lay screaming until he died.

After that there were only bodies.

The sergeant pulled the dead Jap off Jones and helped to lift the Browning man out. A corpsman, oblivious of the fire all around him, bound up Jones' arm and said something to him; but Jones only shook his bloody head.

Half an hour later, the jeep ambulance got through. The sergeant and the corpsman loaded Jones aboard on a litter, the foot of it protruding beyond the body of the midget truck. Jones looked through the open side to grin at the sergeant. When he spoke, his voice was strange, as if he could not hear it himself.

He said, "All okay but the ears, Jim. And you don't need to hear good to build fences. It's okay."

AS LONG as he could remember, the sergeant had been looking for the right job. There had been the grocery-store truck for a while—dull and poor pay, but he sometimes thought he would have done better to stay with it. At least he had his week ends for skiing. There had been a summer in a noisy factory, and he had held hopes until the foreman handed him a slip in August.

"Season's over, bub," the foreman had said. "We won't be needing you after today."

Or you could remember, if you chose, the college. All you had to do was to wait on tables in the dining room and to show up for football practice after classes. Sure, the dining room was delighted to have you as a waiter. They didn't even mind too much if you failed to show up for work now and then. That is, it didn't matter until the coach decided you never would have weight enough to make the team. After that, the dining room was sorry.

Think about jobs and you remember a lot of things. You remember that year when there weren't any. "You can go on relief," people said. Once you got hungry enough to get in the line, but at the last minute you couldn't stand the expression on the face of the woman who was taking the names of the people as they passed. You weren't hungry any more. So you went out along a highway where there was an unfenced prune orchard. Too many prunes will make you sick. You knew that, but you ate them anyway. And you were.

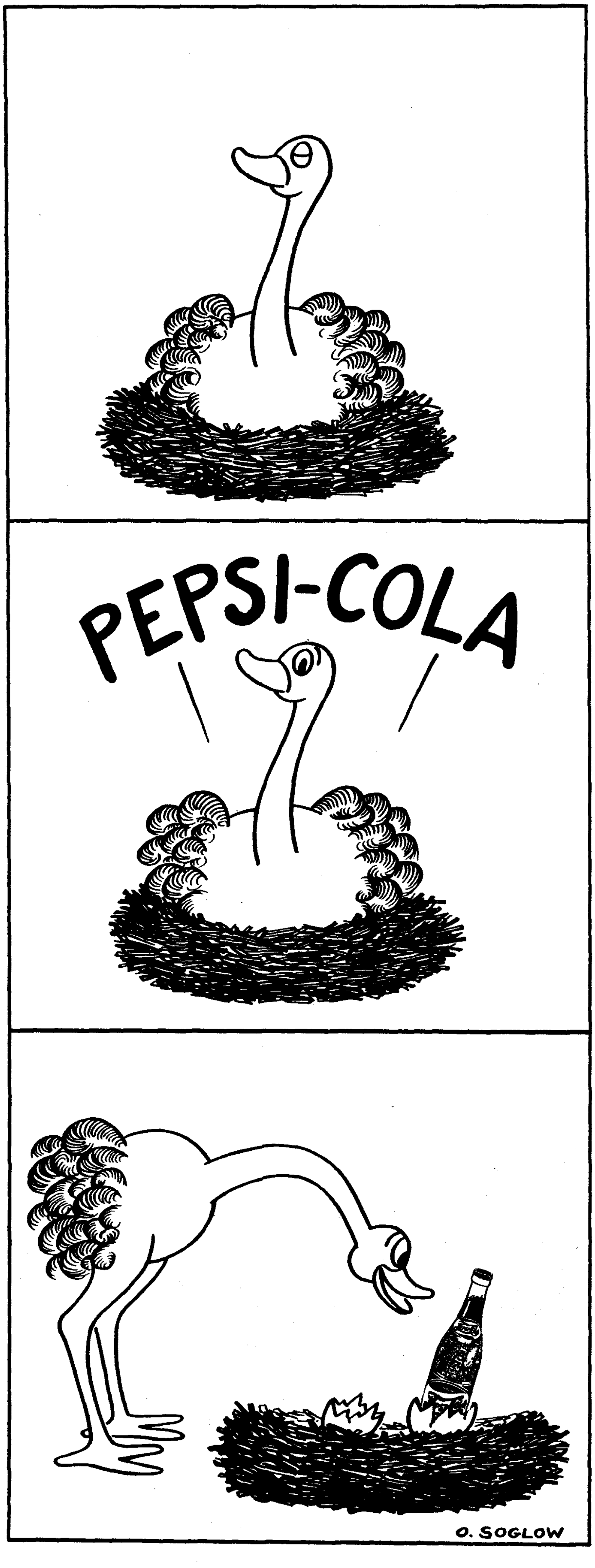
Remember the bum in that boxcar going west out of Wichita: an old-looking man who wasn't really old. "I don't know exactly what happened," he said. "I came home from the war and nobody had any jobs. The guys who had stayed home had the best ones, and the guys who'd been let out of the Army first had the rest. Sometimes I got jobs later, but I just never got started right on anything that lasted."

The bum in the boxcar had a cough. He coughed in the night. You always remember him coughing in the end of the boxcar, with the odor of lime in it still, from the last shipment.

It did not seem, just now, that the Marines were going to get home very early this time. Some people, of course, did all right even away from home. They learned radio or hung around the planes at some airfield until they were fair country mechanics. All that was all right, if you weren't in an outfit that was always busy fighting or riding a transport somewhere to fight. Then all you ever learned was digging foxholes and how to act against an enemy charge.

THE sergeant lost track of time and was not sure of just where he was. There were a lot of little hills with machine guns on them, and swamps with fire coming from the other side. In one swamp he lost Samuels and Fredericks. One of the machine-gun hills wounded Frankie. There was an open field and a lot of men died. He thought it was Sunday but had to count back through foxholes to make sure. "One night ago I was behind that bush. The night before, I was under the log. Before that, I didn't have any; and one night I found a Jap hole lined with mosquito net. Yeah, it must be six nights and Sunday now."

One night he and Brinkman shared a Jap cave—bomb-blasted but still fairly dry—and he realized again that Brinkman was a little older than most of the men. Brinkman looked tired to exhaustion, his once-green uniform now a perfect match for the red clay of the peninsula. There was even a grayish tinge to



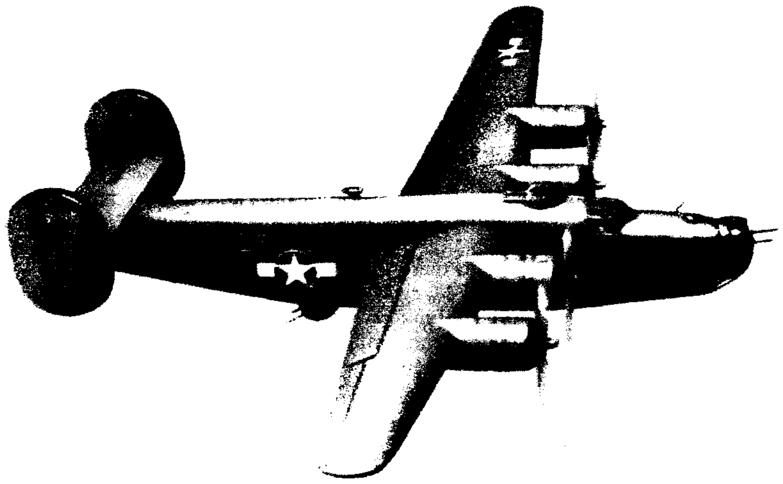
CHEVROLET

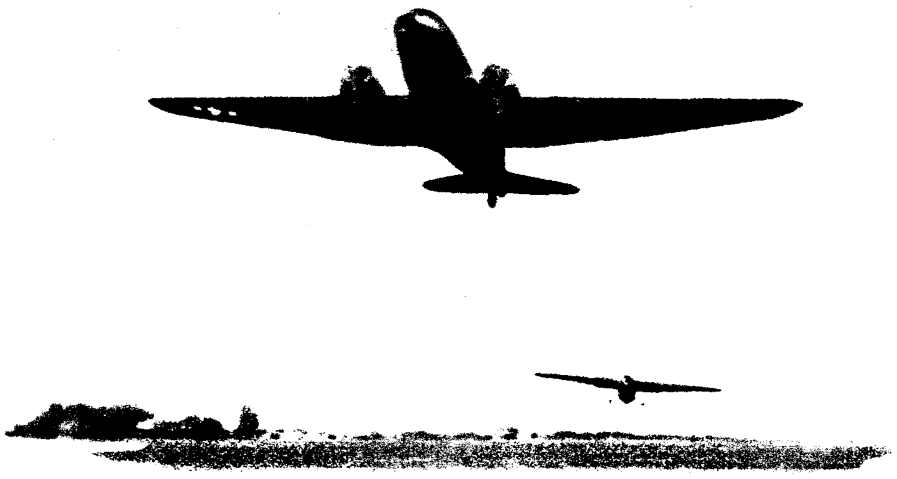
From Well Before Pearl Harbor
Right Up to the Present Time

America's Gallant Armed Forces Have
Received a Steady Supply of Arms for Victory

MASS-PRODUCED BY
CHEVROLET

After 22 months of production of 14-cylinder, 1200-horsepower Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines, Chevrolet was requested by the Army Air Forces to undertake the manufacture of an entirely new 18-cylinder model, developing more than 2,000 horsepower, to help meet urgent military needs. The contract for this new engine (illustrated above) was signed—the first engine was test-run in one-third the time usually allotted to projects of this type—and shortly thereafter Chevrolet went into volume production on this new and more powerful Pratt & Whitney aircraft engine.





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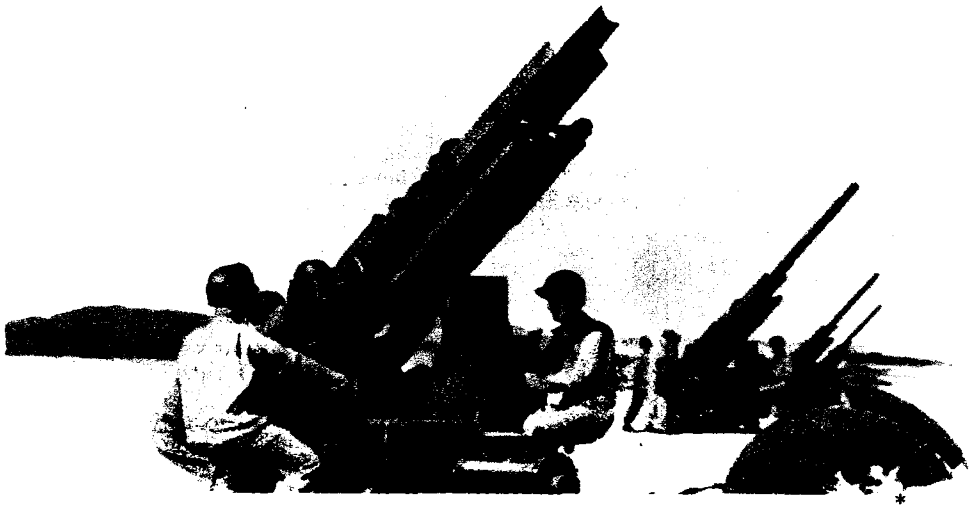
Currently, Chevrolet is producing three models of Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines: (1) a 14-cylinder, 1200-horsepower engine for the B-24 Liberator—one of America's longest-range bombers—illustrated above, left; (2) a 14-cylinder, 1200-horsepower engine for C-47 and C-53 transport planes—"workingest airplanes in existence"—one of which is illustrated above, right; and (3) a new 18-cylinder engine of more than 2,000 horsepower for the latest models of the P-61 Black Widow night fighter and for the P-47 Thunderbolt—this latter engine being one of the most powerful of all radial-type aviation power plants. In all, as of Nov. 30, 1944, Chevrolet has manufactured more than 54,000 Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines—supplied the armed forces of the Allied nations with more than 64,000,000 aircraft horsepower—and, as early as November 1943, attained an output of 3,502 complete combat-type engines—the largest single month's production ever achieved by any aircraft engine manufacturer up to and including that date.

*

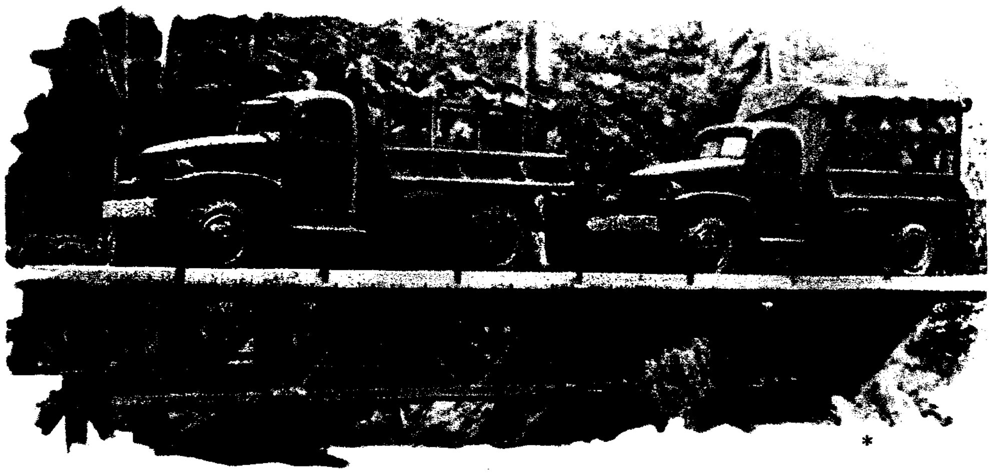
Chevrolet has produced millions of high-explosive and armor-piercing shells to help our fighting men win total victory over the Axis powers on all fronts.



*

Chevrolet has produced more than 2,000 of these giant 90-mm. guns—and more than 3,000 spare tubes—to help destroy enemy tanks and planes.

Chevrolet has produced and shipped more than 100,000,000 pounds of aluminum forgings from one plant alone in 22 months—this one plant being the largest of four aluminum forge plants operated by Chevrolet.



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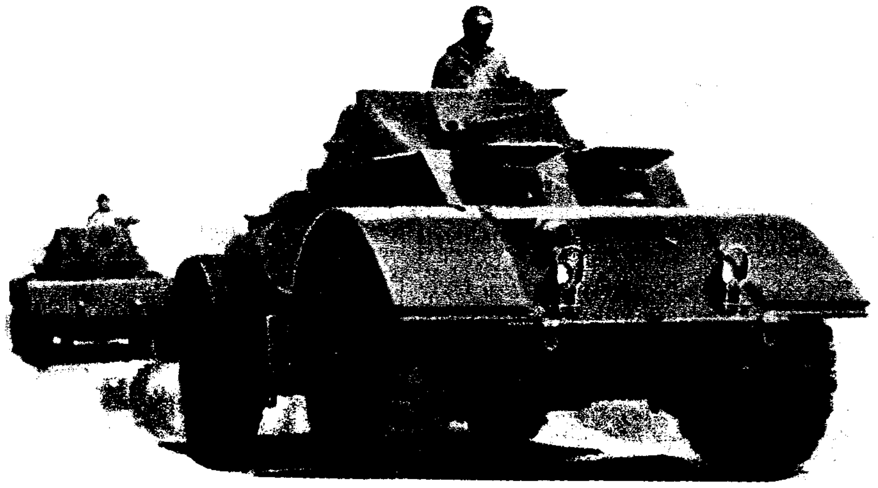
Chevrolet has produced more than 400,000 rugged, powerful military trucks, in three different types, to serve our fighting men on battlefronts in all parts of the world.



Chevrolet has produced several thousand of these 14-ton armored cars—instruments of victory extraordinary—to help spearhead Allied invasions against our foes.

CHEVROLET
DIVISION OF
GENERAL MOTORS

BUY MORE WAR BONDS . . . SPEED THE VICTORY

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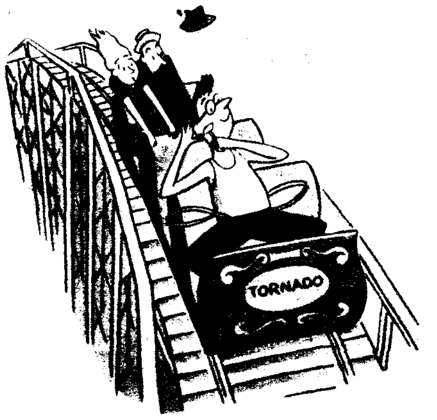

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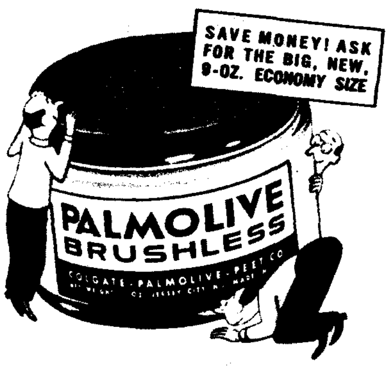
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the ends of the beard he had not shaved for a week. The sergeant spoke about it and Brinkman grinned.

He said, "Yes, I noticed that. Actually I'm only thirty but I know I look older. Everybody in our family gets gray young. At forty, my brother's hair is snow white." He hauled a wallet from his filthy pocket. "It's really funny," he said. "Eleanor—that's her picture—is really just a couple of years younger than I am; but I've been accused of cradle robbing ever since we were married."

The sergeant said Mrs. Brinkman was nice-looking and the boy more handsome than his father.

"I don't know," Brinkman said. "When you're as close to anyone as Eleanor and I have always been, you don't think often about the details of appearance. Now that you mention it, I presume she is a beautiful woman. But I feel almost embarrassed about admitting it; it's too much like admiring myself."

He put the picture away. "That's the hardest part of this business. I'm just not a complete person when I'm away from her. Perhaps that sounds weak and foolish to you."

"No," the sergeant said. "No, it doesn't sound foolish."

Presently he asked Brinkman how he happened to be in the Marines at all. "I shouldn't think you'd have had to join up," he said.

"No," Brinkman admitted, "I didn't have to join. But, you see— Well, Eleanor's Jewish; and the Jewish people never had any choice about this war. They couldn't be neutral. So I couldn't either, aside from patriotism. It's personal to Eleanor, and it's personal to me."

They slept presently and the night was quiet. The morning was quiet, too, and the squad had time to warm coffee over little fires built from rations boxes. Then they went into the underbrush they were to clean out that day.

Brinkman went in only a little way. A Japanese with a Nambu waited until the American was almost on top of his nest under a palm frond and then opened up with a hysterically fast burst.

Two of the men carried Brinkman out of the thicket after they had blown the Jap out of his hole with grenades—machine gun and all.

When the sergeant got back to where the corpsmen were, they were almost ready to start back toward the road with the Marine in a litter on their shoulders. They had cut the trousers away from Brinkman's legs and bandaged the half-dozen bullet holes. They also must have given him something to ease his pain, because he was smoking a cigarette quite calmly.

He waved a hand at the sergeant. "Jim," he said, "I wonder—would you look around and see if you can find my wallet? There isn't much money in it, but I would like to have the pictures."

The sergeant found the place where the bandaging had been done and picked the wallet up out of the dirt. The pictures were unhurt.

When the sergeant passed them over, Brinkman smiled self-consciously. "I shouldn't have bothered you, I guess," he said. "The corpsman just told me they'd probably send me back to the States. That means I might get to see Eleanor again." He looked at Jim. "It's a funny way to get there," he said, "but that's what I wanted more than anything else in the world—just to see her."

The corpsmen started down a path with the litter jouncing on their shoulders.

"MORE than anything else in the world—just to see her."

Well, that's natural. You can't blame a man for that. If you did, you'd be blaming everybody in the Marines. They've all got somebody they want to see more than anything else in the world. Well, most of them have.

Of course, there was Mary. Remember her? Mary had blue eyes and black lashes and almost everything was funny to her. She liked eating ice-cream cones in midwinter and making caricatures of professors in class. The ice cream was amusing to her, and the professors made her giggle. So, unfortunately for you, did the idea of marrying without any money.

Well, that was a long time ago and you knew later that it was just a bad case of puppy love. You knew that it was all one-sided and that it never would have worked out. You knew you would get over it and that there would be another girl, with all the qualities Mary lacked.

Strange that there never was. But there wouldn't be much point in going to see Mary now. You'd just be embarrassed. She'd think it was funny, and her husband and youngsters would wonder why you came. Even the maid who let you into the shaded parlor would know you did not belong there.

SOMETIMES, in the days following horrible days and the nights all alike, composed of menaces moving in the dark and deadly things standing waiting, the sergeant lost track of everything personal. He was aware when the lieutenant was killed and he had to take charge of the platoon; aware, dimly, of the ranks which were thinner day by day; aware of waking more deadly tired each morning than the morning before.

They took the caves. They fought through the swamp in water to their armpits. Japs came charging at night; and by day they sent the peanut-sized tanks to do battle and to cook their crews. The artillery whispered sibilant secrets and the machine guns barked like terriers at the underbrush into which no man could see.

They took some farms, little scratched-out farms with their pitiful shacks no less torn apart than the houses of the towns. Chickens wandered featherless where the bombs had hit, and dead pigs lay beside the road which wound on and on under its cover of dust or mud, depending on the time of day.

The barracks fell. Japanese socks lay in bundles in the wreckage. Japanese jackets floated from the shell-torn rafters. Blue and green mosquito nets and cheap paper suitcases lay where their fleeing owners had left them.

Some of the owners stayed cowering in bomb shelters and were driven out by smoke, to be shot like rabbits when they emerged carrying grenades in their hands. Some fled from the machine guns, trying the old, hopeless race of man against bullet. Little desperate men died in the flame throwers, died in front of the guns, died by bayonet and knife, and, horribly, by their own grenades. Their bodies lay in the grassy fields beside the barracks.

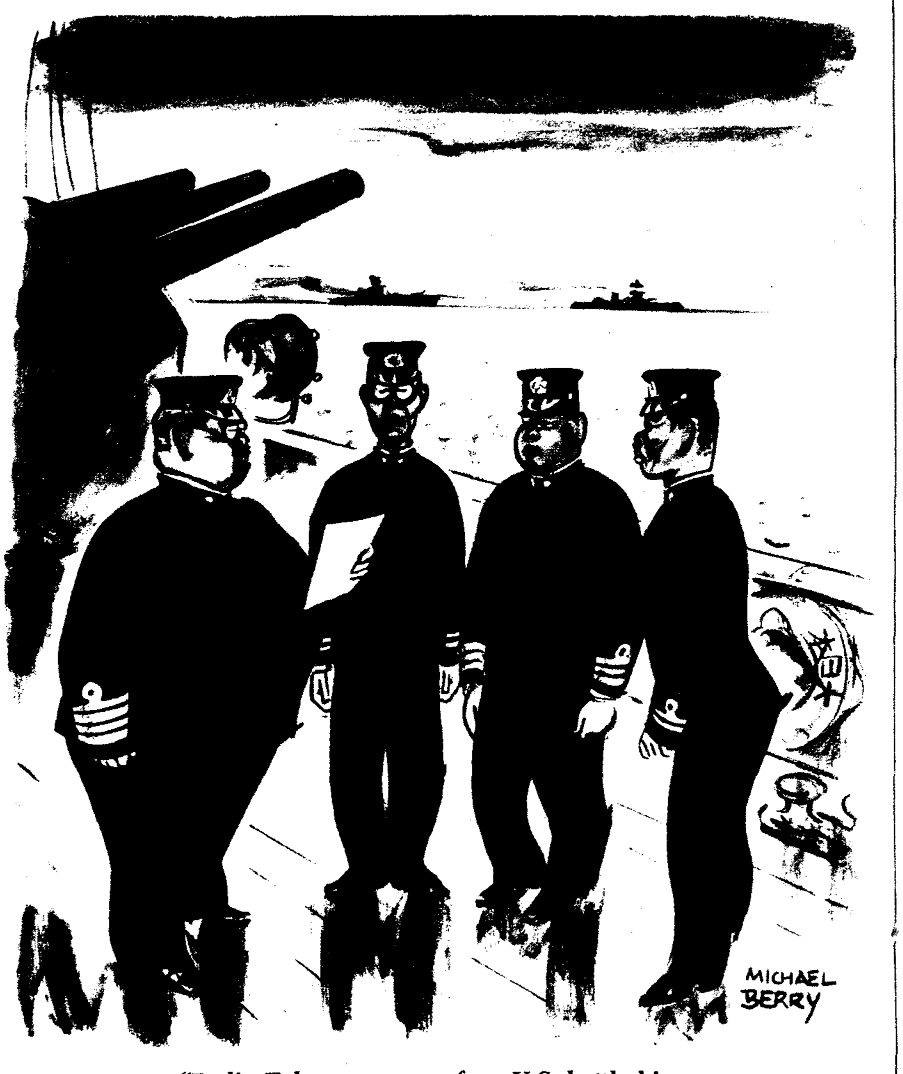
On some days, the sergeant felt as if he were wading in blood, slipping more on the mangled remains of men than on the slick grasses. He was so tired that he swept dull black flies away from his face without a shudder at their bloated bodies. He was so dirty that he ceased bothering to wash at all, noticed with only slight curiosity that his trousers were now so impregnated with grease that they were almost waterproof. He lost his shirt and took another from a dead Jap without a single quiver of disgust.

On one morning, they went forward again, as they had every morning. This time the skirmish line went slowly along the side of the airfield, beside the ruins of what the enemy had planned as an insular air force. Behind one tank, men of the platoon moved cautiously, stepping over what might be mines, looking into holes, keeping the bodies of blasted trees between themselves and the bush which crept up toward the airport in a silent and threatening curve.

There was little firing. No need now to warn the men to conserve ammunition. No longer did they shoot at shadows or in the general direction of danger. They shot now only to kill, used their bayonets as readily and with no more feeling than they pulled the triggers of their rifles. There were few prisoners. There would be very few.

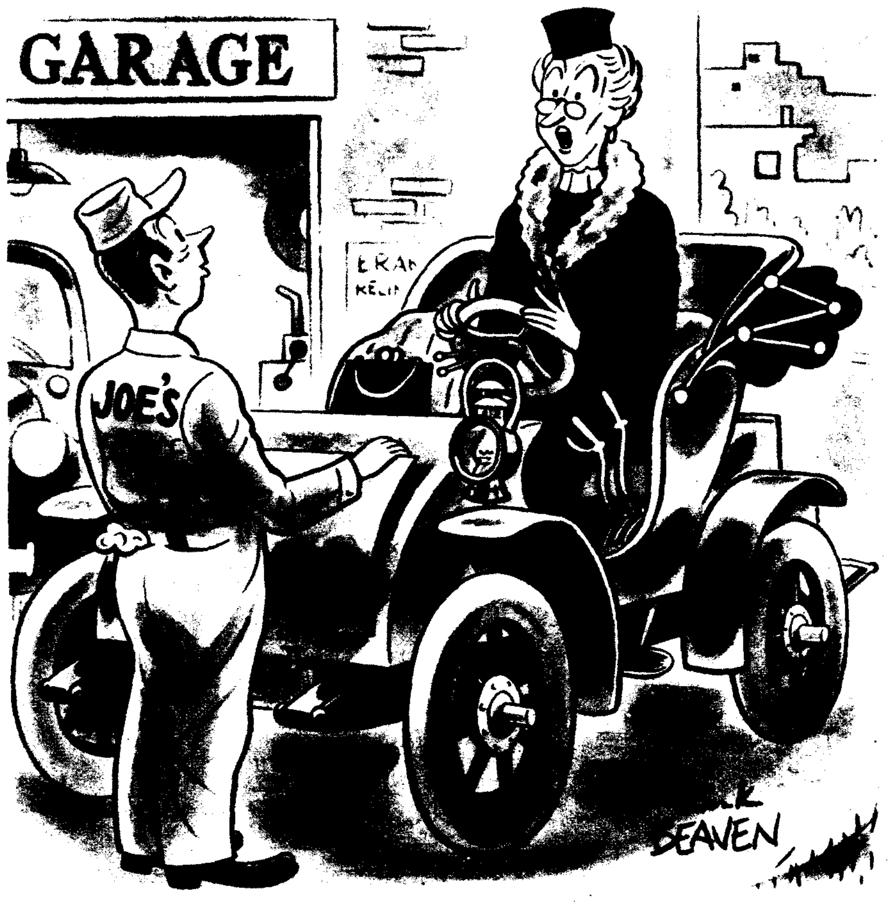
The first man in the skirmish line peered into a bomb shelter, but no sound greeted him. All morning, no sound had greeted them from the trapped and frantic enemy. The sergeant walked around the end of the concrete shelter and stood in a small depression on its farther side. The tank was well ahead and there was no hurry.

TOKYO TALKING **by MICHAEL BERRY**



"Radio Tokyo announce four U.S. battleships sunk—orders say to go out and do it!"

COLLIER'S



COLLIER'S "Listen, young man, don't tell me what's wrong with it. I was driving this car before you were born" FRANK BEAVEN

He heard first the explosion inside the shelter. Turning to swear at a man behind him for throwing a grenade without warning, he saw the man staring at the shelter, and two more explosions sounded inside. The man yelled, "Hara-kiri!" and dodged behind a tree.

For the sergeant, there was no convenient tree. He dropped flat against the ground, facing the shelter. A grenadier approached it, yelled down in an approximation of a Japanese phrase for the occupants to come out. There was no answer. The grenadier yelled a second time, looked toward the sergeant, who made a throwing motion. The grenadier tossed a smoke bomb, then two grenades. The shelter vibrated, belched smoke; and the grenadier close by the entrance said he could no longer hear yelling and screeching inside.

THE sergeant never did know whether the Japanese in the shelter had deliberately timed their suicides to give their mortars a chance to get the range on the squad. But as the squad lay there, its rifles covering the cave entrance, the first mortar shell fell among the men.

There is little warning from a mortar shell. Lobbing slowly on its high arc, the projectile makes little noise, and even that sound arrives after it has struck. So now there was only the first explosion—no warning. The shell landed among half a dozen men; but all except one managed to scramble away after the smoke had cleared.

The sergeant had always heard that men who were about to be hit seldom realized it. But at this moment he knew the theory untrue for himself. He knew he must have cover immediately; and there was none. He knew other shells would follow the first. They did. One landed to his right as he clung to the ground. Another was to the left. He thought: They've been shooting in fours. If I can last out the next one. . . .

But even then he had no confidence. Other thoughts chased hope out of his brain. He thought: This will be hard on the communiqué writers. They said yesterday this field was secure. This isn't important. It's just an isolated patrol action—to everyone but us. To this squad, this is high drama. The battle's won, but it's not quite over yet.

Afterward, he could remember the fourth shell. He could see still the explosion, the dust rising. He could feel the shock as if someone had pushed him, painlessly but very hard, against an unyielding wall. Then he could remember neither seeing nor hearing anything more.

When the sergeant awoke, he had no difficulty in knowing where he was. He was on the same litter he had seen used so much that week; and it stuck out in back of the jeep, as it always did.

The sergeant opened his eyes barely long enough to be sure he could, then closed them again. Presently he began to feel. Something was wrong with his head, something under a large bandage which came down almost to his eyes in front. He was nearly naked; and when he looked again, he saw a second large bandage on his side. He wiggled his fingers, surprised to find all of them present and working.

Fear struck him. He tried to wiggle the toes of his right foot but could not. He looked down, sighed with relief, raised the left leg painfully and freed the right, which was bent under it. Lying on his back, he stretched both legs, wiggled his toes.

A gasping sound made him turn his head. On the other side of the jeep, a second litter held a colored boy—one of the engineers who had come to work on the field that morning. The boy's leg was shattered, and breath came painfully between dry lips. The sergeant felt for his belt, found miraculously that both belt and attached canteen were still there. He uncovered the canteen and held it above the boy's face.

"Open your mouth, Jig," he said. "Come on, open up."

The boy parted his lips, only half conscious; and the sergeant splashed water into them. Some missed the boy's mouth and ran down the sides of his face; but he stopped gasping, began breathing more easily.

THE sergeant relaxed on his back and drank a little water himself. His side was beginning to hurt unbelievably, and he knew the jeep ride to the hospital would be a nightmare. Nevertheless he lay with his eyes open and wiggled his toes once more, first the left foot, then the right.

He grinned with real pleasure. The legs were straight out, not crossed or knotted in his broken gear.

He knew that presently he could sleep.

And, if he was lucky, he would still be able to fly. Already, in his mind, he was stepping lightly on the tops of hills, and never on the slopes between.

THE END

6 A.M. . . . you heave a sigh!

HOW COME? What's giving you the early-morning dumps? Have you forgotten about Sal Hepatica? If what you need is a laxative—take a sparkling, refreshing glass of Sal Hepatica before you do another thing!

8 A.M. . . . you all but fly!

THINGS HUM! You're going at the job full tilt! Good you took Sal Hepatica. Taken first thing in the morning, it usually acts within an hour . . . brings quick, easy relief. Helps counteract excess gastric acidity . . . and helps turn a sour stomach sweet again, too. *Reminder:* 3 out of 5 doctors interviewed in a survey, recommend this famous saline laxative. *Suggestion:* try Sal Hepatica next time *you* need a laxative.

Whenever you need a laxative
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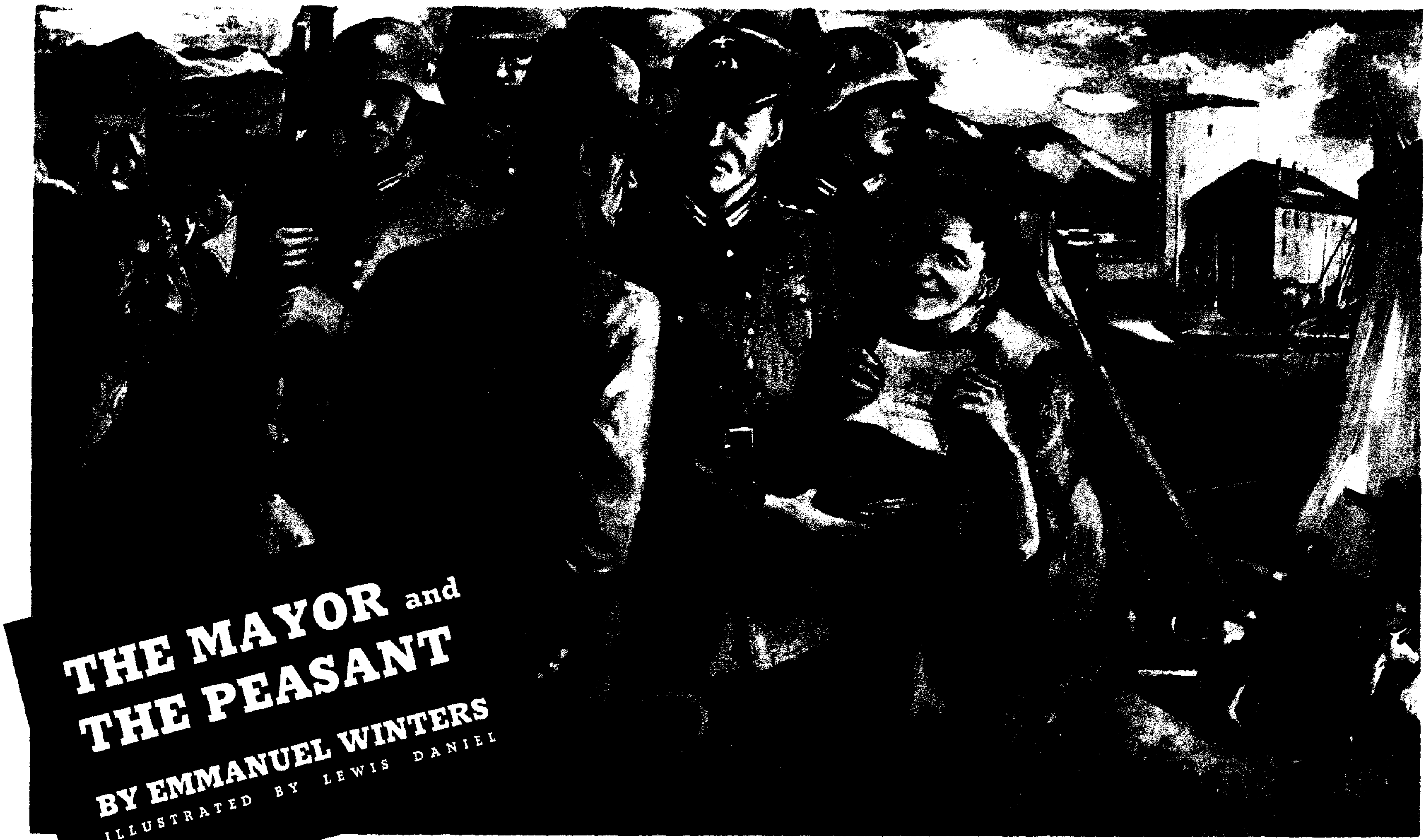
TUNE IN { "EDDIE CANTOR"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 P. M., E.W.T.
"THE ALAN YOUNG SHOW"—Tuesdays, Blue Network, 8:30 P.M., E.W.T.



THE MAYOR and THE PEASANT

BY EMMANUEL WINTERS

ILLUSTRATED BY LEWIS DANIEL

“The honorable mayor must be confusing me with another,” Josef said, handing over the receipt for inspection

JOSEF ADAMCHIK helped his assistant, Peter, tie the barge to Mayor Nikita's dock. Then, with a broad grin, he said, “Well, Mayor Nikita, here I am.”

Mayor Nikita, a tall, ascetic man—it was rumored in the village that some sort of royal blood ran in his veins—sniffed haughtily and replied that this was quite obvious. Mayor Nikita had the utmost contempt for all peasant hinds who, he believed, were the real ruination of his Yugoslavia. They were so filthy and ingratiating—like dogs. They smelled too much of ordure and poverty.

But Josef Adamchik, obviously the peasant in his tattered blue denims and straw hat, did not take affront; one like him could not be versed in the subtleties of insult. Still smiling broadly, he said, “I am here, Mayor Nikita, on business. I have brought much money. See?” He took a dirty roll of bills from his pocket and flaunted it before the other's eyes. “For you.”

“Holy name!” Mayor Nikita exclaimed. Then he quickly controlled himself. Still haughty and contemptuous he said: “What kind of business can a roving dog like you have with the mayor of a village?”

Josef spread his hands and smiled ingratiatingly. “Your cattle are known all through Yugoslavia. I will buy them from you.”

“It is war. Prices are high,” Mayor Nikita snapped.

“I will pay a war price,” Josef replied.

Mayor Nikita was silent and gazed out over the green sea. “Come,” he said at last, and strode across the beach to his farm.

But in the barn, Mayor Nikita made difficulties. “Why do you think I wish to sell my cattle?” he demanded. He knew he was lying. Every night since Hitler's soldiers had seized the village (with his quisling help), he had prayed that the Virgin might send a buyer. Mayor Nikita was always ready to declaim, at the right moments, that Hitler was saving Yugoslav civilization; but despite all the collaborationist pose of friendship, he knew that the dogs might eventually take his cattle without compensation.

The peasant smiled shrewdly. “When the price is high, every man will sell,” he said respectfully. “So is the law of business, as even one like me knows.”

Mayor Nikita made another difficulty. “You are buying my cattle for the dogs of Tito.”

The peasant rolled his eyes in horror and crossed himself. “Let me be hanged for a traitor,” he stammered; “let me burn in hell if I do not thank the Holy Virgin every time Hitler wins a battle!”

“That is enough,” said Mayor Nikita, turning to the stalls.

SIDE by side they inspected the cows. “Well, how much will you pay?” finally demanded Mayor Nikita. He had already decided to accept nothing under seventy-five thousand dinars—at first.

Josef grinned stupidly and stroked the flank of a cow. “I cannot read or write,” he apologized. “But I have learned to count to a hundred. Here I have one hundred notes. Each is for one thousand dinars. That makes one hundred thousand dinars, yes? I will give you these one hundred notes for all your beautiful cows.”

Mayor Nikita hid his happiness well. “It is satisfactory,” he said.

Josef took the money out of his pocket, spat on his fingers and began to count out the bills upon the floor of the barn. “One,” he said. Then, “two.” Then, “three. . . .”

“Is it right?” he asked, looking up. It was clear that he was proud of his ability to count.

Mayor Nikita's nerves were trembling. He almost gave himself away by an exclamation. The fool of an illiterate peasant was making a mistake, a complete and wonderful mistake. These bills were not one thousand dinars apiece. Each was a two-thousand-dinar note; and the dog of a peasant, who could not read or write, believed it to be only a thousand. Mayor Nikita contained himself. In a calm voice he said: “Yes, it is quite correct.”

The peasant smiled with foolish joy and finished counting his one hundred notes. “Now the cows are mine,” he said, “and the money yours.” He rose to his feet. “You may not suspect it, Mayor Nikita,” he said, “but I am a simple man. If you please, make the receipt simple, too. Just write that I, Josef Adamchik, gave you one hundred notes each worth one thousand dinars. You must forgive an ignorant peasant.”

Mayor Nikita sniffed triumphantly. “Of course,” he said. . . .

All night Josef and his helper, Peter, loaded cattle onto the barge at the dock. And all night Mayor Nikita lay awake gloating over having tricked the dog of a peasant. He had earned not one fortune, but two. He had saved his cattle from inevitable seizure by Hitler's men.

“The war is highly profitable to those who know how to make it profitable,” Mayor Nikita told himself.

Early next morning he hastened to the bank in the village. He was sufficiently patronizing to the clerk. “I wish to deposit a little sum,” he said, handing over the money.

The clerk was impressed. He bent over the money to count it. Then his energetic eyebrows shot up in dismay. “But, Mayor Nikita,” he cried, “this is all counterfeit.”

“Oh, what a fool, what a fool, what a fool!” the mayor cried.

He snatched the money and rushed to the military office. “I have been robbed of my cattle by a dog of a counterfeiter,” he explained to the German officer. Accompanied by a squad and the commanding officer himself, he led them to the dock.

The barge was still there. Josef had just finished loading the cattle.

“Seize the pig,” Mayor Nikita ordered.

Josef came over ingratiatingly. “Is something the matter, Excellency?” he inquired, addressing himself to the officer.

“Mayor Nikita is an honorable man and our very good friend,” the officer said. “He says you gave him counterfeit money. If this is true, my friend,” he added casually, “we will have to shoot you.”

Josef laughed. “I have never cheated anyone in my life.”

The officer shrugged his shoulders. “You Slavs are always cheating someone,” he said. “Did you buy the mayor's cattle?” he demanded.

“All his beautiful cows,” Josef replied.

“I have here one hundred bills—all counterfeit,” continued the officer. “What have you to say to that?”

Josef screwed up his face and scratched his head. “May I see them?” He studied them closely. Several times he clucked his tongue. “They are counterfeit,” he admitted at last.

Mayor Nikita smiled coldly. “You can begin to unload my cattle.”

“I am afraid, my friend, we will have to shoot you, after all,” the officer said.

Josef turned to him. “Wait, Excellency,” he said. “These counterfeit notes are for two thousand dinars each, no?”

“Yes,” replied the officer. “Two-thousand-dinar notes—one hundred of them.”

Josef took a piece of paper from his pocket. “The honorable mayor must be confusing me with another,” he said. “I gave him one hundred one-thousand-dinar notes. Here, this receipt in the mayor's own fine hand, it says so, and the mayor is an honorable man; he would not give me a receipt for one hundred thousand dinars if I had paid him two hundred thousand!”

The officer turned alertly to Mayor Nikita, but the mayor seemed to be reflecting. Perhaps he was listening to the clamor of his cows in the peasant's barge. Again maybe he was thinking of the large white wall where criminals, high and low, were summarily disposed of by a rifle squad.

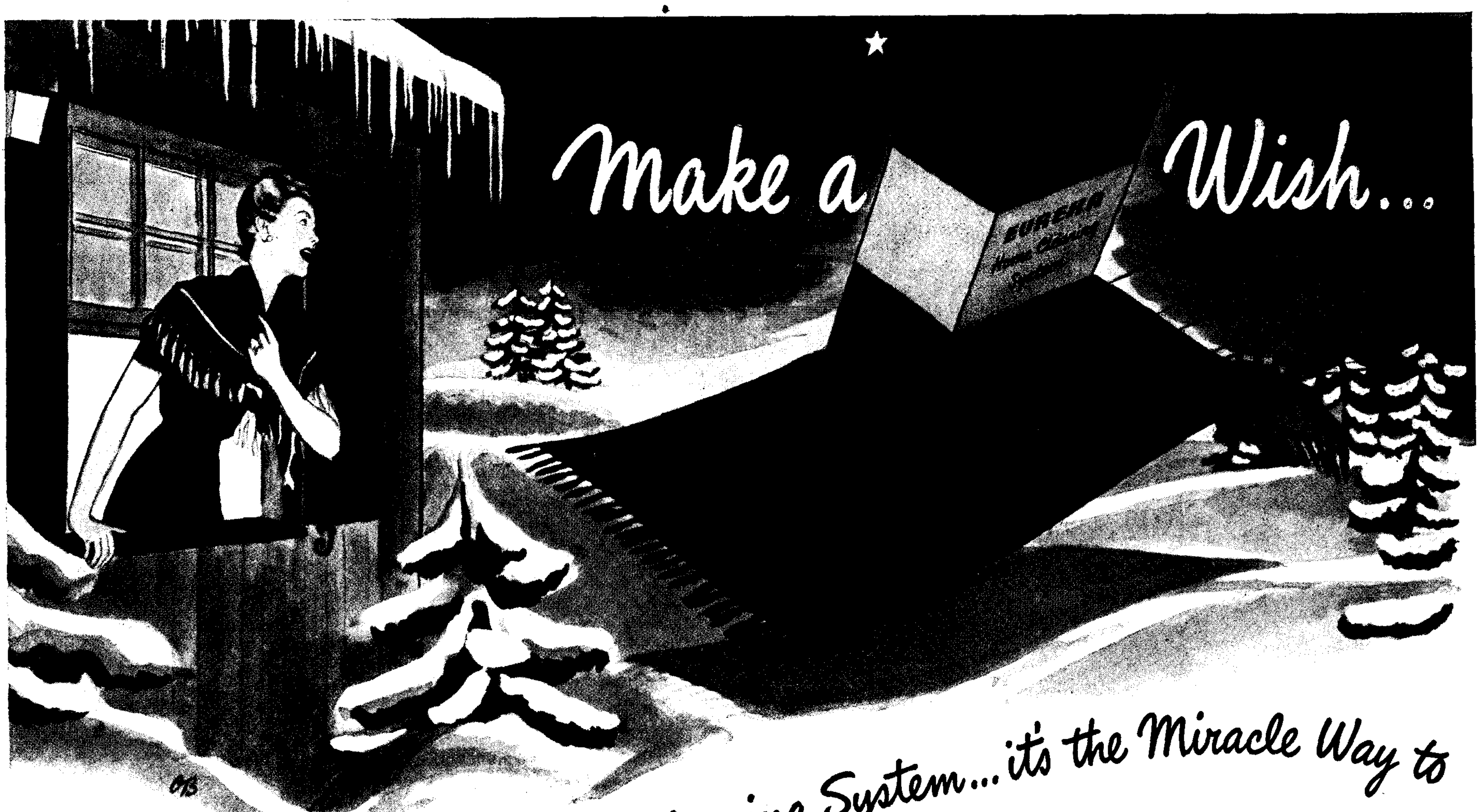
Then his thin lips indulged in a smile. “I must have confused him with another person—one who could not read or write,” he said calmly.

“Good,” said the officer wryly. “We will save bullets—a good number of them.”

WHEN they had disappeared over the sand, Josef slowly unfastened the barge and let it slip into the tide. Then he turned to his helper, Peter, and said: “They are very fine people, eh, Peter? So very honorable.”

“Eh? Oh, yes, General,” replied Peter absently. “With this tide and the coming fog, don't you think we should be able to avoid the patrol and reach Tito by nightfall?”

a short short story complete on this page



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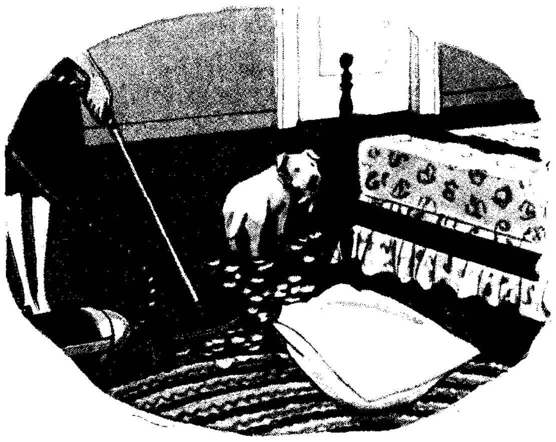

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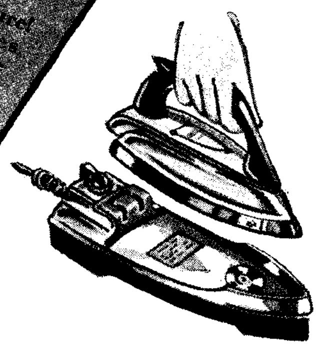

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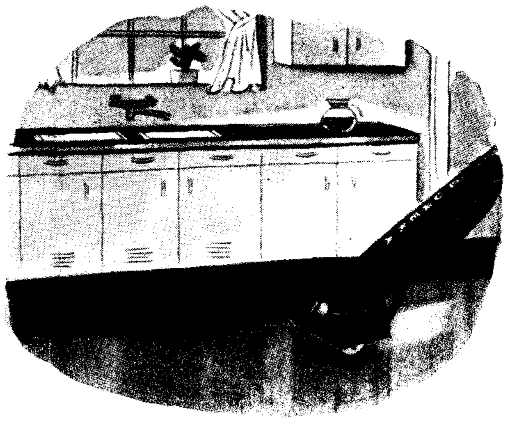

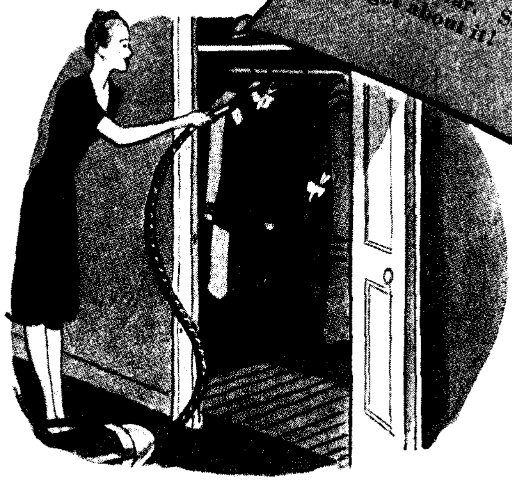

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You gamble every time you drive over snow or ice or sleet without tire chains. One skid, one crash, and your car may be wrecked. You may not be able to get another for months.

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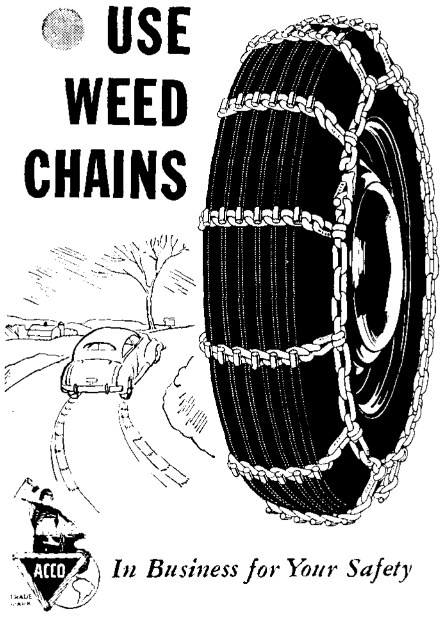


ACCO

In Business for Your Safety

Penguins Can Be Fun

Continued from page 32

was open, they were through it like a shot. Sometimes they would find their way back of the tanks and onto the iron lattice catwalk that ran across the top of the big exhibition tanks. Then he'd have to go behind the tanks, too, and somehow get ahead of them and lead them onto the part that had a solid floor. He was always afraid one would be tempted to dive into the open water below, and in some of those tanks there were big fish that wouldn't stop to think twice about making a meal off a penguin.

What they loved most was to find a small hole somewhere, just big enough for three or four of them to crowd inside. They would bunch up in the hole and roar their delight in a raucous penguin bray. Coates usually had to pull them out one by one.

The places they liked best were the dark spaces under desks, and sometimes the only way Coates could get them out of the offices was to round up three or four and start marching them off. He carried a broom on these expeditions, and a little poke from behind always started them off promptly. The ones left behind under the desk would whimper and run around looking for their companions. They are gregarious creatures and could never bear to be left behind and if one bird wandered off by itself, it would be frantic until it found the rest of the party.

Maybe it was because fish are so very *un*demonstrative that penguins seemed to Coates the most endearing of all birds. He never tires of talking about their ludicrous vagaries.

To Be Handled with Care

With the single exception of Annie, all the blackfoot penguins the Aquarium owned in recent years, at least, have been wild and intractable. Galapagos penguins, on the other hand, made friends almost instantly and on their first introduction to their keeper could be coaxed onto his shoulder.

Even the friendly birds, however, had to be handled with care. There is a definite technique to petting a penguin. Make a sudden grab, as one would attempt to catch a chicken or a duck, and you are almost certain to be viciously bitten. But if you approach slowly, letting the penguin see your hand sliding forward, you can slip it between the bird's legs and pick it up easily.

"Cyclone Jim" Savage, one of the keepers at the Aquarium, had the art of penguin-lifting highly developed, and before Annie fell in love he could lift her at any time and make her flap her wings, while lying in his hand, as if she were swimming through the air. Since penguins cannot fly, "swimming through the air" is the only phrase that adequately describes Annie's motions.

New keepers at the Aquarium who scorned the bites of mere birds soon learned that penguins were not like other birds. When they bite, they intend to show their feelings—and if they happen not to like the recipient of the bite, he is never in doubt what they think about him. Even a blackfoot or a Humboldt penguin can snap its jaws hard enough to draw blood through a stout leather glove, and one doesn't like to think what the effect would be if one were attacked by a really determined king or emperor penguin—the latter more than three feet tall. Often the Aquarium keepers were bitten on the chest through their uniform jackets while the penguins were being moved.

Oddly enough, penguins have exact control over the force of their bites, although it is still a mystery why they exercise that control. If two keepers happened to be working with the birds, and one of them was (for no reason that he knew) in their bad graces, he stood in danger of being bitten repeatedly and severely every time his hand came within range of a beak. Yet his companion, doing the same work, could move among them with impunity. The penguins might strike at his hands, but invariably they gauged the force of their bites so that their "friend" received only a gentle nibble—"almost a caress," as Coates put it. He observed that "familiarity, or even cupboard love—and with animals, that's about the only kind we have any faith in—seems to have little to do with it. We noticed that the men who fed the birds regularly were actually more likely to be bitten than utter strangers."

This indifference to the feelings of the penguins' human friends extends to their own kind, too, for while they are extremely gregarious and hate to be separated from one another, they pay no attention to a mate that has become lost and is seeking to return to the flock.

Many stories are told of the swimming ability of penguins. It is asserted by some travelers that they stay at sea for as long as six months at a time, and that the blackfoot penguins of South Africa sometimes swim across the Atlantic to South America. Banded birds are said to have traveled six hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

However much truth there may be in the first two accounts, the latter one is not easily credible. Penguins *do* travel underwater with amazing speed, using only their stubby wings in a flipperlike motion, with their feet trailing behind them and used only as brakes or rudders. They certainly give the appearance of traveling at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour or even faster when they are in hot pursuit of a minnow, but to believe that they could keep up such a speed for a full day takes a lot of imagination.

The small, tight feathers on the penguin's body resemble scales so much that many visitors to the zoo, with only a sketchy knowledge gained from a hasty reading of the label, are puzzled as to whether they are birds or fish. I remember one lengthy discussion of penguins one day while we were photographing Annie. A crowd gathered and an elderly man asked me how the fish could stay out of water so long.

"They aren't fish," I said, "they're birds."

"Birds! But they've got scales like fish."

"They do look a little like scales, but they aren't. They are real feathers."

"Oh! Well, why don't they fly away, then? Do you clip their wings?"

"Oh, no. Penguins are flightless birds; they can't fly. Never could, at least not in the last few million years."

"Well, then, what are those things that look like arms?"

"Those are their wings. They use them like flippers."

"They look like the fins on those fish up at the other end of the zoo—the ones that make so much noise. I never knew until today a fish could make such a noise."

"Fish? Make noise? Do you mean the sea lions in the round pool up by the bird house?"

"That's the ones."

"But they aren't fish, either—they're mammals. They're in quite a different group from these penguins—birds—or the fish. They're in the same group as—oh, as the horse or the—"

"Do you mean to tell me, young man, they're a kind of *horse?*"

I gave up trying to explain. . . .

"Penguins," Coates used to say, "are habit-forming." To prove it, he told about the housekeeping routine at the Aquarium. Among the jobs assigned to one keeper for the morning hours before the building was opened to the public was the cleaning of the central pool with a long-handled brush. When the pool happened to be occupied by turtles or small alligators, it took about twenty minutes, and the keeper's routine was set up with that allowance of time.

Then the Aquarium acquired its penguin colony, and the birds were assigned to that pool. A few mornings later Coates noticed that the keeper was behind in his work schedule. He was an industrious fellow, but, morning after morning, the routine tasks took almost half an hour longer than before the penguins came. Coates made inquiries.

Entertaining the Birds

"It's them penguins," the keeper explained. "I have to give 'em all a ride on my brush, and it takes quite a while, what with the repeaters and all."

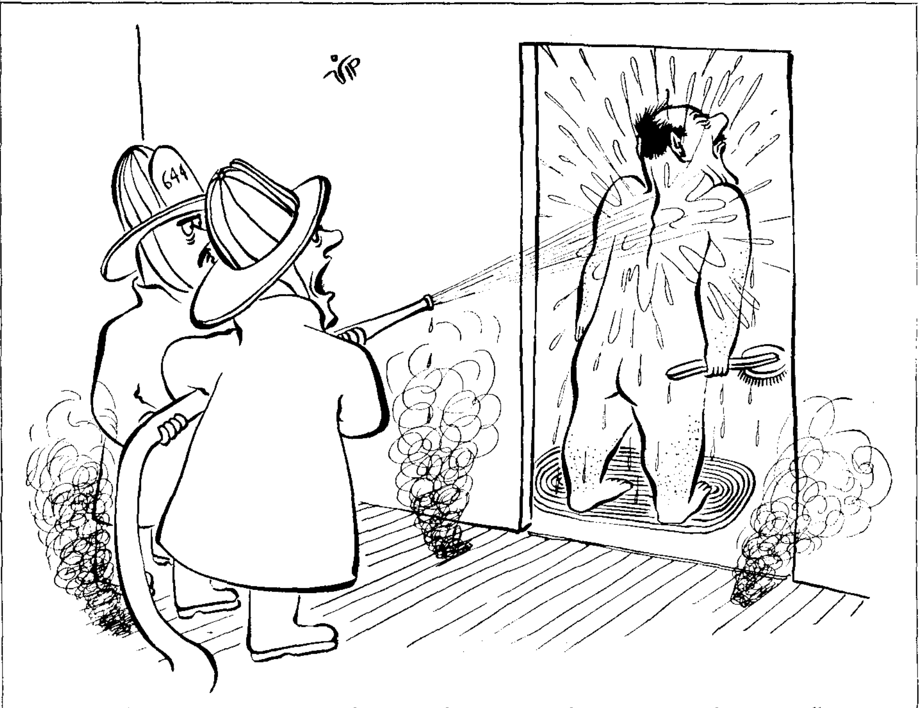
What was happening, Coates discovered, was that when the keeper lowered his brush over the side of the pool and began swabbing the tiled walls, the penguins were overcome with curiosity and swam over to investigate this strange new object. Just for the fun of it, one morning, the keeper had gently submerged the head of the brush under a penguin and had lifted it from the water, right up to the railing. There the penguin stepped off and let out a bray of triumph and delight. The birds in the water swam around looking so disconsolate that the keeper lowered the brush, and another penguin stepped aboard and was lifted up.

After that, he had to lift them all, and the next morning they swam straight to the brush and made it plain that they wanted their morning ride on the "elevator."

Who can resist a pleading penguin? The keeper obligingly lifted them all up to the railing—the whole twenty or so of them—and let them walk around the rim of the tank while he finished scrubbing. Then he had to lower them all down again, and the process took time.

Coates figured it was time well spent. The habit was formed, and he couldn't disappoint the penguins, so he shortened the keeper's work schedule to make time for the morning frolic.

THE END

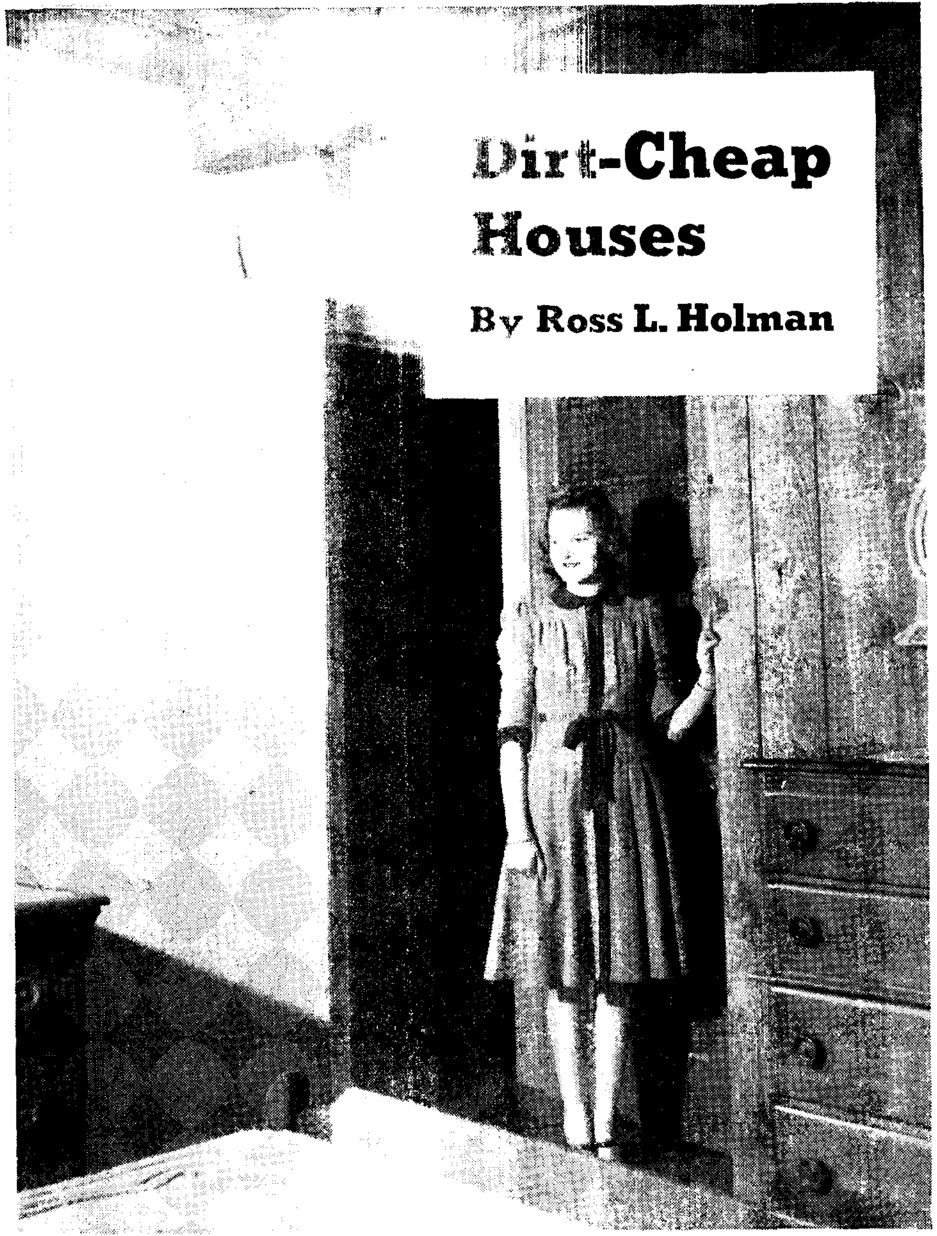


"The soap's all rinsed off. Now, for Pete's sake, get your clothes on"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

Dirt-Cheap Houses

By Ross L. Holman



FEDERAL PUBLIC HOUSING AUTHORITY

Above: A bedroom in a [illegible] earth house. Walls are rough plaster or wood-paneled. Below: [illegible] Halverson's rammed-earth poultry house

One of the oldest known methods of building is coming back because of the scarcity of materials. It may prove important in postwar construction

IF YOU want to erect a new house barn, cow shed or chicken coop, you're probably going to be out of luck. Maybe you can find enough lumber to do a little repair job, though generally speaking, as far as civilian work is concerned, construction materials have been rationed and bottlenecked out of existence. But in some parts of the country, a few houses and service buildings are being put up with a raw material which has always been plentiful and always will be. That's good old clean dirt, which can be bought by the acre instead of by the foot, the dozen or the hundred. And it's usually dirt cheap, too.

Properly constructed, a dirt house is ratproof, termiteproof, rotproof, and almost fireproof; the insurance rates are the same as for stone and concrete. Such a building will last a mighty long time. There are dirt houses in France which have stood for nine hundred years, and there is one near Washington that was built about the time of the Revolution. Experiments in recent years have shown that if a dirt house doesn't deteriorate in two years, it will probably outlast the builder. Chances of survival are substantially increased if the building is painted or stuccoed within a year.

The technical name for this type of construction is pisé, but in this country it is better known as rammed earth. The technique is very similar to that used in building with concrete. Sectional forms are built for the walls, but instead of concrete, dirt is poured into them and then rammed with a hand rammer having a heavy nub on one end. If the builder doesn't like the idea of working with solid dirt, he can make his walls of rammed-earth blocks, binding the dirt with an asphalt emulsion. Whichever is used, it is advisable to set the walls on a concrete foundation; otherwise they might absorb too much ground moisture.

When the tops of the walls are rammed, bolts must be set into the dirt to hold the rafter plates. The roof, windows, doors, floors, etc., must be made of regular construction materials, provided you can get them.

Some builders are painting the inside walls; they've found that the paint goes on well over a plaster made of three parts sand to one part clay. This plaster, when spread on the walls, is held in place by tenpenny nails driven at random.

But there is a lot more to making rammed-earth walls than just piling dirt into forms and then ramming it. You can't just run out, dig up a few yards of dirt, and start building a rammed-earth house on the first vacant lot. Pisé construction is a skillful, precise job that requires the right sort of earth, the correct proportion of sand and gravel in the mixture, and the right percentage of moisture, all of which must be determined by careful soil tests.

Once these tests have been made, formulas and building methods are worked out according to the findings. Anyone who wants to attempt rammed-earth construction can obtain complete details and instructions from the Housing Authority in Washington, or the State College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts at Brookings, South Dakota. R. L. Patty, engineer in charge of the soil testing and other experimental work at Brookings, says that about eighty per cent of the soil found in the United States is suitable for rammed-earth construction.

The experiments at Brookings have been in progress for several years, and similar work is being done at other colleges and by various government bureaus. In 1936, the Farm Security Administration built several rammed-earth houses as part of a housing project near Gardendale, Alabama, and today, after some eight years of weathering, they seem to be in about as good shape as when they were erected.

In the FSA project, the largest item of cost was labor, which was paid at the prevailing union scale. Even at that, the total cash outlay was substantially less than it would have been for similar houses of brick or lumber. For a three-bedroom dwelling, the average cost was $1,700 for labor and $1,050 for materials, while a two-bedroom house cost $1,300 for labor and $750 for materials.

Pooled Labor Reduces Basic Cost

Where labor is cheap, or where a man can do the work himself with the aid of members of his immediate family, the cost of a rammed-earth house can be surprisingly low. Twenty families living in the Co-Operative Homestead Project at Detroit, mostly factory workers, pooled their labor after factory hours and put up a two-bedroom house for each family. They worked on two houses at a time and kept going after dark under floodlights. The total cost for each dwelling was $1,700.

One of the great advantages of pisé construction is the high degree of insulation provided by the dirt walls. R. B. Wade, a farmer near Flandreau, S. Dak., built a poultry house in 1939, and found the temperature inside the building so much cooler in summer and warmer in winter that he double-crossed his hens and moved in himself. He is now making plans to build a pisé residence; then the chickens can have their home back.

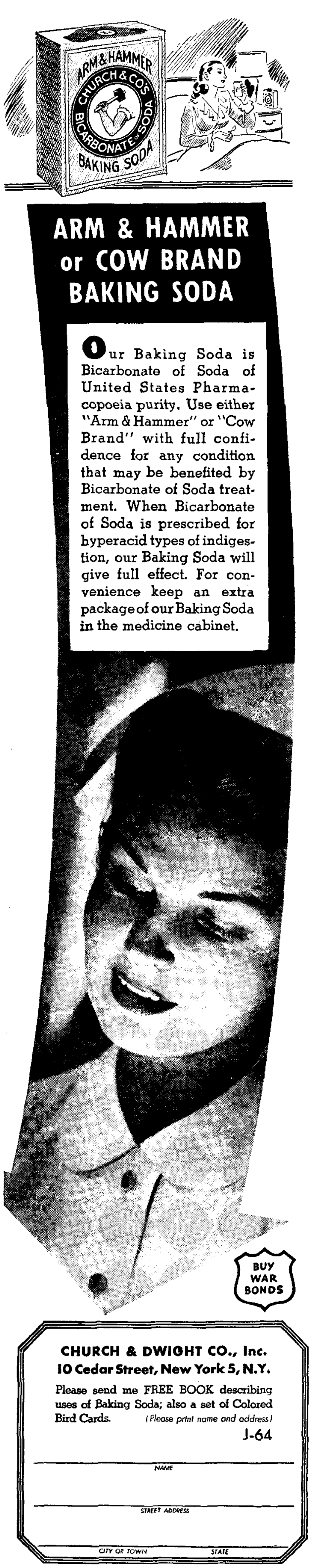
Henry Halverson, another South Dakota farmer, built a rammed-earth poultry house, also in 1939, and reported to the Brookings experimental station that the coolness of the interior proved so attractive to his hens that he had trouble getting them outside in hot weather. They love to scratch in the dirt, but they love their comfort more. Halverson said that the temperature inside the poultry house is so uniform that it is barely freezing when outside it's thirty below zero.

"Moreover," said Halverson, "the material for this house cost me only forty dollars an acre. I built it with my own farm labor at odd times."

So far, the emphasis at the Brookings station has been on farm service buildings, although dwellings have begun to come in for an increasing share of attention. Mr. Patty says that nowhere does pisé construction fit so easily into the scheme of things as on the farm.

Since this sort of building is mostly a labor proposition, the farmer can usually erect his buildings at a minimum of expense in spare time when regular farm work is not pushing. He can use his farm labor, thus avoiding the heavy construction costs of other types of building.

Advocates of rammed-earth construction point out that if these houses are built in large numbers after the war, they might provide an answer to large-scale unemployment, since the chief factor in their construction is labor. ★★★



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The President and the Press

Continued from page 17

the FCC, whereat the radio station withdrew its objections.

All the foregoing has complicated life for the Washington newspaper correspondent. Mr. Roosevelt's ever-active ego has not suffered diminution and his temper has shortened. The reasons are entirely too obvious for explanation. But increasingly he has taken to chiding the press on smaller issues. Recently he has become so irritated with newspaper writers who have displeased him that he has talked of barring them from his press conferences—revoking their passes to the White House. He has been dissuaded by his press secretary, Steve Early, but not easily.

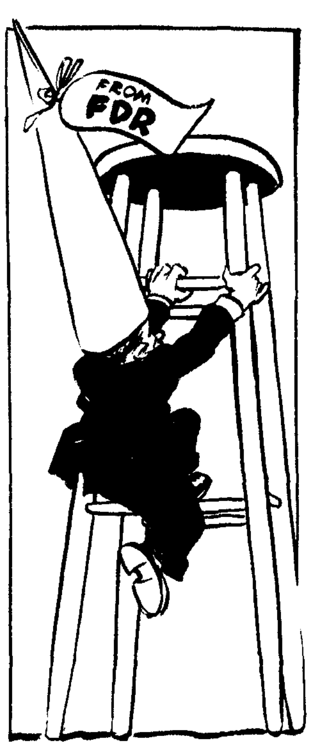
There was, for example, the question of whether he said while yanking at a lever in the voting booth at Hyde Park: "The goddam thing won't work." There was a great outcry from clergymen when that was printed. Mr. Roosevelt contended that he said, "The damn' thing won't work," and talked of barring the reporter from the White House.

He has not hesitated to call Washington journalists liars. A notable example was after Drew Pearson, generally conceded to be the most influential of all the columnists, wrote that Mr. Cordell Hull was anti-Soviet and wished "to bleed Russia white."

Once, being in a particularly rough humor, Mr. Roosevelt presented John O'Donnell with a Nazi Iron Cross.

Mr. O'Donnell, a columnist for the New York Daily News, had written in April, 1941, that charges were about to be made in the Senate that, although we were not at war with Germany, the United States Navy was nevertheless convoying ships to England. Mr. Roosevelt branded this as a "deliberate lie" and conferred the Iron Cross in recognition of Mr. O'Donnell's services to Hitler. Next day Senator Tobey of New Hampshire made the charge in the Senate.

Repeatedly Mr. Roosevelt has accused the correspondents of "slanting" the news to meet the demands of their employers; he has charged the correspondents' home offices with "editing from the countinghouse," and that the financiers and reactionaries have influenced a newspaper's treatment of his administration. That he still can command the loyalty of correspondents after such mortal affronts to their pride and stoutly defended integrity is among the more remarkable of his accomplishments.



A reporter for the New York Times asked if Mr. Roosevelt would run for a third term. Smiling ironically, the President advised a dunce cap for the reporter

Under the Roosevelt regime, life seldom if ever is dull—which is a cardinal reason why Mr. Roosevelt, with all his faults, retains so much of the affection of the individual correspondents. He is one of the huge majority of citizens who, without having any active training in journalism, are absolutely certain that they could run the newspapers much better than the owners. Therefore, his press conferences occasionally become little classes in journalism—lectures. But he can become rather violent, too.

There was the day in February, 1939, when he denounced as a "deliberate lie" reports that he had told members of the Senate Military Affairs Committee that, in defense of democracy, the Rhine had become the eastern boundary of the United States. That conference seems to have become memorable as an example of Mr. Roosevelt's harsher moments. And yet senators of Mr. Roosevelt's own party, who were among his most persistent supporters, vouched for the truth of their report of his words.

At the time, America's desire to get into the war was very, very small. It took Pearl Harbor to get us excited. Public reaction to the reports of Mr. Roosevelt's talk to the senators was far from warm. Therefore, the older correspondents, wiser in the ways of Administration politics, were inclined to shrug off Mr. Roosevelt's anger, ascribing his wrath to the complete collapse of a trial balloon.

Releasing trial balloons is Washington's traditional method of gauging the speed and direction of political winds. They're likely to confuse the newcomer, but the veterans refuse to get excited, even when the sky is black with them.

Some department is forever launching a few, either to discover where it stands or to lure some rival agency into the open. But seldom before 1933 were they released in quantity from the White House itself. Theodore Roosevelt launched a few, seeking public reaction to contemplated moves, but for the past twelve years, there have been times when the Washington horizon was obscured by them.

Time quoted Mr. Roosevelt as saying "Goddam thing won't work" when lever of voting machine stuck. Denying it, he threatened to bar Time from conferences

A selected correspondent will be tipped off to possibilities affecting his paper's territory. He will be given enough tentative material to warrant a trial or "dope" story. He probably knows that he is being used for trial-balloon purposes but he does not quite dare ignore it. The story appears in his newspaper. The reaction of the readers may be reflected in the President's attitude in the matter at the next press conference.

The President may hotly deny ever having entertained such an idea, putting the correspondent in a somewhat uncomfortable position for the moment. But the reporter's conscience is clear, knowing that he was not wrong when he wrote the piece. The President has either changed his mind, or the reaction has caused the White House to reconsider. It's a nice game. There is always the chance that the correspondent may be backed up by subsequent events. At any rate, it has spiced up the correspondent business.

The trial-balloon racket almost got out of hand when it bred a noisy battle between Vice-President Wallace and Mr. Jesse Jones. That row started in the usual way, Mr. Wallace's aides feeding the columnists with readable tidbits warranted to interfere with Mr. Jones' digestion. Mr. Jones' outrunners flipped a few darts into Mr. Wallace's hide via the news columns. But presently both sides got mad and began to slug openly. And Mr. Roosevelt had to slap down Mr. Jones and abolish Mr. Wallace's Board of Economic Warfare. Also, he warned all his departmental bureau chiefs that thereafter they'd settle their differences in private or have their quarrels settled for them by the White House. Nevertheless, trial balloons still soar over Washington almost daily.

A too frequently overlooked reason why Mr. Roosevelt's relations with the correspondents as a body have remained good, in spite of the strain he has subjected them to, is the reporter's own political philosophy. The considerable majority of newspapermen (below the rank of editor) are politically left of center, although without consistent or definite attachment to any party or persuasion.

Just why this is must be oversimplified here: Daily contact with officeholders does not encourage reverence. Constant association with reality is quite likely to destroy love for tradition. Furthermore, most of the correspondents at the press conferences, reporting the President's ideas, interpreting his theories, are young, not cemented into the past by material possessions or tradition. Very few of these correspondents will admit it even in confidence, but it's far from difficult to see that Mr. Roosevelt's departure from ancient formulas and his experiments in sociology have their approval, however they may pain their employers.

Therefore, Mr. Roosevelt is in no discernible danger of alienating the Washington correspondents in significant numbers. And therefore, too, he can with impunity chide and sometimes rage at newspaper stories which annoy him. He can go right on jeering at "the penny patriots of the press." He can refuse to give particulars after such outbursts as: "This great war effort must not be impeded by those who pervert honest criticism into falsification of the fact. It must not be impeded by a few bogus patriots who use the sacred freedom of the press to echo the sentiments of propagandists in Tokyo and Berlin." Asked to be specific, Mr. Roosevelt waved his hand and bade his audience consult the files.

It's worth while knowing that such scattergun attacks are not lost on the public at large. Large numbers of citizens delight in rejoicing in any onslaught on the press—which is something else the publishers and owners might do well to consider when plotting their futures. After a Roosevelt denunciation of the press (which incidentally is always reported and usually directed at ownership rather than reporters), incoming White House mail never fails to fetch applause for the President and admonitions to keep swinging.

Frequently the President's criticism of individual reporters is not made in the press conference but afterward. And even then he usually softens the criticism by saying that this was but one of the cases where the reporter had to write what his editor wanted or lose his job. Nothing that Mr. Roosevelt says fetches more sustained denials from the correspondents than this. And yet one may not make hot denial in the President's presence. It just isn't done.

Once while entertaining a faculty group from schools of journalism, Mr. Roosevelt put such criticism all in one bunch in answer to the question: "Do these correspondents cause you a lot of trouble and put you on the spot?"

The President: "A great deal. Then, of course, there is another thing. They get a lot of queries sent to them from their own desks. Some of them are perfect fool questions. But they have to present them in order to retain their jobs. They do not want to. And they may get quite a tart answer from me, but they have to do it. That is one of the great difficulties the average newspaperman labors under in this or any other town—the orders from the desk. Of course the order from the desk isn't always the fault of the fellow who is running the desk; it nearly always traces back to the man who owns the paper."

For the benefit of those who don't know, "the desk" means the editor.

All of which gives you the idea. And in spite of it all, the President still has a firm grip on the imaginations of the correspondents, even if the affection of the first eight years has cooled. Mr. Roosevelt is still a press wolf. His own enthusiasm for frequent contact with the press hasn't flagged. He still holds those supersecret Sunday suppers for huge-circulation columnists, foreign correspondents and commentators.

a deliberate lie! FDR

Before Pearl Harbor, senators told reporters FDR had said the Rhine was our eastern frontier. "Deliberate lie!" said the President after reading papers

KNOPF-PIX

This tired girl is Madeline Karr, of the Greek National Herald

For some reason which nobody has dug up, the guests are bidden in their intimately personal invitations to say nothing to anybody that they're White House bound—nobody.

At first they didn't even use the front door but were almost spirited in by side entrances. Anyway, they get in, have nice warm suppers, are asked for their opinions and receive Mr. Roosevelt's confidences. And if you think that Mr. Roosevelt loses any important media of support that way, you're wrong. Particularly in the columns.

With two or three exceptions, the columns and radio commentators having the greatest circulations and audiences are either frankly pro-Roosevelt (and particularly so since Pearl Harbor) or sympathetic toward most of his policies. At one of the recent meetings of the nation's newspaper editors, the effect of this was discussed, and resolutions were written suggesting that columns which counteracted the influence of editorial policy be dropped. The resolution never reached the voting stage. Too many editors feared the effect the absence of these popular columns would have on circulation.

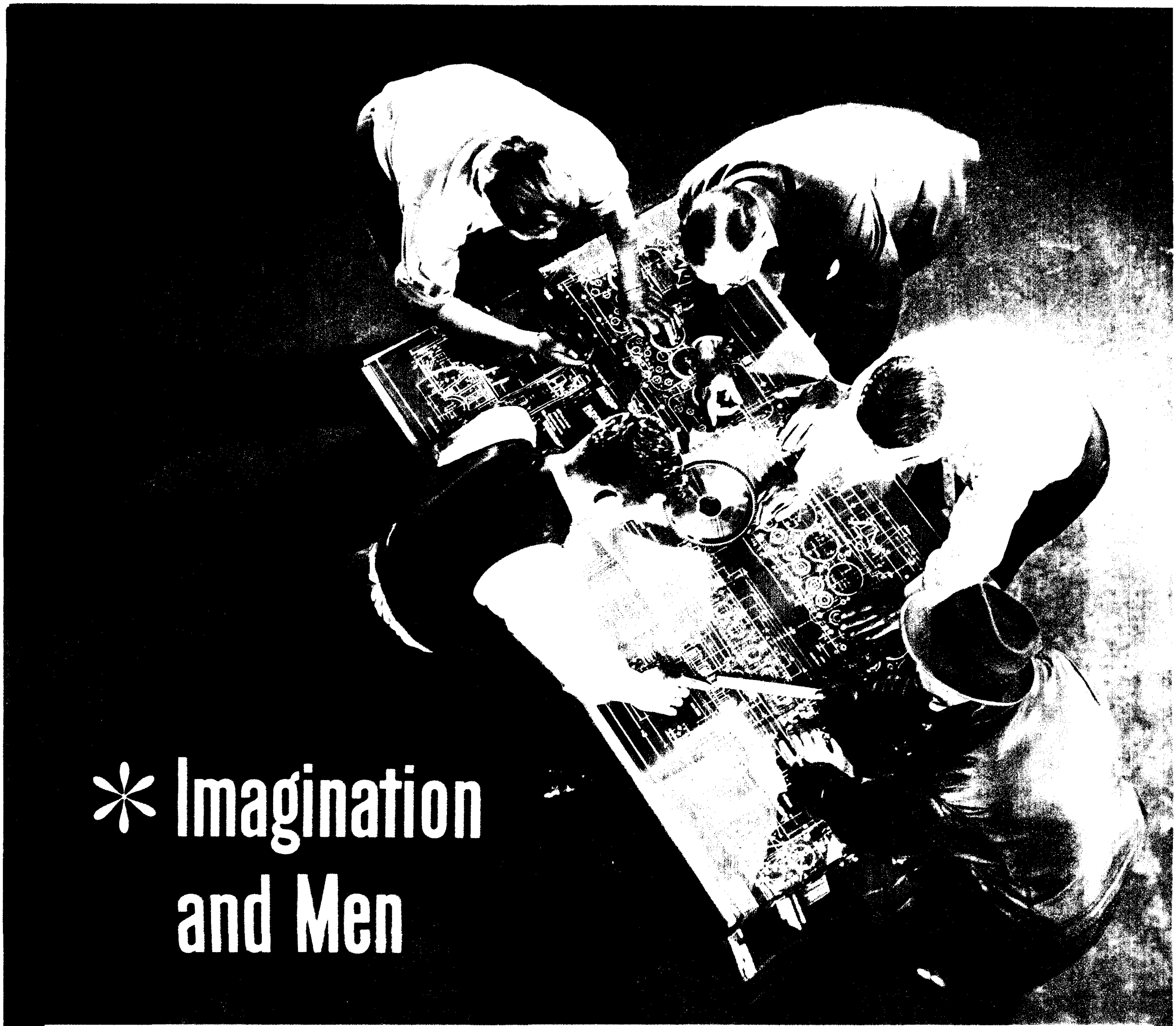
And you may possibly be interested in what a reporter for the anti-Roosevelt combine (which Mr. Ickes calls the McCormick-Patterson Axis—the Chicago Tribune, New York Daily News and Washington Times-Herald) added to our notes. He told us that at least 80 per cent of the employees of those newspapers voted for a fourth term.

A publisher whose paper had done everything he and his editors could think of to defeat Mr. Roosevelt in November told a correspondent that personally he was for most of Mr. Roosevelt's innovations, that the result of the election was not too distasteful to him—personally, mind you!

"Well, then," the correspondent started, "with your convictions, why—" He got no further.

"Hell, man!" the publisher shouted. "I haven't got convictions. I have stockholders and bank loans."

THE END



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Battle for Spain

Continued from page 11

both in charges and in homemade grenades.

They hate Franco for what he has done to Spain and because he led the Moors who broke their 1934 strike. Hundreds of unarmed miners were killed then—and the rest haven't forgotten. They are proud that they have contributed so many Republican leaders to Spain, and proudest that the famous Dolores Iburarri, La Pasionaria, is the Asturian wife of an Asturian miner who was killed in the 1934 strike. For six years they have lived the slogan she coined: "Better to die on one's feet than to live on one's knees."

Nor are the miners the only ones who have been inspired by these words, for the civil war did not end in Spain in 1939. After their defeat in that year, many Republican soldiers took to the hills in little groups. For the first two years they functioned in cells of ten, carrying out small raids on army posts and supply dumps, knowing that as long as Franco's ally, Hitler, was rampaging through Europe, their cause was hopeless, but never giving up hope that someday their hour would come.

They could not have existed without the peasants. It was these small farmers who fed them, told them where Franco's troops were stationed and in what numbers, who acted as their intelligence. At first their numbers increased slowly, but as Franco's tyranny ground down, more and more Spaniards were driven into the guerrilla ranks. For Spain was starving. Franco subordinated Spain's economy to Germany's needs, and chaos spread.

More people died from starvation and disease in Spain from 1941 to 1944 than in any other country in Europe. Her civilian death rate is the highest in Europe—including the devastated countries like Yugoslavia and Greece. Though Spain's war was technically over in 1939, there has been no national reconstruction or revival. Prices for necessities are staggering. Workers earning 12 to 14 pesetas a day (about 85 cents) must pay 18 pesetas for a dozen eggs. Spanish government statistics show that living costs, on a basis of 100 in 1936, are now 265; that wages on the same basis are only 160.

Most of the new factories that were built were owned by the Germans, for the Germans *did* occupy Spain even though the fact was off the record. And despite Germany's approaching defeat, Spain remains occupied.

Old War with New Weapons

The cessation of fighting on the battlefields will not, unfortunately, end the war between Germany's cartels and British and American businessmen. The war will continue; the weapons will be changed. German cartels backed the Nazis because it seemed the best way to win their economic war against their competitors. Final defeat of the Nazis will be only a temporary setback for these German industrial and financial chiefs.

There are 4,800 joint stock companies in Spain today. Of these, 987 are controlled completely by German capital, and an estimated 2,000 have German directors on their boards. As recently as the summer of 1944, when everyone, including Franco, knew that Germany was nearing defeat, I. G. Farben, the gargantuan German chemical trust, built four new chemical plants in Madrid.

In March, 1944, I. G. Farben completed a synthetic oil plant in Pueblonuevo del Terrible (near Córdoba). It has a Spanish name, Calvo Sotelo, and is supposed to be controlled by Spaniards. It is owned completely by I. G. Farben. In the summer of 1944, I. G. Farben also built a magnesium plant in Santander, a northern port. And this does not include the German steel and textile trusts with their munitions plants, textile factories and mines which they control in Catalonia, the Asturias, the Basque country and in Galicia.

The guerrillas knew this, and as their strength grew, more and more of their efforts were devoted toward neutralizing the fact. Bigger and more far-reaching plans were made, and liaison was established with other Spanish Republicans who were fighting side by side with the French Maquis.

The activities of guerrillas in the north of Spain were co-ordinated with those in Catalonia, Galicia, Castilla and Andalusia. All were aimed at preventing the copper, the wolfram and mercury, the iron, coal, shells, guns, tanks and airplane engines being produced in Spain from reaching Hitler's armies. The guerrillas smashed railways, blew up bridges, slowed work in German-owned factories and supplied themselves with arms so that they would be ready for the big day when it came.

In Castilla their leader is a short, thin, scholarly looking man known as *El Ingienero*—The Engineer. Franco has sent his troops against *El Ingienero* more times than he cares to remember and always with the same result—defeat. Not much is revealed of *El Ingienero's* background. Some say he got his nickname because he happens to be an engineer. Others say he took the name to hide his real identity, which was that of a well-known officer in the Spanish Republican army. Whatever he was, *El Ingienero* is now one of Spain's most effective guerrilla leaders. He has operated from headquarters in the Guadarrama Mountains since 1939. He keeps his men supplied, not from the peasants, but from Madrid's supply houses and department stores.

Like other guerrilla leaders, his main activities are raiding arsenals, disrupting communications and killing Fascists. But he invariably needs supplies, and he gets them with an *élan* typical of the ancient Spanish *guerrilleros* who fought Napoleon.

On one occasion last year *El Ingienero* needed supplies desperately. With a group of his men dressed in working clothes, he entered Madrid on foot. They walked slowly, and apparently aimlessly, along the main streets, making their way toward a large medical supply house on the city's outskirts. The guards stationed at the factory were quickly disarmed. (It should be reported that they did not put up too much of a fight; one of them even told where the best supplies were.) *El Ingienero* and his men loaded three company trucks with supplies and drove back to their headquarters.

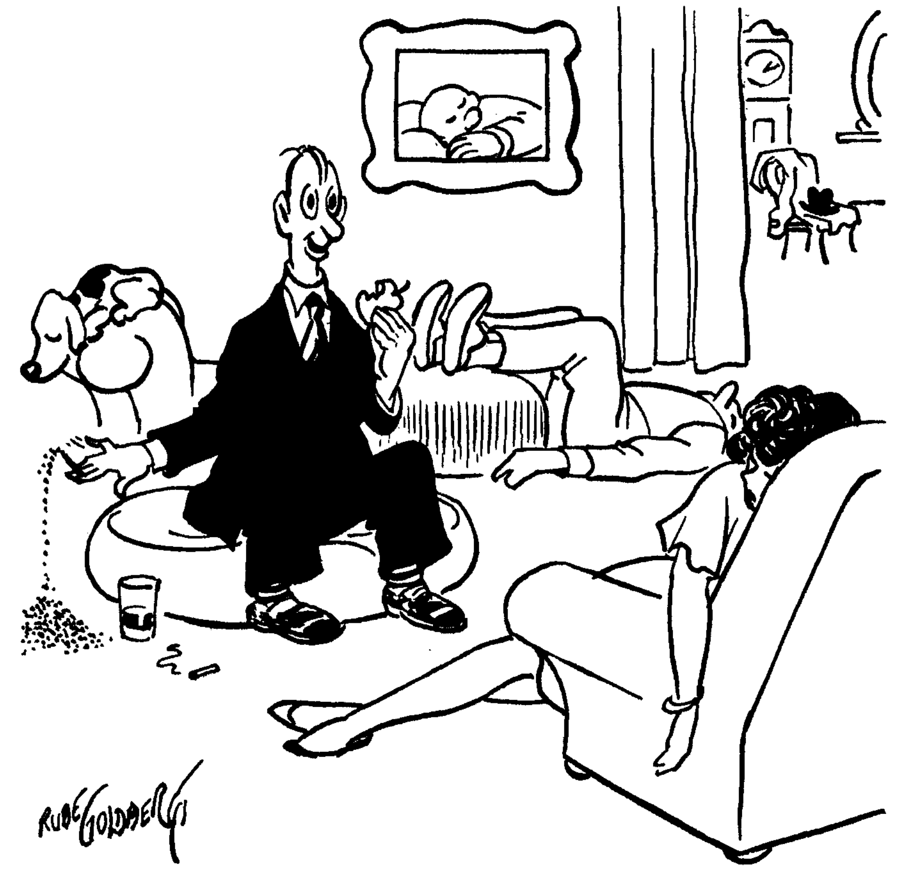
A Serve-Yourself Shopping Tour

Then there was the time when *El Ingienero* and his men needed some warm clothing, shoes and underwear to face a cold winter in the Guadarramas. A meeting decided on another "shopping tour." Again dressed in working clothes, *El Ingienero* and his men arrived in Madrid on a cold, rainy morning. The streets were half empty, and no one paid much attention to them. In the shopping center they took positions around the Martinez Quiros department store, one of Madrid's largest. Men were posted at every entrance, the store's communications were cut, the few customers were herded aside and, at gun point, the guerrillas took what they needed. Within an hour, four trucks filled with Martinez Quiros merchandise left Madrid and headed for the Guadarrama hills.

But while they thus badgered and fought Franco, *El Ingienero* and other guerrilla leaders kept their eyes on the day when they could stop their undercover work and burst out in a full fight for liberation. One day they thought the moment had come. It was a clear morning—November 7, 1942. From across the Strait of Gibraltar came the sound of artillery and planes. The word spread like fire: The Americans had landed in North Africa! Soon it was followed by the rumor that the landings were a prelude to the invasion of Spain!

It seems foolish now, in retrospect, but it

THE SQUAWK CLUB . . . . . . By Rube Goldberg



"We have a caller who never knows when to go home. We try putting out the light, turning off the steam and going to sleep. But he stays on. Once we planned to kill him. But, when the time came, we were too tired!" —Mrs. Margaret Phelps, Detroit, Michigan

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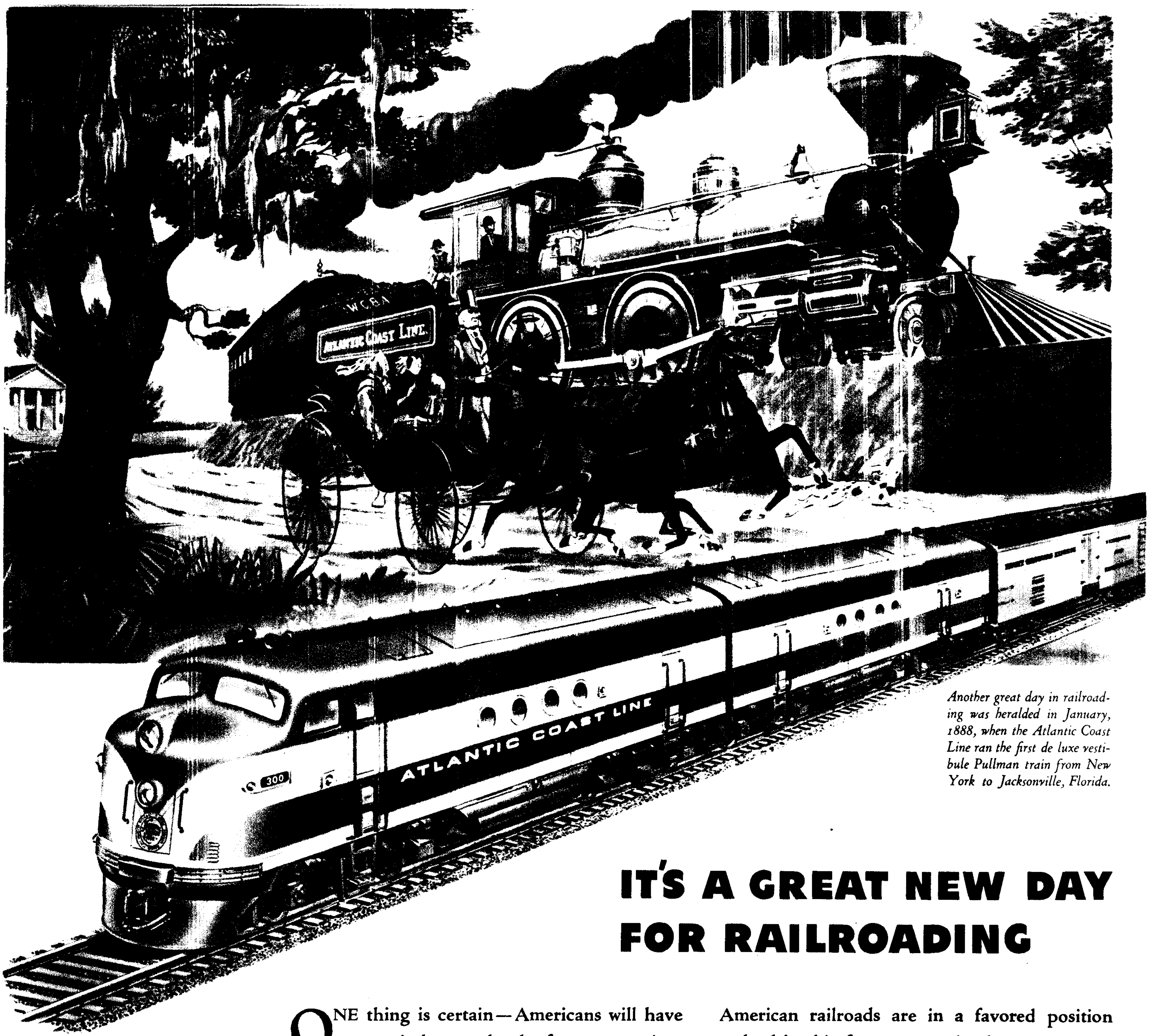

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seemed logical enough to the Spaniards who had been battling so long against Franco and Hitler. The Allies were coming, the guerrillas reasoned, because they had not been fooled by Franco's "nonbelligerency." They knew Franco had been sending men and supplies to help Hitler, knew he was in power only because of Hitler.

The guerrilla leaders in the south gathered to make their decision. Was their final fight for liberation about to begin? If it was, they had to act quickly. The Americans would need a good port to land supplies and men. Malaga was the closest Spanish port to Oran. The underground would capture Malaga and hold it for the Americans! This was the plan. And when the Americans arrived, instead of having to fight their way in, they would be greeted by friends who would join their advance up the peninsula, into France and Germany.

A fantastic dream; we see that now. But it did not seem that way to the guerrillas then.

Some of them asked: "What if the Americans were *not* planning to invade Europe through Spain but were merely planning to throw the Germans out of North Africa?" That had to be considered. But they decided to take the chance. Better to seize Malaga and find that the Americans were not coming, than not to seize it and find that the Americans would have to fight their way in. The guerrilla leaders issued a call to their followers in Andalusia to gather at a point about forty miles north of Malaga within two days. They dispatched messengers to contact the Americans at Oran and Casablanca and learn their plans. The messengers were caught and shot by Franco troops.

Republican Flags Over Malaga

Five thousand men—and hundreds of women—armed with rifles and submachine guns unearthed from places hidden since civil war days or captured from Franco garrisons gathered that morning. The march on Malaga began. They stormed the city by frontal assault. Hundreds were killed. More hundreds were wounded. The city was captured after ten hours of fighting. They buried their dead and bandaged their wounded and raised their battle-torn Republican flag over the city hall. Republican and American flags were also hoisted on the ships anchored in the port, so that Americans would know friends were waiting. Excitedly the guerrillas chose three of their men who could speak English to act as a reception committee.

They held the city of Malaga for forty-eight hours. Reports kept coming that three divisions of Franco troops were on their way to retake the city. Anxiously they gathered on the docks and scanned the waters for signs of the American Fleet. Finally they knew the Allies were not coming. Then their leaders announced quietly over the radio that they would have to withdraw. Spain's liberation would have to wait. But they promised that they would be back and that the flag of the Republic and freedom would fly again over Malaga. Franco's troops had not arrived yet. In small bands the guerrillas slipped back into the hills.

On that occasion they thought we were coming. Later they learned better and realized that they would have to liberate Spain by themselves. So they began to tighten their organization, to plan a full-scale campaign.

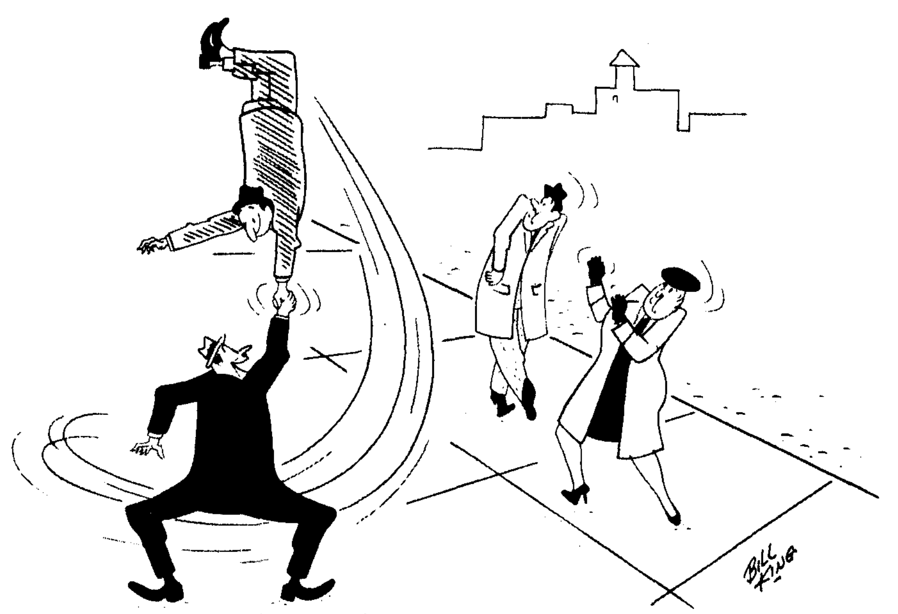
They took hope from the fact that this time their battle against Fascism will be fought when Fascism is dying all over the world. Spain's Fascists will have to fight without the aid of Germany and Italy.

"The war will end where it began," say Spain's underground leaders. "The Fascists won in Spain in 1939 and then went on to win most of Europe. Now Fascism is being wiped out and it will be wiped out in Spain. Madrid will yet be the tomb of Fascism, as we once promised."

In appraising the possibilities for a successful people's revolt against Franco (not a change of the palace guard or the replacement of Franco by a military junta), it should be remembered that with the exception of Greece and Yugoslavia, no appreciable area of Europe was liberated by the efforts of the Partisan forces alone. The underground fighters were able to carry out effective sabotage, raid arsenals and dynamite bridges, but they were unable to defeat an enemy equipped with all the modern weapons of war until the Allies gave them direct aid *in the form of invading armies.*

The powerful force of Spaniards in France, who reinforced the French Forces of the Interior, may play the role of the invading army. During the last weeks of October, 1944, the Maquisards (the Spaniards in France are called Maquisards to distinguish them from the French Maquis) crossed into Spain and took over a number of border towns and counties. These attacks had a threefold purpose: to announce to the world that the fight for Spain's liberation had been renewed, to test the strength of the Franco regime (which they felt was tottering), and to deepen the crisis facing Franco.

When these three limited objectives were successfully carried out, the Maquisards withdrew and took up positions in France some twelve miles from the Spanish frontier, in accordance with an agreement later made between Franco and De Gaulle. This agreement was made with the approval of the Spanish Republicans. They were allowed to keep their arms and to maintain their own independent leadership and organization.



COLLIER'S "Well, if it isn't Ed Jones, my old partner!" BILL KING

British pressure may force De Gaulle to take measures against the Republicans, but De Gaulle has not forgotten the role they played in liberating France. He has publicly expressed his gratitude to them, decorating their leaders, and has privately promised that they "will not be abandoned by France." Furthermore, De Gaulle has set up a French-Spanish commission which operates consulates and issues passports to Spanish Republicans just the way any foreign government does.

After their defeat in 1939, over 500,000 Republicans crossed from Spain into France. Thousands scattered all over the world, but over 350,000 remained, and of these some 50,000 fought for the French Maquis. In fact, because of their previous military training, they formed the nucleus of the French Forces of the Interior in southern France, outnumbering the French by three to one. They helped liberate such cities as Marseille, Perpignan and Bordeaux. The first men killed when the Maquis stormed the city hall in Paris were Spaniards, and Spaniards drove General Jacques LeClerc's tanks—bearing the names of Guadalajara, Brunete and Madrid—through the liberated streets of France's capital.

The body which directs the Spanish underground is known as the *Junta Suprema de Unión Nacional*, the Supreme Council of the National Union of Spain. This council is recognized as the head not only of the guerrilla movement inside Spain but also of the National Union of Spaniards in France, the organization which directs the activities of the Maquisards. The *Junta Suprema* is made up of representatives of anti-Franco groups ranging from the right (the *Partido Popular Católico* and the Catholic Agrarian Unions) to the left (the Anarcho-Syndicalists and the Communists). In between are right-wing and left-wing Socialists, Republicans and Basque and Catalonian nationalists.

The *Junta Suprema* has co-ordinated all guerrilla activities in Spain. It has established regional, provincial and local councils throughout the country; today 900 local juntas direct the work of Spain's underground. The *Junta Suprema* has its own press and underground radio. Its official newspaper is *Reconquista de España,* published smack under the noses of Franco's secret police in Madrid. There is also a Paris edition, and there are local underground papers in most of the provinces.

Representatives of the *Junta Suprema* say that the most important political event inside Spain in recent years was the adherence to the *Junta Suprema* in 1943 of the *Partido Popular Católico*, representing middle-class Catholic groups, and the Catholic Agrarian Unions, representing large sections of the Catholic peasantry (the poorest and most exploited of all Spain's people). Not even during the *Frente Popular* days of the Republic were these Catholic groups on the side of the Republic. Many of their members supported Franco, believing his propaganda that he was fighting "for Christianity against Bolshevism."

Their present stand plus the adherence of the Basque Catholics effectively disproves Franco's claim that Spain's Catholics are on his side. There is no doubt that the most powerful members of the church hierarchy support Franco and the Falange because they fear antichurch incidents if the Republicans take power, but the presence of the three big Catholic groups in the *Junta Suprema* gives weight to the junta's promise to respect religion and allow freedom of worship.

Spain's Hope for the Future

On the surface, the relations between Franco's regime and the Vatican are of the best. Yet the Vatican has never disavowed the three *Junta Suprema* groups. It would undoubtedly oppose the establishment of a Communist regime in Spain, but the object of the *Junta Suprema* and of all anti-Franco Spaniards is not a Communist regime but a republic modeled on the United States of America.

The *Junta Suprema* is pretty definite about how this will be accomplished. When it takes power, the first thing it will do is to eliminate German economic control in the same manner that the French provisional government did: Those industries which are controlled by or worked for the Nazis will be "nationalized." At a Congress of the National Union of Spaniards, held in Toulouse on November 1st to 15th, which was attended by nearly 600 delegates from Republicans in France and Spain, a six-point program was adopted:

First: The Spanish Republic will break all political and economic ties with Germany.

Second: It will arrest and bring to trial all those in the army, the state apparatus and the Falange who were responsible for Spain's political and economic subservience to Germany.

Third: It will grant amnesty to all anti-Franco political prisoners.

Fourth: It will re-establish freedom of the press and religious freedom.

Fifth: It will confiscate fortunes made as a result of dealing with Germany and will achieve the political and economic reconstruction of Spain.

Sixth: It will create the conditions which are necessary to hold elections; a consultative assembly will be established which will write a constitutional charter of liberty and independence for Spain, said charter to be ratified by the people in a free, democratic election.

The Spanish Republicans have been fighting Fascism longer than any other force in the world—since 1936—and they are determined that, this time, freedom shall not escape them. They are sick and tired of the various schemes dreamed up by diplomats to set up a monarchy in Spain. They want freedom, the kind of freedom they helped give France. They know that some Republican leaders in exile have been unable to reach an agreement on Spain's future. They have listened to Martinez Barrio's and Indalecio Prieto's plans, and to Miguel Maura's plans and to Juan Negrin's plans.

The Choice of Leadership

Barrio heads an exile government group in Mexico. He was the president of the last Spanish parliament. Prieto was a former Minister of War; he and Barrio see eye to eye. Miguel Maura was Minister of the Interior in the Spanish Republic of 1931 and has lived in France since 1936. He said that he would bring about Franco's downfall by "peaceful means," heading a "transition" government ruled by a military junta. Maura's plan is reported to have British backing. Juan Negrin was Spain's last Republican premier—and may be the hope of Spain—for he alone may be able to unite all the various factions. Once before, all the anti-Franco factions fought under his leadership during the civil war, and Spain's underground is hoping that he will again emerge to head a national coalition.

But whatever name emerges as the head of this or that government or military junta in Spain, keep your eye on the man who gets the support of the Supreme Council of the National Union. No Republican leader can rule peacefully without coming to an agreement with the *Junta Suprema.* Civil war may be averted if this is done; but if an agreement is not reached, and Franco is replaced by some transitional government without the *Junta Suprema's* support, then Spain's weary, hungry, tired people, *who do not want civil war,* will wage it, nevertheless.

Walter Lippmann summed up the position of the *Junta Suprema* when he wrote of the resistance movements in Greece and Belgium: "They will never accept the leadership of such men (exiled former government leaders) if the first proposal put to them by the returning exiles is that they should disarm, dissolve and disappear. For they will trust the men from the outside only if these men begin by trusting the men who were inside. Wherever that fundamental condition is violated, there will be the most serious kind of trouble."

Spain's underground leaders hope that this "fundamental condition" will not be violated. The guerrillas in Spain and the Maquisards in France have done the fighting and the dying, and although they have not run out of blood they have run out of patience. They know that Germany is being defeated in Europe but remains undefeated in Spain, and they want to complete the victory. They remember their brothers who died by the thousands on the barricades of Madrid with the words, "Madrid will be the tomb of Fascism," and they are ready to die again to make those words come true. But this time they want to be sure. They want to know that this time when they die, Fascism will die, too—everywhere.

THE END

Haines Hall

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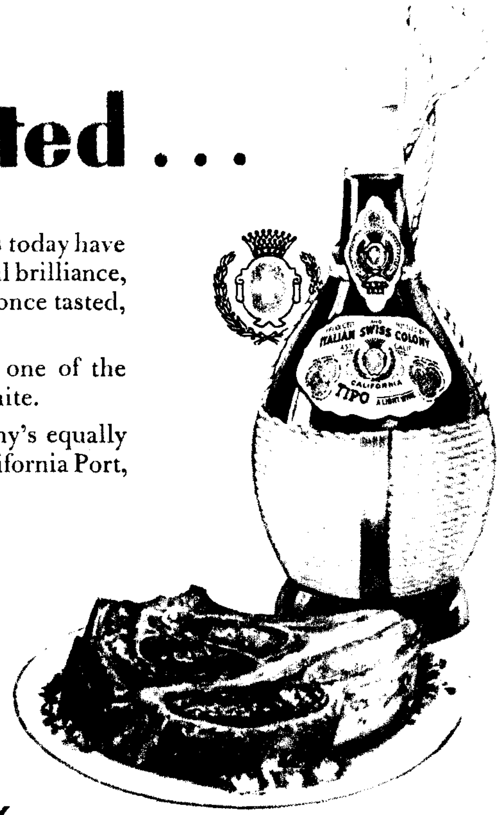

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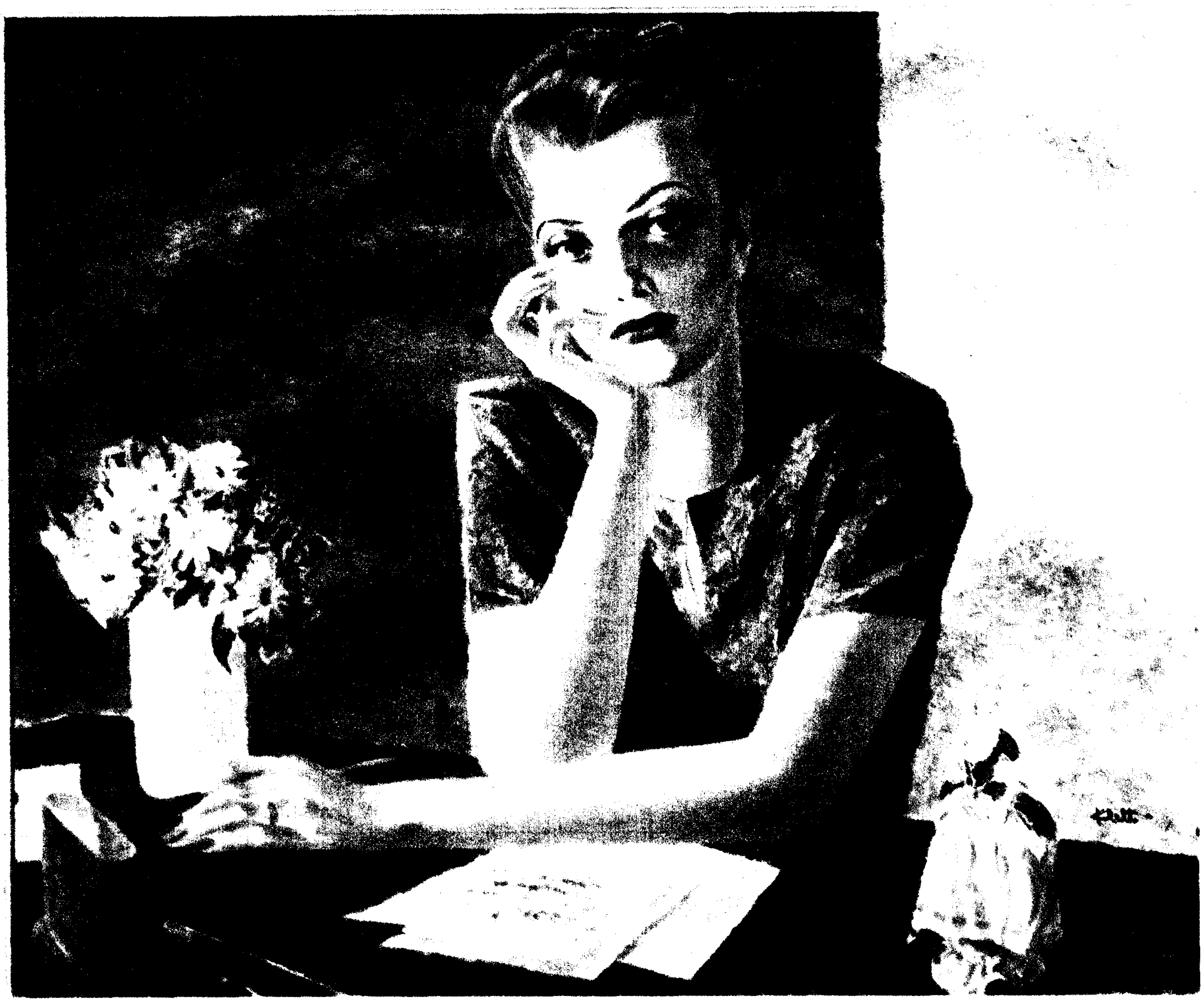


Being the mother of four youngsters didn't make for what you could call foot-loose living, she thought, frowning

Johnny's Gal

BY JEAN KINKEAD

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

A story for those whose men have gone off to war. A story of heartache and laughter, and of one wife who—just for a minute—dared to feel more like a woman beloved than like an anxious mother

THE light from the desk lamp spilled over Mike's hair, bringing out the red, ignoring the gray, and she looked very young sitting there. Very young and very carefree. As a matter of fact she was neither. Mike was forty-three, and being mother and father to four youngsters didn't make for what you could call foot-loose living.

She reread the letter she'd just written, frowning a little over it, and stuffed it a bit defiantly into an envelope. Lt. Colonel John P. Ingraham, she wrote in her firm fat writing, and she thought, What an imposing name for such an unimposing guy.

Darling Johnny. He'd been in the State Guard and naturally he'd been called right after Pearl Harbor. There'd been a year of camp-following, hectic but beautiful, with the kids taking to it like gypsies, and even Mike lapping it up. After that, he'd been sent to the Pacific, and they had come home. Home to the low white house with the lawn that started out so unbelievably green and got browner and scrubbier as it sloped down to the Sound. Home to the dogs and Rachel and all the familiar smells—mint and phlox and salt water.

Home, and for the kids it meant giving talks in assembly on their travels, arguing endlessly on the porch about the Army vs. the Navy. For Mike it meant Red Cross and hospital work and writing to Johnny every day. Just a scrawl sometimes. Never such a ream as she'd written tonight. She could hardly get the envelope flap to go down far enough so that she could seal it. And at that she'd tried to make it short. Tried to abridge the millions of things that cried out to be said.

She put her head down on the desk a minute and concentrated on not thinking about today. Recaptured for a moment the wonderful feeling of being neither lonely nor afraid. She closed her eyes and let memories go through her mind jerkily and hazily like a 1920 movie. . . .

She remembered how she and Johnny, aged sixteen and eighteen, had been thrown together by their respective parents; how determined they'd been to loathe each other, and how reluctantly they'd fallen in love. How they'd got married when he was an office boy for Davis, Brown and Harper, the advertising agency, earning $20 a week. She remembered the day he'd got his first raise. It was all over his face when he came home, and she could hear her voice telling him, "Gosh, Johnny, thirty dollars a week! That's big time. That's practically Davis, Brown, Harper and Ingraham!" "Yeah," he'd said in that nice cocky way of his. "Baby, we're on our way." "Speaking of babies—" she had put in quietly, looking down with fake demureness. He had put his arms around her then and led her to a chair. "Did you go to the doctor?" he'd asked, awed. "I did." She had been frightfully smug. "Oh golly, darling," Johnny had said. "It's too good. First I'm a millionaire and then I'm a father."

And more years had passed, and suddenly they were in the low white house on Long Island Sound and there were three babies: Long John—called Long for short—Anne and Pete—and one night Johnny had looked at them all and said, "Lookit, Mike, this'll have to stop." Mike had grinned at him and said yes, she guessed it would. But afterward there was Joe, and nobody seemed to mind too much.

She remembered a lot of small and foolish things about that group. How, for instance, four Christmases ago, they'd all chipped in to buy Johnny a blond cocker. He had a black one and he wanted a wife for him. After much hunting, they had come upon this beautiful little dog, and they'd bought her. They'd hidden her in the cellar for the two days before Christmas, and then on the big day she had somehow escaped before the presentation and wet on Johnny's bed. Mike remembered how furious he'd been when he'd discovered it, and how he'd yelled. "Where did this damn' dog come from?" Then she'd told him, and his face had softened and he'd hugged her and the kids all at once.

She remembered the day they'd taken Johnny to the train. How on the way over to the station he'd whispered to her, "Listen, Mike, you're my gal. This mob is okay. They're swell, but I'm it, you know. Don't turn into a mother hen while I'm gone." And just before he'd gotten on the train, they'd all kissed him except Long John. They had shaken hands and Long had said, "Best of it, Captain." Then Johnny had swung one long leg up the steps and Long had run after the train and hugged his arm awkwardly. "'By, Dad," he'd said. Afterward Mike wondered why the devil that had been the thing she'd singled out of the whole grim business to cry and cry about.

She raised her head at last and saw that the little onyx clock said eleven. The house was still, and out of doors there was no sound but the small quarrelings of katydids, the smaller sound of leaves brushing leaves. Wearily she listened to them, thinking, what a peaceful end for today to have. It had not been a peaceful day. And it had begun so early....

AT ONLY a little past five, Anne crept into her room, an apparition in her white broadcloth pajamas. "Mom," she whispered. "I can't sleep. May I come in?" Mike put her arms around her and patted her drowsily as though she were seven instead of seventeen. And all of a sudden Anne was sobbing.

"What cooks, my darling?" Mike was instantly wide awake, and somehow, without even asking, she knew. Anne was in love with her stocky, laughing sailor, and he was going away. Perhaps he'd gone.

"I don't know," Anne said. "I think I love Gil, but I don't know. Maybe I'd love anybody who was going out to get shot to hell." Mike stroked the long black hair slowly and didn't say anything. "That's just talk," Anne went on. "That's beating you to your line. In my heart, when no one's looking, I know I love him."

There was so much despair in her voice it caught Mike by the throat. "But what's wrong?" she said, ever so casually. "That's beautiful. For Pete's sake, darling, don't cry."

"But he's going tomorrow, and I didn't marry him." They clung together then, and Mike cried a little bit too.

"Why didn't you?" she heard herself asking at last, and she knew it was the wrong question for a sane mother to ask. Anne sat up in bed, tense and incredulous.

"Because of Vassar next fall, and Daddy away—and I thought it would kill you. Oh, Mom, there's time. There's still time." Mike sat up, too, and put her arm around Anne.

"Wait a minute, dearest. Let's talk about it."

"What's there to say, darling? I love him. I want to be his wife and bear his children." Mike watched her in the half-light, loving her fiercely, protectively. "I even want to wash his damn' dungarees," and there was a ghost of a smile around her sweet mouth.

"But, sweetheart, what do you know about him? Who are his people?"

"I know everything about him," Anne said; and she added shyly, "Yesterday he told me I'd gone through every pocket in his soul. As for his people, his dad was an executive on a big air line. He and Gil's mother were killed two years ago in a plane crash. He hasn't any brothers or sisters." Her high voice dropped a little. "I'm his people," she said, and Mike was proud of her.

"And after the war?"

"Oh, nuts to after the war. He'll do all right. He's passed his coxswain's test already. That means he's practically a CPO." She was breathless, and so was Mike, and they were both shivering a little. "He's terribly smart, and oh, Mom, we'll manage. We'll never come poaching on Daddy, I promise. Gil would rather die."

"Let's think about it a while, angel, and when he comes back again—"

"That's no good," Anne said softly. She wasn't angry or stubborn, just subdued. "He won't be in again for the duration, unless he's invalided home." She took Mike's hands in hers and looked straight into her eyes. "Oh, Mom, please help us. This isn't just two kids with a crush. This is the real stuff. Like you and Daddy."

That did it. They got up quickly and bustled. Three-day waiting periods were waived, clothes were bought, a few people were notified, Long hurtled home from V-12 school at Cornell. And at four o'clock, Anne and Gil stood in the tiny chapel at St. Raphael's and were married.

When they had left for their precious thirty-six hours in New York, Mike sat down in her room and contemplated the enormity of her deed, and at last the first needly doubts assailed her. She had thought, watching them, that this was right. That there was something of her and Johnny in them. Not courage exactly, for they knew no fear, but a sort of dauntlessness. And now she thought, Dear God, was I imagining all that? Johnny, darling, what have I done? She was so immersed in her thinking that she didn't know Long had come in until he was sitting on the arm of her chair.

She looked up at him, and the meringue around his mouth took away somewhat from the seriousness of his face. They sat a long moment looking at each other.

"Mike," he said finally.

"Give, sailor," she answered lightly, "and stop looking like Admiral Nimitz on the eve of some colossal maneuver." His mouth twisted a little at that.

"I'm quitting school," he said briefly.

She held tightly to the chair arm. Always ask their reasons, John had told her, before condemning them. "Why, please?"

"Because I'm sick of studying. I want to fight, right now, this minute. I'll go nuts hanging around that place two more years. Drinking beer with the Wells girls. Proms at Elmira. Hell, Mike—" He stopped and waited for her to say something. She looked at her hands. "Gosh, I wish Dad were here. He'd get it." He got up and walked away from her, long and thin, his big hands clenching and unclenching.

She wanted to say, "Did you have to pick today for this?" She wanted to say, "Every kid in every movie I've seen for the past two years has said just that in just those words. I'm bored with it. Sick of it. Sick of everything." She said gently, "Long John." He turned slowly. "I think I know how you feel. We're all a little impatient with what we're doing right now. Nothing seems enough." But she wasn't getting anywhere at all. His eyes were looking through her.

"It'll all be over, and I won't have had any part of it." He was talking more to himself than to her. "It's like sitting on the bench all through the last quarter of a game with butterflies in your stomach and sweat on your hands, watching the minutes tick off, and finally knowing they're not going to use you at all."

"They'll use you," she said evenly, wanting to hug him and kick him in the teeth at the same time. "Don't you suppose the government would discontinue the schools if they didn't plan to use the officers?"

"And that's another thing," Long said. "I don't want to be any damn' officer. Bunch of stuffed shirts. I want to be one of the boys."

"Don't be so belligerent, darling," she said "I don't want to argue with you. After all, you're supposedly a man now. You're capable of making your own decisions."

"Okay, so I make one, so you pull a long face."

SHE put one hand on the top of her head and one under her chin and pushed. "There, that better?" Long gave a little disgusted sniff of a laugh. "My only thought, darling," she went on, "is that you've let your emotions cloud up your sense of duty. Here you were lucky enough to be admitted to V-12 because of certain qualities that bespoke a good officer, and the government has spent a lot of money training you to be that officer. In your place, I would feel my first obligation was to remain at school until Uncle Sam had realized on his investment. I'd feel I had an obligation to show the enlisted men what a good officer was like." She took a cigarette from the box on the table, and Long walked over and lit it for her, his thin fingers steady holding the match, his eyes not meeting hers.

"Nuts," he said. Then he put the matches in his pocket and left the room. Mike sat looking after him, wondering what he was thinking about, wishing again that John were home, wanting to cry but not having the strength.

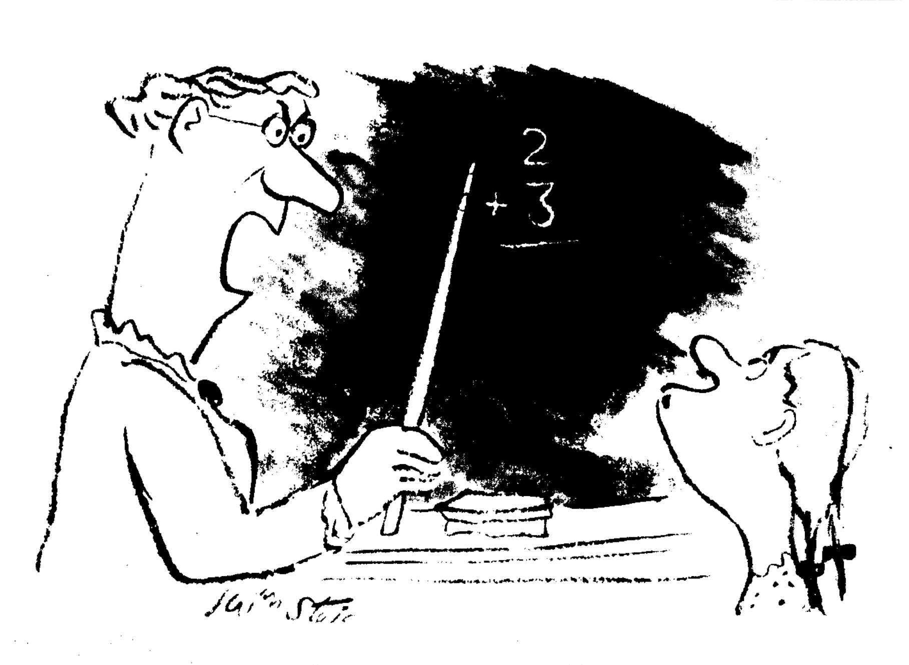
The two youngsters descended on her presently, still dressed up from the wedding and looking like somebody else's kids, with their hair parted.

"Can we go to the fair tomorrow at Danbury?" Pete asked her.

"Yeah, kin we, Mommy-wommy-dommy? And see the five-legged calf and the two-headed chicken and everything?" Joe was jumping up and down, his round face apoplectic.

If they go, Mike calculated rapidly, they'll eat everything in sight; they'll come home as sick as dogs. If they don't go they'll drive me out of my head heckling, whining, berating.

"I don't see why you shouldn't go," she said at last, "if you can just be sensible and not stuff yourself with junk." They hugged



COLLIER'S "Stop guessing and think!" WILLIAM STEIG

WELCOME HOME! by GREGORY D'ALESSIO

NINTH ARMY SCORES
IN THREE SECTORS
ARMY NEWS
Gregory d'Alessio

COLLIER'S "Now that you're both home at last, don't you think you ought to patch things up?"

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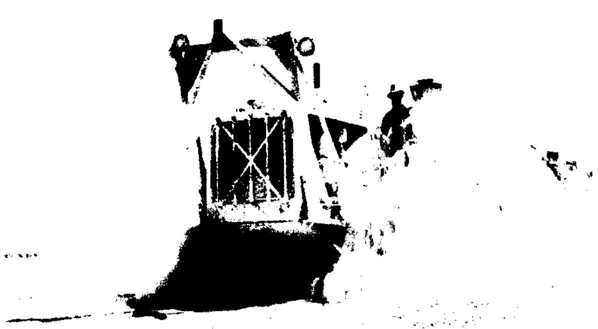

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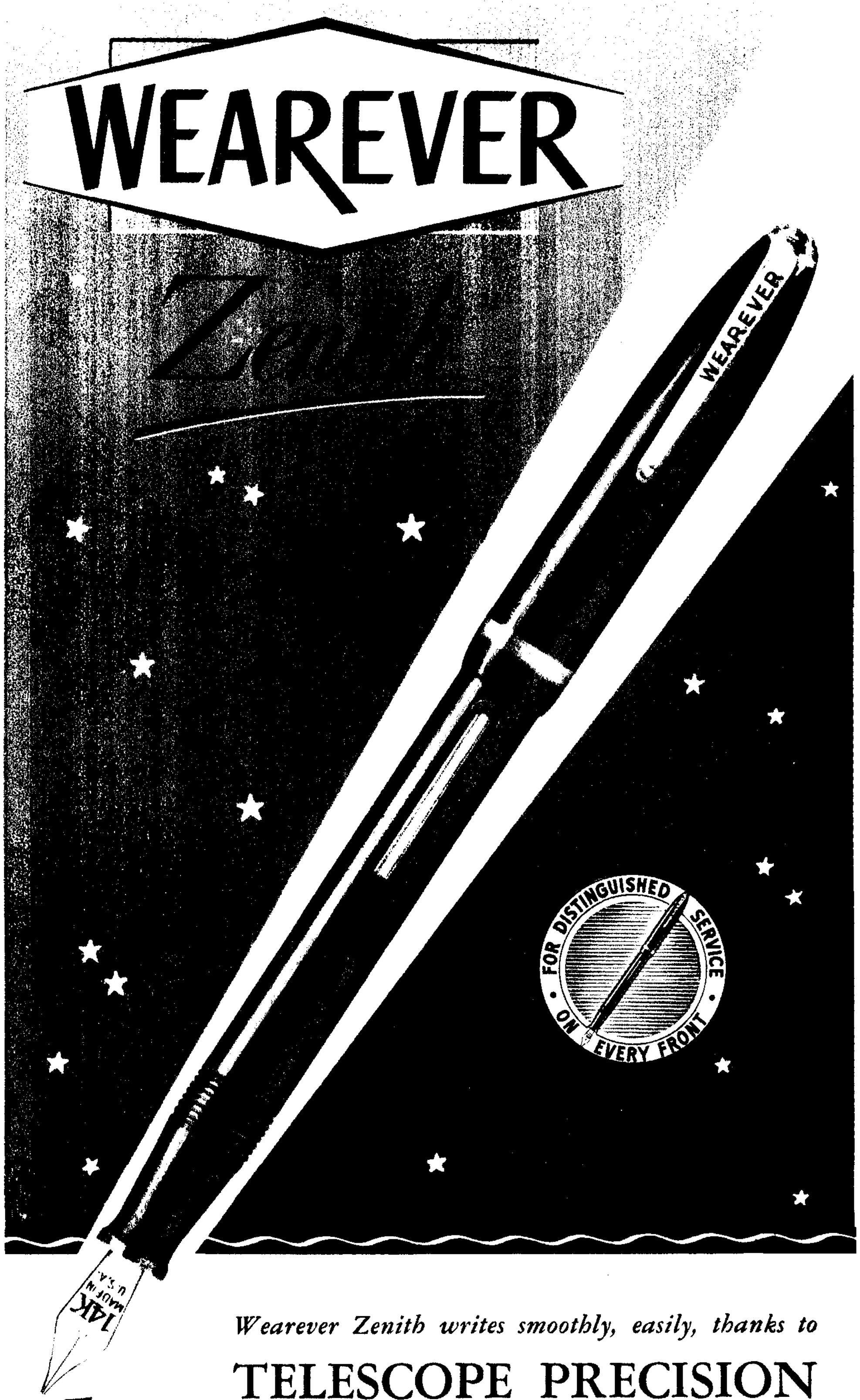
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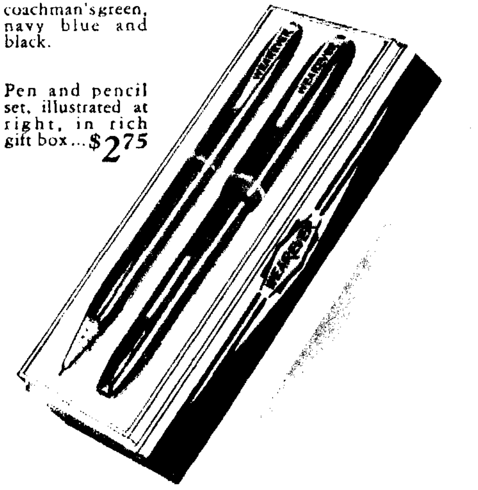

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and kissed her until they were completely out of breath. Then they tore outside again, making the dr-rr-rrr machine-gun noise that was as much a part of them as their pug noses and mosquito-bitten legs.

Later on, she, Pete and Joe had dinner together on the porch, Long having left without a word to anyone. It was not a very festive meal. The children were tired and squabbled with each other over everything and anything. Mike had used all of herself up on the wedding, and there wasn't a wisecrack or a smile left in her. Eventually, the kids grumbled off to bed, and she sat down and wrote the interminable letter to Johnny. For once, she spared him nothing. Her exhaustion, her anguish without him, the unbearable burden of motherhood. She told him that the dogs had mange, that the car was definitely not going to last the winter. She even told him that she now had minus thirty-six red points and the new ones wouldn't be valid for ages, and that Pete had to have glasses. All this in addition to the fact that his daughter had married someone she hardly knew, and that his son was quitting school.

"The world smells," she had written. "There's no point to any of it without you. At first there was, but that was so long ago I've forgotten what it was. I've worn all my memories so thin that I can hardly see them anymore. What do you look like, John Ingraham? Who are you? And why don't you write? It's been over two months now."

Once more she raised her head from the desk. Eleven-fifteen. High time to put Hussy and George out for a while. She opened the door for the dogs, and the night was so clear and beautiful that she went out, too, almost feeling like bending her head to keep from bumping the stars. She walked toward the Sound with the dogs, and then along the beach for what seemed like miles and miles.

At last she sat down, took off her shoes and dug her bare toes into the sand. She had done it so many times that it was like a ritual now, and she waited for the thing to happen—for the magic that transformed her from a mother hen to a woman beloved. Waited, as she had waited so many nights, to feel again like Johnny's gal and nothing more. Only tonight it didn't happen. She lay down on the sand and looked at the stars, the same stars that Johnny saw, but she wasn't close to him at all. The magic was gone, and all she could think of was that she would probably get pneumonia, and that if she did, what would become of the children and her days at the hospital and everything.

She got up quickly and walked barefooted back to the house, not feeling the sand under her feet nor the cold night dew, blind to the stars and the night's soft loveliness. She stood a minute in the doorway of the house, waiting for the dogs, and then another minute just looking out, as though searching for something, not quite knowing what.

SHE closed the door at last and went over to the desk. Before turning out the light, she glanced over at Johnny's picture and blew it the usual ridiculous kiss. Only tonight it was a mechanical thing, without jauntiness, almost without love. There was a piece of paper stuck in the corner of the frame, and she took it out absently, about to throw it away when she noticed Long's grammar-school writing on it. "Okay, Mike," he'd scribbled. "You win. Let them hang the gold braid on me if they want. Don't let this go to your head, but I'm beginning to see what this guy saw in you."

"You, Long John," she said softly, and standing there holding the note, she felt herself coming alive again. "What this guy saw in you," Long had written. And suddenly Johnny wasn't just a name on an envelope any more. He was warm and real and three-dimensional. She put her face close to the picture. "I thought I'd lost you," she whispered. "I thought you'd been gone too long. But I'm okay now, bud."

She moved a little, so that her own reflection came back at her from the glass of the picture, and, looking at it, nothing in the world seemed so important—not Anne, nor Long, nor the kids getting sick at the Danbury fair—as the fact that she'd just washed her hair and it looked wonderful. That the green silk she'd worn for the wedding gave her a figure that was out of this world; that, in Johnny's own words, four kids notwithstanding, she was strictly a smooth tomato.

Slowly, deliberately she picked up the fat letter from the desk and tore it in two.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

In such a system the pilot will have only one lever to worry about. Pushed forward to take-off position, it will draw maximum power from the engines, cause the superchargers to deliver proper take-off boost in air pressure, actuate the propeller control to set the blades at their greatest pulling efficiency, regulate the mixture of gasoline into the carburetors so as to get the most from the least amount of fuel.

Then, after the plane is in the air, the same lever—pulled back to "cruising power"—will reduce engine throttle settings, lower the supercharger pressure, properly adjust the prop blades and lean out the gasoline mixture so it will last longer.

Another device that will further operating efficiency is an electric automatic fuel control. Still in the experimental stage, it consists of a detonation indicator which automatically takes over the engine mixture control and feeds the proper mixture of fuel to the engine carburetors at all times—eliminating need for the pilot to do anything except watch his dials.

And still another instrument which will help not only the professional but the amateur cross-country pilot is the air-position indicator, which gives continuous longitude and latitude readings on the face of a single dial. At a glance a pilot knows his exact position in the air.

Then by taking a series of readings, multiplying the rate of wind drift by time intervals between readings and adding this mileage to longitude and latitude indications, he can spot his exact geographical location on a map.

Using this, and no other navigation instrument, the late Colonel Thomas L. Thurlow, who navigated Howard Hughes around the world in 1938, flew a fast Mosquito bomber nonstop from New York to Bermuda—hitting the tiny island right on the nose. It since has been used in B-29s and other Army aircraft to simplify the task for the navigators, particularly in the Pacific.

Working in conjunction with the air-position indicator is another electrically operated navigating instrument—the Fluxgate compass which gives correct north reading without any magnetic disturbances. Located on the extreme tip of the wing, away from all aircraft accessory interference, the Fluxgate compass transmits its signal electrically to an indicator on the pilot's instrument panel. This helps the embryo navigator to keep constant direction.

New Aid for Overland Flying

To help him keep the proper height above the ground—not sea level as the conventional altimeters do—the electric altimeter will be a valuable asset. Now made by the Admiral Corporation of Chicago for the Armed Forces, this device with latest improvements is still on the secret list. So we can only tell you that on October 10, 1938, United Air Lines and Western Electric Company jointly announced the development of the electric altimeter which they claimed to be the first successful altimeter showing terrain clearance.

This means that in flying over mountainous country, your height above valleys or mountain peaks would be instantly recorded by radio, whereas the standard altimeter would only show height above sea level.

THE END

Maiden with Butterflies

Continued from page 13

because all the Englishmen I ever saw on the screen were as white as I am.

He looked so worried, like I said. And he said some things about his brother I couldn't follow very good.

"We are together in everything, my brother and me. I am making this trip for him," he says. "What he does, I must do. What I do, he must do. It is sworn so between us since we were very young. This jewelry, I sell it for him. I must have very much money, specially now," he says. "You do not know what the war means. How could you?" he says.

Well, I saw we wasn't getting anywhere that way, so I made him laugh, telling him about Pop the time the hypnotizer come to Mattoon, and how he tried to hypnotize Pop and how Pop up and hypnotized the hypnotizer, and so we begin to laugh and have a nice time.

"You like flowers?" he said.

"Yes," I says.

"I am glad," he says. "I show you my orchids."

"In India," he says. "You will see them, white ones for you," and he said it just as if it wasn't far, and a kind of cold chill come over me.

Mexico is one thing. But India, I thought, must be the other side of nowhere. And supposing I said No, thank you, and these dark men I was traveling with didn't agree with me about it.

Just then Aunt Mary says out the window, "Time to go to bed," and was I glad.

When I got to my room somebody had sneaked in and turned the big bed down and the little lamp up, and laid out my silk nightgown and my crepe wrapper. It was real nice.

"I'll tell Pop all about it," I thought. "When I get back I'll go straight to Mattoon and tell him where I been," and then I turned out the little light.

I HADN'T never thought, I guess, what shopping in Mexico City would be like. Maybe they've got places in Chicago like the store we was in in Mexico that next morning, but I never was in one. But then when I was buying something in Chicago for three ninety-eight, marked down from four, I didn't have Aunt Mary with me.

Honest, she spent money as absent-minded as anybody you ever saw. What she bought for me was like a hat-check girl's dream. A white crepe formal, with silver leaves around the neck, underthings, real silk, and stockings and slippers and shoes and coats and hats, and everything white and mostly summer clothes.

"Listen, Aunt Mary," I says, "am I going to be allowed to keep all this, or is it just uniforms I got to give back when I give up this job? And if I do keep 'em," I says, "what'll I look like, back in a Chicago blizzard, with sandals with hardly a toe hold and a little strap up around my ankles? I'll freeze," I says.

"You won't freeze, this winter." That's all she would say, and she'd go right on choosing.

I liked one suit, the color of a green apple, but "No," she says, "I like it too, but the prince likes you in white."

"But he's leaving tonight," I said.

She didn't say a word to that, but bought me a white wool sports coat with a hood, that Hedy Lamarr would give her eyeteeth to get into.

This had took all day. That night, we had dinner in the dining room at the hotel, me still all in black and her too.

"Are we going to say goodby to 'em?" I says. "It's getting late, and they'll be taking off; are we going to see 'em?"

"At the airport," she says, "if you want to."

"Of course I want to. I feel real friendly toward the prince. He's a nice little gentleman," I says.

"He is indeed," she says. "I keep finding myself liking him, in spite of everything. I never like to let people get around me in these cases, but he is certainly a nice youngster," she says.

"What cases?" I says. "Or is that no question for a water lily?"

"What I mean is that I really hate to have to say goodby to him. Well, we'll see," she says, with her quiet little smile.

I never had more fun with anybody than I did with Aunt Mary, except Pop, and she liked me, too. As we come out of the big dining room, where all the people seemed to be looking at us instead of eating their dinner, Aunt Mary put her hand on my wrist.

"How'd you like to have your pitchure taken?" she says.

JUST as we got to the door and the head waiters was bowing, some men that had been sitting in chairs in the hall got up and flashed quite a lot of those bulbs at us, while all the people looked. I wanted to duck, but Aunt Mary says soft, without looking at me, "Let 'em flash, what do you care? The poor boys have got to get what they're sent out to get, or their bosses won't give 'em a cigar at Christmas," she says.

So we walked slow to the elevator and they took a lot.

Upstairs there was the boxes so I opened the white broadcloth suit she bought me and the Hedy Lamarr sport coat with the hood down the back and some stockings and white shoes that was laid there handy.

"Why not try 'em on?" she says, and I couldn't help feeling like a little girl that's visiting her cousin and trying on all of her clothes.

"I look like I was advertising something," I says, "all in white like I am."

"Something pretty nice, if you ask me," Aunt Mary says, putting my black things in a bag. "Come on, it's time to go." And it was, so we did.

As we got in the car I saw the bell boy put our two little bags in the back so I knew it was goodby to this hotel. And when we got to the airport, there was our plane. I mean the prince's plane, with the things spinning around on the front, ready to go, and the two boys opening the car door and him, up the steps, standing in the door of the plane. We went up and all three sat down in the plane and talked.

Well, while we was sitting there, there was a sort of a long swush and a bumping like, and a great big plane come down and eased up near us, and we heard people screaming in Mexican, and we tried to go on talking. Then all of a sudden, somebody come running up the front steps of our plane and who was it but Mr. Wens. I can't seem to remember Swift, so I better just call him Wens.

Well, there he was, in a tweed suit and a bright tie and a hat turned down across the front that no matter how much a movie actor, or a gangster, or a politician pays for one, or how they put it on, their hats never look the least bit like Esquire and the Vanderbilts at the races, or people at poleo games, and that's how his did, and he took it off to speak to the prince, and then put it on the back of his brown head and took a roll of newspapers out from under his arm and spread 'em out. And "Hi," he says to me, looking over my white clothes. "Ah, the Snow Queen," he says. And he grinned his nice grin.

So he opened the Chicago papers, and there was "War" all over 'em. Then he opened up the inside, and I opened my eyes. There we was, Aunt Mary and me, sitting in the plane, all in black, and looking like somebody that had their picture took going to a politician's funeral. And then I saw the headline.

"Mystery Woman Flies with Indian Prince. Is Mystery Blonde to be Bride of Rookh? Ash-Blond Beauty Flies South with Prince," and that kind of thing.

Poor Pop, was I glad Jeff had said he'd go to Mattoon.

Well, the prince gentleman kept frowning and shaking his head, and looking up at me with his big, worried eyes, like brown velvit

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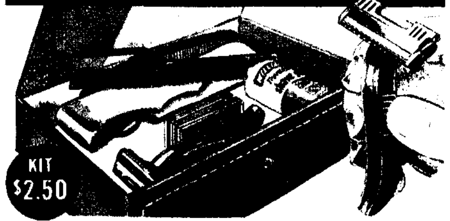

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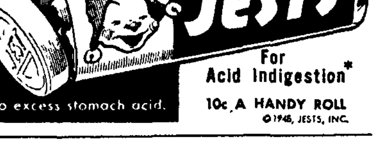

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buttons, and then he talked to Aunt Mary and Mr. Wens in French.

And then they all stopped and looked at me, and I stopped reading in the papers, which didn't know a thing but was just guessing who I could be and you would of thought I was Veronica Lake the way they said I looked, but every paper has got to say a girl is beautiful. So I knew not to think I was a glamor girl, just because the paper said I was.

Finally Mr. Wens took a deep breath and spoke to me.

"Well, Babe," he says, "looks like you had kind of stumbled into the news."

"Nobody wouldn't ever recognize me from the description," I says.

"Your modesty becomes you," he says, "but unfortunately there's the pictures those Texas boys took, to prove you wrong and them right," he says.

"Thank you," I says. "Do you think Mr. Pimples and his pals believes I knew what I was trading them blue chips for?" I says.

"They won't miss, Baby," he says, "and I thought it was my simple duty as a Boy Scout to fly down here and whisper to you that even the war wouldn't keep you from your little hour of fame, if you was to come back right now," he says.

"I can see that," I says, "and even this much fame, as you call it, don't please me none, when I think of them rowdies reading about it, and I sure am a little troubled, but more than that I sure hope Jeff went to Mattoon to explain to my Pop before he seen this layout."

"I put him on the train," he says.

"Jeff don't drink," I says.

"Correction," he says. "I accompanied him to the station, procured him a ticket, round-trip, ushered him to the gate and waved until he was out of sight around the water tank."

"That's better," I says. "Listen, where do I go now?"

"Well," he says, "the prince is just ready to take off for a town not so far from here."

"What town?" I says.

"It's called Rio," he says, "and I gather he'd be pleased to have you and your Aunt Mary tag along," he says.

"But he's going right now," I whispered, "and I'm worried what Mr. Hoover will say if we was just to run off now, even over to that other town, with only two little bags that we got in the car, and leave behind us somewhere a lot of clothes we paid a lot too much of his money for," I says.

"Well, it just happens," he says, "that your Aunt Mary sent 'em all to the airport here," he says, "thinking you and she would have to start out, after the prince leaves, to look for another hotel, where they won't take a picture for the papers of every spoonful you put in your pretty little mouth. But now, if you agree," he says, "we will just load 'em all into this plane, press the starting button and do a style show for the folks in Rio," he says.

It all sounded too easy to me.

I looked at Aunt Mary and she was telling directions to our Mexican chauffeur that had drove us, ever since we got here, and the two boys helped him open the back of the car, and out come not only our two little bags, but all the boxes of everything we had bought with Mr. Hoover's money.

I looked at Aunt Mary and she looked at me very serious, and then she winked slow at me.

So, "What can I lose?" I says, and that's how I went to Rio.

JUST as the steps was pulled away and the co-pilot was shutting the door, Mr. Wens waved a letter at me from the ground, and I punched the co-pilot in the back. And I pointed to Mr. Wens, and he reached down and got the letter for me, and it was from Jeff. So I don't remember leaving Mexico City, or even remember seeing the boys change the plane from a sitting-room plane into a bedroom plane, because I was reading Jeff's letter, and then thinking about it afterwards.

"If you can't start more stuff!" that's how the letter started, without any beginning like we was taught to write in school. And it went on, "All you got to do is to sell one pack of cigarettes to a sunburned foreigner, and what happens? The town turns into a mystery thriller, with you and me being chased over Chicago by Keystone comics in black face. You dress up in a gorgeous coat. You disappear from Butch's like you had sunk through a rat hole. I go crazy and drive all the gas out of the company's bus, looking for you, only to get caught up by an escort of motor cops, like I was Miss America.

"And we git to the airport and, by golly, if it ain't you dressed in mourning for your lost sanity, and I say, what the hell? As who wouldn't, and you say, excuse me, please, I've got no time to explain, as I am just about to step into my private plane with a bunch of snake charmers and also with my Aunt Mary who I never saw or heard of till this minute, and please you just go to this address, and explain to my poor old Pop, so it won't worry him at all, that I got to go away now, with these piebald strangers to foreign parts, because a little gang of hoodlums, that I just stole the ruby eye of the Great Spinx from, is sure to plug me full of lead if I don't vamoos. And then you say that all of this has been engineered by the F.B.I. that you had forgotten to tell me you was a member of, and that being the case, I agree, not knowing at that time that you have just that morning gotten us into a war with Japan, and that you are probably flying off now to be a general in it.

"And then, all of a sudden, there you stand on the top of those steps, that are getting ready to pull away any minute, and let that damn plane take you off into the sky, where I'll never maybe see you again, and you look so young and pretty and pale and sweet, and sure needing somebody to take care of you, and how you kept that way, God only knows, so that my poor old bow legs goes like macaroni, and it takes me a year to get up them steps to you and to get my arms around you, so slim and soft, and so good. And I can't say a damn word because the tears keep choking me, till I croak like a bawling calf being branded by a tenderfoot. And oh, my darling, darling sweetheart, don't forget me, and please be careful, because I just couldn't stand it if anything was to happen to you before I get you back to me again safe. Your friend and well wisher, *Jefferson Davis Wade*

"P.S. After I go to tell your Pop I guess I better join the army, as I am an officer in the State Guard, so that maybe I could be some use, I hope. See you in Tokio."

I didn't know the country was so big, because it took us quite a long time to get to Rio. But I guess we took some side trips, maybe, because we seemed to stop a good deal.

One place we stopped, the prince took me for a drive in a two-horse carriage, out by the ocean, and on the way coming back he talked quite a lot to me about his Pop and his brother, and I talked quite a lot about mine, and that's how you get to be friends. And he told me something about why he was flying around the world like this, and it was to sell a lot of stuff that had been laying around in their cellar, under his papa's house. He had sold a lot of this stuff in America and was going to sell the most valuable piece of all to a kind of a king in a place that he called Soodan, and then he was going home to take the money to his brother, and to settle something between them.

A blood brotherhood was the best he could say it, and he showed me a little scar on his wrist, and he said the little lotus button was a sign of it.

AND I laughed and I said, "Well, I guess I'm pretty near a sister to the two of you," and he said, "Why?" and I said, "Because when I was getting you out of Butch's place, dragging you with my hands around you, under the arms, I scratched my wrist just where your wrist is cut, on that little lotus button," I said, "and it bled a little too, so I guess I kind of belong to this blood brotherhood, along with you and him," and I showed him the place on my wrist.

Well, you would of thought I had told him that my grandpop was the king of India. He kissed the place to make it well, and he looked at me till I had to look somewhere else.

"Now you understand," he said, "what my brother do, I must do."

"Why?" I says. "I don't see that."

"The bond," he says, "the oath. You must not be bound as we are bound, you must be free. But I am not free. *And it is hard to*

COVER GIRL

Collier's
FEBRUARY 3, 1945
TEN CENTS

The handsome young lady on this week's cover of Collier's is Joy Flower, an Australian girl who is now living in New York and working for Harry Conover as a professional model.

She is wearing the uniform of the Australian Women's Field Service, the members of which handle evacuations, serve as stretcher bearers and perform other essential services in caring for the Anzac wounded. The apparatus in her right hand is a field stretcher, not a pair of skis, as you might think.

Miss Flower left her home in Sydney in 1936 to go on a world tour as "Miss Australia," visiting South Africa, India, Burma, Malay States, Singapore, Java, Bali, China, Japan and the Philippines. She arrived in the United States in 1939, but a little later went to Mexico City, where she lived for three years.

She returned to New York in 1942 and traveled throughout the country giving radio and television talks on behalf of Australia. Her work here and on her world tour was so successful that the Prime Minister of Australia, John Curtin, referred to her as "The Little Ambassador."

Ever since she left home, Miss Flower has been writing long letters to her folks in Sydney, describing the places she has visited and keeping them in touch with her every movement. She hopes someday to put her letters into a book. Meanwhile she is trying to get a job on the legitimate stage or in radio, and people who know her say that if she ever gets a break, she'll be good in either spot. ★★★

make the English understand these things."

"Listen," I says, "you don't have to do anything you don't think is right. If you've made a bargain with your brother, you can get out of it the same way you got in. If you made an oath or a prayer about it you just go to the same place with your brother and unmake it," I says. "Will you promise?"

"I never make another promise," he says. "I make one with my brother and that one will break my father's heart."

He didn't ever ask me not to, but somehow I felt like maybe he would rather I didn't tell anybody about things he said when we talked like this, and as Aunt Mary was all I had, I didn't, not a word.

I asked him about Rio, and he said we was going to stop there for just a short time to pick up a friend. And this that he told me about picking up a friend seemed like more or less confidence, too, so I never told Aunt Mary that, either.

THE next place we stopped Aunt Mary went with us to see some old ruins that was all mostly nothing but stones that had fell down off of each other. But there was one place like a church with stone seats around the sides and Aunt Mary said she wanted to draw a picture of a kind of an idol or a stature of a very ugly woman that sure needed a brazeer, so she sat down, and drew it, and me and the prince went up some steps that wasn't going anywhere any more, and we sat down in the sun, and he smoked a cigarette.

I didn't ask questions and only talked when he wanted to talk about things, but now he did again, so we did.

I felt sorry for him having to go all over the world selling stuff to get him and his brother out of trouble and I told him that I hoped he wouldn't go haywire just because they was in trouble and sell this Soodan king anything his Pop wouldn't want to part with.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean, I hope you ain't figuring to get rid of Hankah," I says, "because your father wouldn't think that was right, and neither would I. Listen," I says, "jumping around over the face of the earth selling secondhand jewelry is all right, and collecting the money must be fun, but suppose we was to crash down into some of these jungles, then what would happen? I mean with us and all the money dead and lost, wouldn't your brother have to take the rap for whatever it is you and him have been doing together? That ought to make you scared to collect all of this and go all over Mexico just to pick up friends."

He laughed louder than I thought he could. Then he told me there was a little old lady that lives on a street in England with a name sounds like Thread Needle, and he said she kept the money by telegraph, and when I asked him if she might not get bombed out, he laughed again and he said she was a pretty strong old lady. And he said something I couldn't understand about her being a bank, or maybe he said she had a bank.

We had a lot of times like that, at places we got to, him and me talking, and then finally we got to a place in the sky, up over a beautiful harbor that Aunt Mary said was the most beautiful harbor in the world, and there was Christ on a mountain, and we were in Rio.

We didn't hardly stay at Rio at all, just long enough for the prince to go and pick up his friend, like he said.

When he brought him back to the plane where Aunt Mary and I was waiting, I sure took in my breath and so did Aunt Mary, because I don't know much about people that are foreigners to us, but when I saw the friend of the prince I saw he was a Japanese. It certainly gave me something to think about.

Well, the sweet stood kind of at attention, two on each side, and one of the boys brought in a teeny little bag that was scratched and scuffed and about to fall to pieces, and the other one a paper sack that sure looked tacky, and in they came and we got introduced and the friend's name was Mr. Something that sounded like Mr. Bosco. But I knew it wasn't Mr. Bosco because Mr. Bosco was the name of a savage at the Elks' carnival and street fair in Mattoon.

Mr. Bosco was poor, anybody could see that. His little black suit was shiny at the elbows and across the shoulders and on the seat. And his hat was so old it had two greasy spots under the brim where it sat on his ears. But in spite of everything, he seemed like the nicest little man you ever saw, so friendly and jolly. And he spoke American a lot better than a lot of people who live right in it.

So we left Rio and was on our way to Natal, because Aunt Mary had said we might as well go that far, because it was on the way back to Chicago, which I didn't know quite what that meant. Well, when we was on our way and dinner was over, there was Mr. Bosco taking his little hat off and smiling and sitting down.

And "You are going to be princess, yes?" he says.

"What give you that idea, Mr. Bosco?" I says.

"You give me the idea," says Mr. Bosco, and he laughed like a little bell ringing.

"How did I?" I says.

"You pretty," he says. "You not wear paint on lips, you travel with Prince Halla Bandah, and you got pretty old lady go along too, so nobody don't think you not going to be princess, so nobody don't think nothing at all," he said.

"She's my aunt," I says, and by this time it didn't seem like a lie. "The prince, he's just a friend," I says, "and he give us a lift."

"How far you going with prince?" he says.

But how could I tell him when I didn't know myself? So I says, "How far *you* going, Mr. Bosco?"

"All the way," he says. "I got business. Business here with Brazilians, in India, with prince's brother and prince too, much business. You don't know prince's brother?"

"No," I says, "I don't know any of the family except just this one prince," I says.

"You wait till you see the old prince," he says. "He is a very good man."

"You mean this gentleman's father?" I says.

"Yes," he says. "The old prince, he be very glad see you."

"Why?" I says.

"You see," he says, and he laughed and took a little green bug out of his pocket and held it out in the flat of his hand. It was made out of some kind of little green stone carved like a cockroach, only without those little pinchers in the front. It had a little link on it like gold, to hang it on a chain if you had one.

"What's that?" I says.

"Present," he says, "for you. Keep it always," he says, "it bring good luck."

"Thanks," I says.

I WANTED to know what had made him say all of those things like that. Only I didn't want to hurt the feelings of such a nice little smiling poor man, even if he was a Japanese that I was the enemy of.

"Where do you live at when you're home?" I says.

"Japan," he says. "Nagasacki."

I knew he would tell the truth so I went on. "I understand," I says, "from the prince that his pop wasn't very pleased with him, and so he give him a kind of a state and sent him off to live on it by himself. What is a state, in India, Mr. Bosco?" I says.

"Is like a small country. Got land, got many people, got own army, like small country. Halla Bandah like king, he kill anybody don't do what he tell 'em," he says. "Brother he got the same. Old prince be glad see you."

"I don't get it," I says.

"Prince Halla Bandah's father," he says, "he send his young son away like older son, because two boys get into scheme with neighbors to do what English will not like. Both boys work together. They blood brothers, make oath," he says. "Neighbors not fond of English," he says. "Neighbors not fond of old prince, much, either."

"How far is Japan from their country?" I says.

"Not so far," he says.

I couldn't think of much to say to that so he got up.

"You keep little present," he says, and

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then very soft, "It bring you much luck, and you have many children, grandchildren, too."

So after Mr. Bosco left me, Aunt Mary come and sat with me. And I told her about Mr. Bosco, but not all, and I showed her the bug.

"That is a great compliment from an Oriental," she says. "An American or an Englishman, when he wants to compliment you, he makes a pass at you," she says. "A Brazilian pinches you as you go by, but an Oriental," she says, "he wishes you many grandchildren." And she said the bug was good luck just like he said. "It's a skarab," she says.

Then I told her I didn't want the prince to make any mistakes about my intentions. I said I didn't mind visiting him up here in the air while I was waiting till I could go back to Chicago and get my job back, if I could get it back, but I wouldn't for the world have the prince get any idea I was expecting anything like that.

So she said I wasn't to worry, and I said all right I wouldn't, anyway as far as Natal, where we was nearly getting to, and where I supposed we would be saying goodby to 'em all.

"Listen, child," says Aunt Mary, "first think what this is. It's something you can talk to your grandchildren about," she says. "Why not take the whole trip and enjoy it?"

"But Aunt Mary," I says, "how will I ever get back from India? Suppose Mr. Hoover goes broke," I says.

"There's always the king," she says.

"What king?"

"George."

"I never heard of him," I says. "Is the king of India named an ordinary name that every waiter in the world has been called by?"

"He's Emperor of India," she says.

"And named George?"

"Certainly. He's also king of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales."

"Oh, I didn't know he had anything to do with our friends here," I says.

"He has a lot," she says, "and but for him, my dear, I wouldn't be here or you either."

"King George?" I says.

"The same," she says.

"I don't get it," I says.

"You will," she says. "What are you worrying about?"

"Just this," I says, "it's one thing to thumb a ride halfway around the world, if you need it. But it wouldn't be polite to do that, and then if the prince makes you an honorable proposition, like everybody seems to be hinting that he might do, to say no, thanks, Bud. Manners is manners," I says. "It's one thing to walk home from Humboldt Park, but quite another thing to start back from India, with nothing to your credit but that you've tried to live right," I says.

Aunt Mary's laugh made everything seem all right. "Will you trust me?" she says.

"Sure," I says, "but don't you come to me some dark night over there and say, listen honey, he's a nice boy, and his folks are right well-to-do, and hadn't you better just go ahead and be a princess, because if you don't his bad brother has got a snake farm and he's going to put you in it to think it over. I seen it in a movie and I couldn't sleep for a week."

"Don't you worry," she said, so I didn't.

NATAL was nothing much. We went in and got the gas and oil checked and we turned and went out of there, bing, right over the water.

From there we went to Libeeria and then we headed for this Soodan the prince had told me about. And on the way Mr. Bosco and I got to talking about the prince and he said this special piece we was taking now to sell to this Soodan king where we was headed for, was to get the rest of a lot of money that the prince wanted to use for something that had to be used right quick, before the war went any further, and that's why Mr. Bosco was visiting in Rio and why we had to fly all that way out of our way to get him so he could come back and help about what the prince's brother was about to do.

"Who was the brother about to do it with?" I says. And Mr. Bosco says, "With the Japanese."

So I asked Mr. Bosco if the brother was fond of the Japanese and he said, yes, he was, and that he didn't like the English at all, and it seemed to me like the English people was on our side, so I got more worried if the prince was collecting money for our enemies. But I didn't say anything to Aunt Mary because it was all mixed up with those things the prince had told me in confidence.

Well, after a while we got to Soodan, at a place called Kartoom, and right in the middle of going shopping again, Aunt Mary told me that Pimples was in jail.

"What for?" I says.

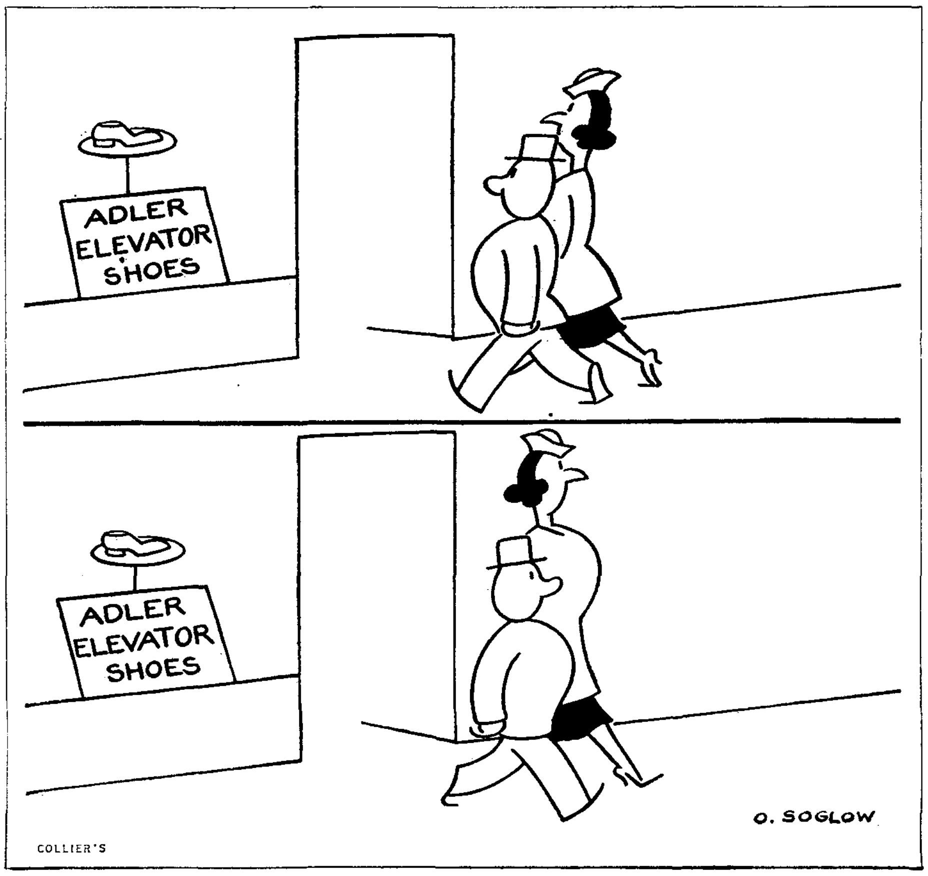
"I don't know," she says, "but he is."

"You sound like a spiritualist medium," I says, "that's had a vision in a little glass thing," I says.

"That's what I am," she says, "only I get my visions by code," she says, "from cables sent by a young man that's pretty sold on you."

"Jeff?" I says.

"Not Jeff," she says. "That boy that you call Carbuncles or whatever it is, and who I call Ted Swift," she says.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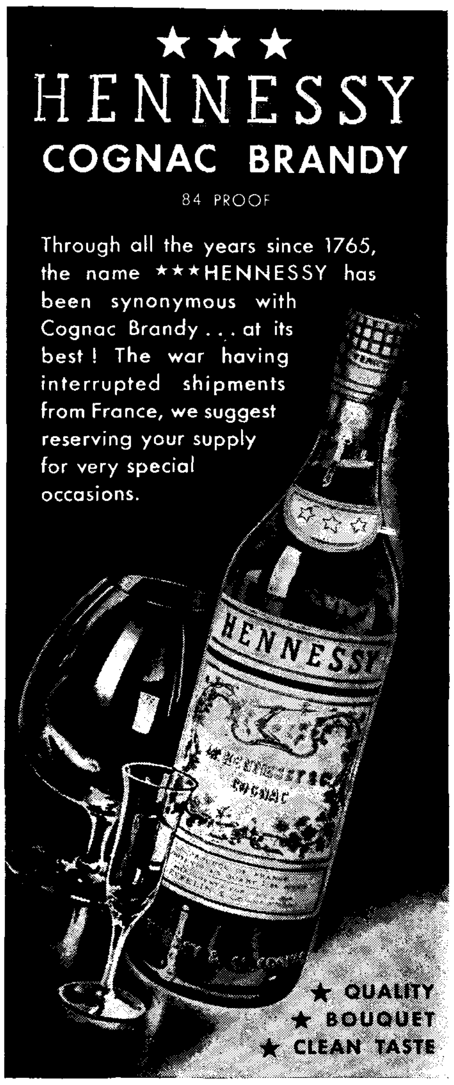
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"What did he say?"

"Just that," she says, " 'PIMPLES IN JAIL. HOPE FOR CONVICTION. PALS LATER. GIVE SNOWQUEEN INFORMATION AND MY LOVE.' That was all."

"Does that mean I can go home?" I says.

"It certainly means that the time is coming when you can think about it," she says, "if you want to."

"Listen, Aunt Mary," I says, "this is all a lot of fun, and I can tell my grandchildren things they sure won't believe, like you said. But if I don't hurry and get back, my job will be gone," I says, "and who knows where they might send Jeff, now he's getting in the war?"

"They might send Jeff right to where you're going," she says.

"Honest?" I says. "Oh, Aunt Mary, could they, might they?"

"Yes," she says, "they might. What would you say to that?"

Well, I just couldn't say anything, but I sure thought a lot.

ON THE way back to the plane, she put her soft hand on mine and "Listen, child," she said, "of course you know there's more to all of this than keeping you from a few curbstone bandits in a bad neighborhood back in Chicago," she says.

"How do you mean?" I says.

"You are just a decoy," she says.

But I didn't know what that was, so she said it was a duck made out of wood, that floats on the water.

"Don't I ever get on dry land?" I says. "First I'm a water lily and now I'm a wooden duck that I once saw Donald riding on the back of because he didn't have any mother."

So she laughed.

"Try to keep on trusting me," she said. "There's something we've got to find out in India," she says, "and when we find it out, our work will be done, and then you can go home the quickest way."

So here I was in Soodan, being a kind of a Mati-Hari, only dressed in white, and not knowing jist what a decoy was supposed to do, but going right on doing it.

Soodan is a desert, and it seems there's a good many kings of it. The one we went to see wasn't young, but sure had young ideas, and a big bushy beard as red as fire and robes and some stuff over his head like fine muslin, and his nails had what Aunt Mary called little black mourning bands along the edges, and he was a bad old boy, and crazy about me.

He had a palace that was right out of Hollywood, and slaves, black and tan, and wives that was kept in a harem with veils over the lower parts of their faces.

The king had fourteen sons, all shades and sizes and dressed like him, and they was just as anxious to try stuff with me as he was, but they didn't dare with him around.

Well, we was invited out to this palace of his for a banquet and to spend the night. When we got in the main hall of it, there was the king and the fourteen boys all lined up to meet us.

The old king took one look at me and "Palace Theater," he yelled and roared with laughing, and come up and took my hand and patted me all over pretty much. And all the boys yelled and clapped their hands and it sure was foreign.

I didn't know what to make of the king calling me Palace Theater, like that but while he was talking to the prince Aunt Mary showed me a medal he had on that King George gave to him in London after the last war when he went there to tell the king of England he was glad his side won. Aunt Mary said a lot of Soodan kings had gone there like that and she remembered one of the places they was taken to be entertained was this Palace Theater, and that was probably all the English he knew.

So pretty soon the king come back to where I was standing with Aunt Mary and trying to act like I didn't notice how all those boys of his was staring at me like something I wouldn't want to write down. And the king took hold of my hand again, and began jabbering and pulling me towards a door, but I was scared to go.

"What does he want me to go in there for?" I asked Mr. Bosco.

"To show you his machine," Mr. Bosco says, "he show you, you see."

The king began yelling to me to come on, but I got away and followed Aunt Mary up to our rooms.

"Good girl," says Aunt Mary, and we got ready for the banquet.

I was sure glad Aunt Mary had gotten my formals with long sleeves and a simple round neck line. Because I sure didn't trust those boys with any bare skin around.

And I got into my white crepe dress with silver oak leaves making a kind of a wreath around the neck and the same embroidered making a kind of a girdle nice and flat and low down on the hips. The skirt was full at the bottom, but far from loose around the middle. The skirt was long. I had silver slippers to go with it and a kind of a half wreath of metal leaves around the back of my hair, but reaching up on the sides, and they had a border of white beads on 'em.

So Aunt Mary and I went out in a hall and down steps into a kind of a front yard that wasn't one because the palace was all around it and it had a roof over most of it.

And there was Mr. Bosco in his shiny black suit. He was smiling and seemed to think we looked pretty sharp.

Aunt Mary began to talk to him about Japan, and as I didn't know anything about Japan, I just wandered around looking at the flowers.

It seemed like I could hear machinery running, but I couldn't be sure. Suddenly I saw a door open right by me, and a big black man, in a white nightgown, beckoned for me to come in there.

I backed off toward Aunt Mary and Mr. Bosco pretty quick.

Then he opened the door a little wider, and this time I was sure I heard a machine.

When he opened the door enough for me to see into the little room behind him, I knew darn well I had heard machinery, and my eyes bucked out like poached eggs. For there, in that little room, sitting like a wicked old prophet out of a picture book, was the old king working the machine, pushing something through it with his fingers.

His sleeves was throwed back so his arms would be free. And buzz, chuckachuck chuckachuck went this machine that I had been sure was going to be something to chop up slaves with. And for me to be seeing him working it so hard was just more than I could stand, so I let out a yell that must of woke up those sleepy unicks all the way off in the harem. And no wonder I yelled when at last I saw his machine. It was a sewing machine, exactly like Aunt Helga's that I learned to sew on from the day I was six.

I just yelled with laughing and couldn't stop. And even Aunt Mary looked a little scared, which she never did, and I knew she was afraid I'd hurt the old boy's feelings.

BUT instead of getting mad, the old boy opened up his big mouth that didn't have a tooth in it, except one away back, and he laughed louder than anything you ever heard.

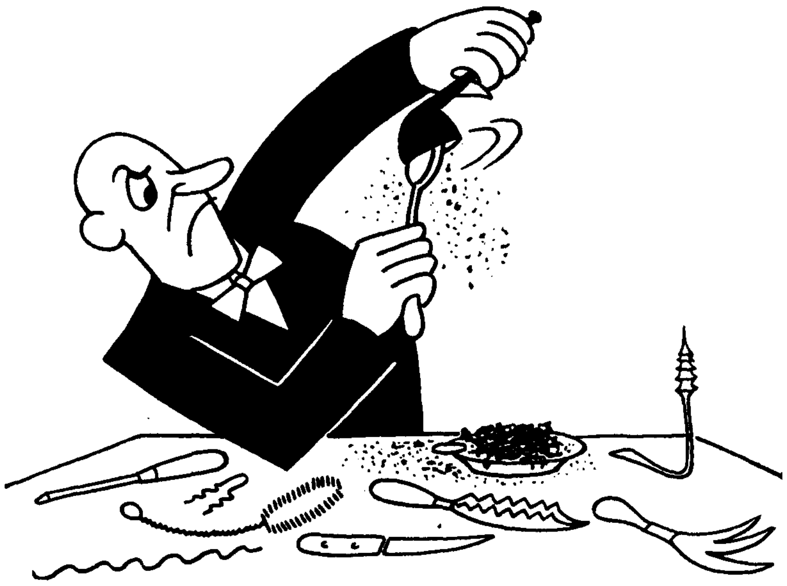
Then he took his feet off of the treadles and come running out still laughing. And people heard it, and doors busted open on the balconies all around, and some black men that was a kind of an orchestra for the palace grabbed their instruments quick and begun to play. And the old king took both of my hands and danced around me, holding on and laughing and bellering, "Palace Theater."

Then he led me into the little room. The others all crowded around in the doorway. Then suddenly he quit laughing and showed me the machine.

He had yards and yards of silk and satin and white stuff like cheesecloth and unbleached muslin, and he sat down like he was going to play the piano, and he run seams fast and then he run 'em slow. When he got to the end of sewing two pieces together in a seam, he laid a piece of rose-colored ribbon flat on the seam and he sewed it down one side, and then, zip, right back up the other.

I never saw anybody more proud of what he was doing, and I kept clapping for him and telling him what a bright boy he was. Finally, with a spurt of speed he shot around a curve and pulled up at the end of the seam

PIPE TYPES ... by O. SOGLOW



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SCOTCH Cellulose TAPE
BRAND

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and broke the thread and got up and did everything but take a bow.

Now everybody made a fuss about his little workout.

When things got a little quiet, I says to Mr. Bosco, "Ask him if he can work the attachments."

But Mr. Bosco didn't know what I meant, so I thought I'd find 'em, and I pushed the king out of the chair, and started to sit down at the machine, but that was a mistake. The reason I knew it was a mistake was that all of the Soodan people made a kind of groan.

So I stopped before I had even touched the king's chair and leaned over and opened the bottom drawer and there the attachments was, all done up in their box, with an old tissue paper still wrapped around 'em.

So I unwrapped 'em and held 'em out to the king, but I could see from his face that he didn't know what they was for.

I wanted to go ahead and show those Soodans and their king a thing or two, but I saw Aunt Mary's face, watching, and I knew that you don't show kings up, not before their own gang anyway, so I attached the ruffler, and they all watched like I was lighting a giant firecracker with a very short fuse.

So I bowed to the old boy, to show respect, and then I reached up and took him by the shoulders, and sat him down at his machine.

I stood behind him and put my arms over his shoulders and put a piece of wide gold-colored ribbon on. I turned the wheel till it took the first stitch, and I left the needle down to hold it.

Then I stepped aside and clapped my hands and says, "Attaboy."

HE LOOKED like he was scared, but he started pedaling. The machine began to do its stuff and when it come out a ruffle you'd of thought I had rose up off of the ground and floated through a hoop.

Well, when they had kind of got used to this miracle, I performed all the others—the adjustable hemmer, the zigzag, the hemstitcher, the bias binder and the buttonholer.

But best they liked the ruffler. And when the old king had ruffled about a yard of yellow ribbon, he put it around his turban and it looked pretty cute. "Attaboy," he says, and everybody says, "Attaboy," and we all laughed and were very friendly.

Just then, on the other side of the fish fountain a big door opened and there was the prince, our prince. I mean, and say, there he was, but what a difference.

Boy, he was something right out of Ali Babba and the Forty Thieves. He didn't look little now at all. He wore a tight coat like the one he loaned to me with long full skirts to the knees and slippers with silver-embroidery and tight pants to the ankle and a head thing, wrapped on tight, with a little clothes brush in the front with a clip to hold it, diamonds it looked, and a tight collar to the coat, buttoned up high at the neck. Everything he had on him was silver cloth or white and on his chest was stars and little swords and square things.

He stopped there in the light when he saw us across the open place.

"Don't he look beautiful?" says Aunt Mary. "He's like a child's dream of an Indian prince," she says, "those big eyes."

"Yes," I says, and I chuckled at the corny joke I had just thought of. "Alladdin," I says, "and his wonderful lamps."

Aunt Mary giggled soft and squeezed my hand.

Well, it seems there was four more other kings visiting in the palace and they come to the banquet all done up in silks, too. The guests at the banquet had on more drygoods than Marshall Field's basement and each one looked wilder than the others.

The prince and me stood together on the top step, both all in white and silver as it happened, with the old king on the other side of me. Aunt Mary stood one step below us and in a long line all but two of the king's sons looking a little tamer, all washed and dressed up in the prettiest negliges.

Then everybody kind of bowed to everybody else and the king took my one hand and the prince the other, and two other kings took Aunt Mary, and in we went to get dinner and I was starving.

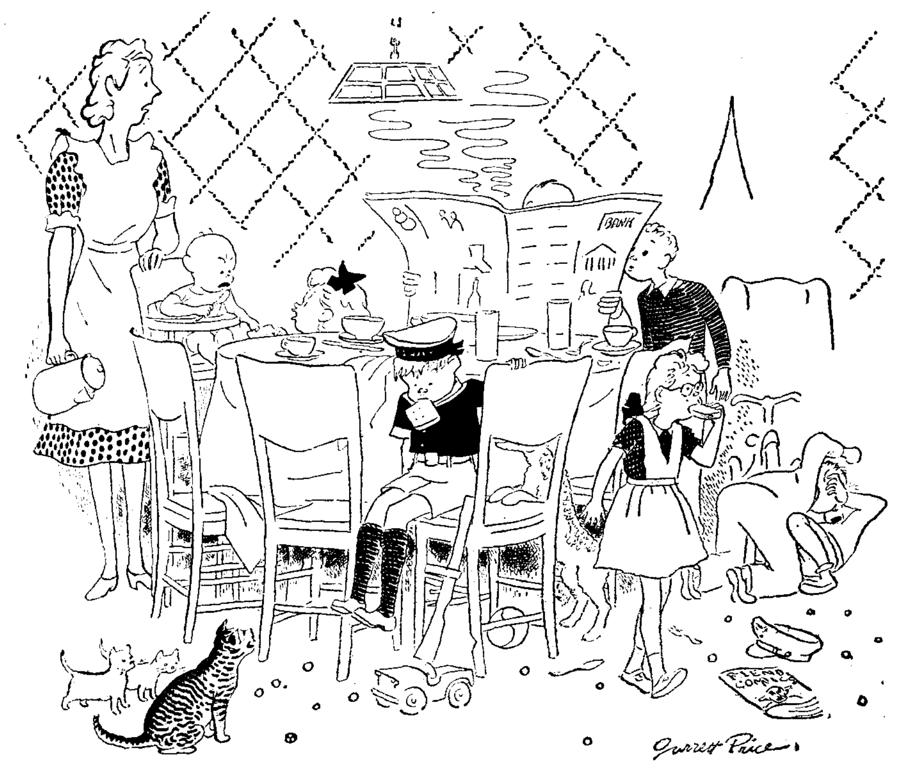
It's no use trying to tell all about it. If you've ever seen an oriental movie it's just like that, only more so. Funny ways of eating that's hard to keep the grease off of your best new formal, and more and more of it, and hot music and dancing-girls and monkeys dressed up to look like people, and everybody laughing like the circus, only it was real.

Well, when the eating was over and we had drank enough strong coffee never to sleep again, the prince stood up and clapped his hands, and it got quiet. And the doors opened, and there was the two boys that always waited on him.

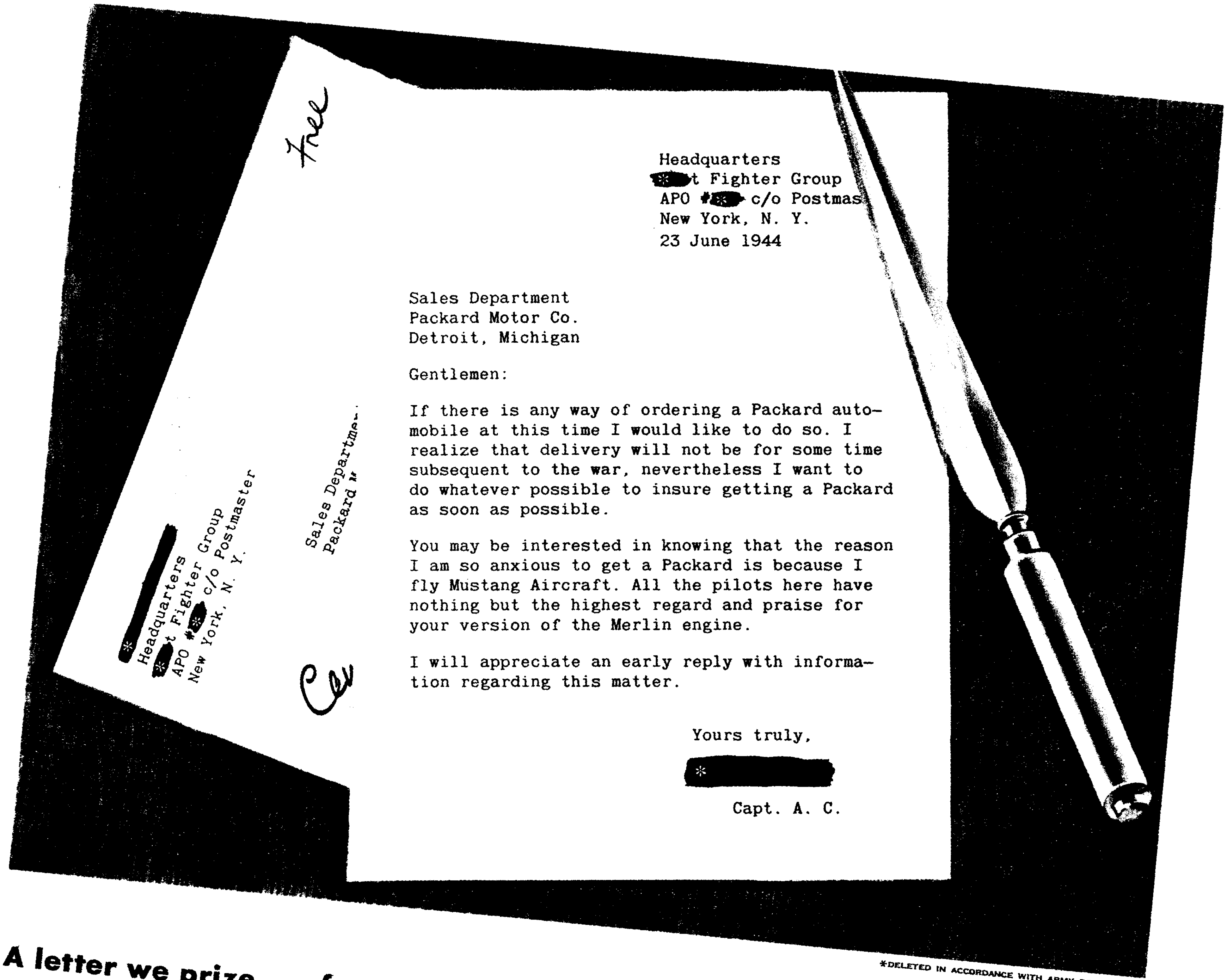
They come in all in white, carrying a blue velvit pillow between them with, on it, what looked like a cube of ice out of a highball, with an electric light in it, but it didn't have one in it, but it sure shined like it had. And the old king took it and I knew it was the special piece and he had bought it, and it got passed around by the boys.

Well, I thought it must be about over. But no, the king stood up and clapped his hands and a lot of slaves come in with presents

(Continued on page 64)



COLLIER'S "Well, I think when I tell you we're going to have a baby, you might at least put down your paper" GARRETT PRICE



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23 June 1944

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Packard Motor Co.
Detroit, Michigan

Gentlemen:

If there is any way of ordering a Packard automobile at this time I would like to do so. I realize that delivery will not be for some time subsequent to the war, nevertheless I want to do whatever possible to insure getting a Packard as soon as possible.

You may be interested in knowing that the reason I am so anxious to get a Packard is because I fly Mustang Aircraft. All the pilots here have nothing but the highest regard and praise for your version of the Merlin engine.

I will appreciate an early reply with information regarding this matter.

Yours truly,

[redacted]

Capt. A. C.

*DELETED IN ACCORDANCE WITH ARMY REGULATIONS

A letter we prize . . . from a Mustang pilot overseas

We're grateful to the pilot who took time out to write this letter.

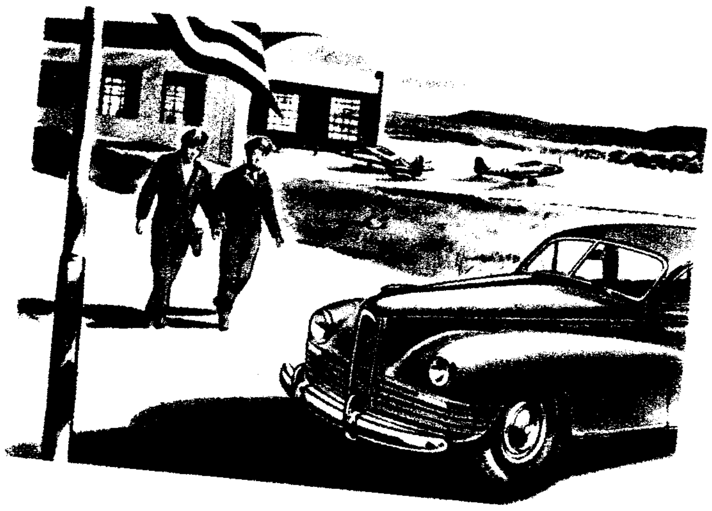
For it's always welcome news to hear—right from the boys who fly 'em—that Packard-built Rolls-Royce engines are doing a good job in this war.

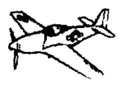
Today, we're concentrating on keeping these aircraft engines—and Packard marine engines for PT boats—flowing to the fighting front to help shorten the war.

But, as soon as the progress of the war permits, we'll swing back into car production again—and we have already told our pilot friend that he will get his Packard "as soon as possible."

He can be certain—and so can you—that it will be a car worth waiting for . . . built to the same high standards as that Packard-built Rolls-Royce engine he's flying today.

★ ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE ★




Mustang Fighter

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PRECISION-BUILT POWER

Navy PT Boats

Army Rescue Boats

THE Heroes

COSTAFINA NAHOEWAY

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

XV

FROM the far Pacific comes word that young Costafina Nahoeway is up from her hospital bed and as well as ever, after two and a half years in the trackless, pestilential jungles of Dutch New Guinea. One of a small guerrilla band that would not surrender to the Japanese, this slip of an Indonesian girl—a mixture of white and Malay blood—fought and suffered side by side with men, and it was largely due to her courage and resourcefulness that any survived.

At the time of the invasion in April, 1942, sixteen-year-old Koosje (to use her pet name) was in Manokwari with her uncle, the civil administrator of a vast district covering hundreds of miles. With Japanese destroyers and transports steaming up, fresh from the conquest of Java and Sumatra, resistance was impossible, and the few officials and the native constabulary gathered their scanty store of arms for a strategic retreat. Fifty-three in all left the coast for the interior.

New Guinea may be an island, but in size it equals the combined areas of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska, and, to this day, only the edges have been explored. Rain falls the whole year, and out of matted, slimy undergrowth, drained by sluggish streams and inhabited only by crocodiles and poisonous snakes, rise unscalable mountain ranges. Every variety of stinging, biting insect abounds, and the foul air is filled with malarial mosquitoes and angry wasps—a hell on earth.

The fugitives fared well enough as long as they were permitted to stay in the uplands. Wild pigs, kangaroos, wallabies and opossums were at hand for the killing, and the Negritos, a timid pygmy people supplied fruits and vegetables from their garden patches. The Japs, however, hunted with ferocious energy, and soon the band was driven deeper and deeper into the jungles. Even there they were pursued, oftentimes twisting, turning and burrowing for thirty-six hours at a stretch, for the odds were too great for any pitched battle.

It was here that little Koosje, first looked on as a burden, proved a tower of strength. With her needle she mended clothes until they rotted away, and then she wove shoes, hats and ponchos out of grass and fibers. With her handmade traps she caught baby alligators and huge water rats and cooked them. When merest scratches turned into loathsome sores, she poulticed them with medicinal leaves and brewed tisanes out of roots and barks for those that burned with fever or shook with the ague. At night, when the day's work was done, she crept into Japanese bivouacs and pilfered knives and guns.

It was not always that the guerrillas let themselves be hunted. Now and then, when the enemy detachment was small enough, they attacked. Once they swooped down on Manokwari under cover of night and sank boats in the harbor. At another time they staged a raid on Sorong, blowing up important installations with the high explosives they had captured in Manokwari. And even when most closely pursued, they contrived to kill a Jap or two.

The nearest approach to complete disaster was when a Papuan, under torture, revealed their jungle camp. Caught by surprise, and half of them shot down, the rest scattered like quail. Koosje herself wandered alone for four days, once crouching in a stream with only her nose out of water when Japanese patrols came close. Finally reaching a collection of huts, she persuaded the natives to scour the jungle and bring the guerrillas together again.

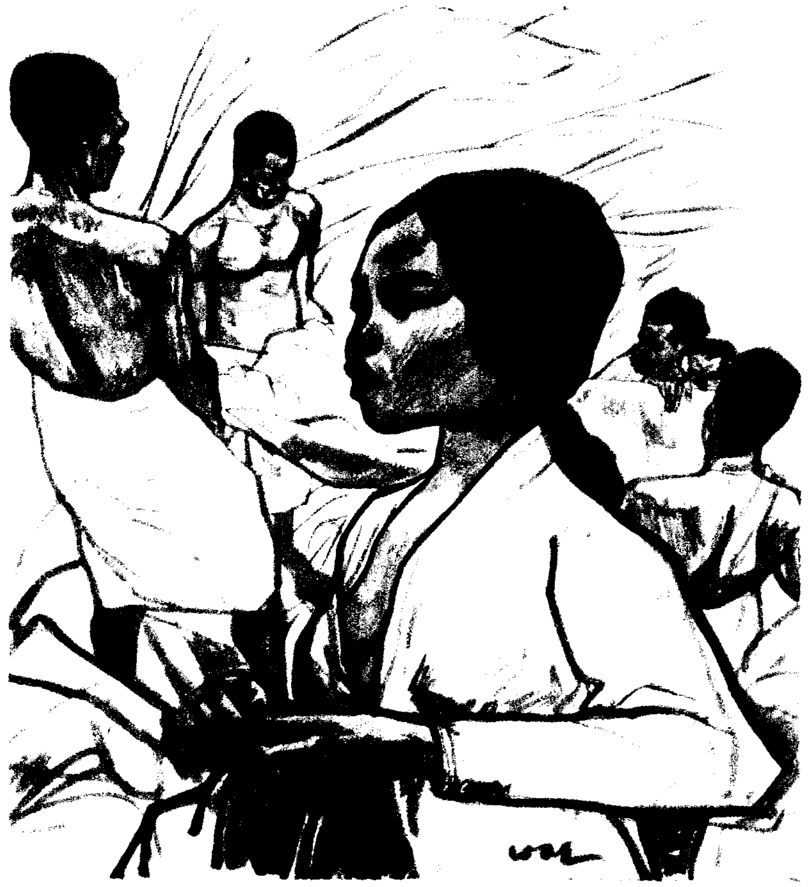
The Japs were also having a bad time of it, for in addition to their losses by night attacks and daily sniping, hundreds had died of fever, dysentery and snakebite. Changing tactics, they tried persuasion, pinning messages that fairly pleaded for surrender on bushes and trees. These appeals fell flat, for every native village bore witness to the fiendish cruelty of the little brown men.

Moreover, the "grapevine telegraph" from British New Guinea brought reports that the Japanese had been beaten back from Port Moresby and that American warships were winning battles in the Solomons.

At last, on July 30th, MacArthur's men, striking up to the Philippines, stopped off to take the tiny port of Sansofar as a needed air base.

Down from the mountains limped Koosje and twenty men, all that were left of the fifty-three that had marched out of Manokwari two and a half years before. Walking skeletons most of them, and all wounded, fever-racked or covered with festering sores. Only Koosje, skipping like a young fawn, had the strength to cheer the Stars and Stripes. How does that square with the report from Dutch authorities that she has just been released from a New Guinea hospital? Easily enough. At a village dance, celebrating the return of the patriots, Koosje slipped and broke her ankle. . . .

GEORGE CREEL



Maiden with Butterflies

Continued from page 62

for everybody, specially me, and I perked right up.

Each of the king's sons got up and went over to the slaves and took something for me; the oldest one, that had a big black beard parted in the middle, and that had never took his eyes off of me all evening, come first, and he put a string of pearls around my neck longer than some I got Millie for three dollars, and he looked at me and talked soft in his own language. Then each one did the same thing, till I had fourteen strings.

The pearls was heavy and very nice, but what I didn't know till Aunt Mary told me was that they was all what she called real pearls, and it's funny, but she said that real pearls are even better than Tecla that I always thought was the best there was.

Then the king gave me a thing for around my ankle with green sets in it and I said thank you to everybody, and Aunt Mary and I said goodnight and walked out of the room very dignified.

In bed I could hear the party going on louder and yelps and shrieks and hollering from the boys like they was a lot of wild men. I could hear the noise even in my dreams, and then it was time to get up and go to India where I hoped people wouldn't make so much noise, and they didn't.

When we went to where the plane was, standing there ready to fly, all the Soodans for miles around came to see us do it. They came on camels and horses and mules and their feet to see us off.

Mr. Bosco was there watching the sweets load the gold that the prince had gotten for the ice cube, and some men with long rifles was standing around.

We were waiting for the king and his sons to come to say goodby, and pretty soon all of the boys came galloping up on their horses except the oldest, the one with the black beard.

I asked Mr. Bosco where he was.

"You see in a minute," said Mr. Bosco. "He gonna do something. It a secret."

"Then how do you know it?" I says.

"I know everything," he says.

"Where's the king?" I says. "He's late."

"He come," he says, "he very busy."

"That's a lot of gold there," I says. "All this and what he got for the stuff in America," I says. "What's his brother going to do with so much?"

"You keep secret?" says Mr. Bosco. "You no tell Aunt Mary?" he says.

"No," I says.

"You going to be princess, I tell you. Big brother," he said, "want much money. Little brother go get it. Big brother he love Japanese very much because Japanese got very much money. Big brother got big state, much flat land, very nice, no jungle. Japanese he like flat land very much, make nice for war."

"You mean they want to fight the war right there on his state?" I says. "Who with?"

"Oh no," he says and he laughed. "You see this plane? It can't land on sea, can't land on jungle. Land fine on flat land."

By this time the gold was all loaded.

"Tell me some more," I says.

"Halla Bandah come," he says. "No tell him what I tell you. No tell Aunt Mary either."

"Why not tell her?" I says. "She's my aunt."

"Maybe aunt," he says, "maybe not."

And there was the prince, standing there beside us in his regular black suit, looking little again and kind of pitiful.

We walked toward the plane.

"Did you know," I asked him, "that the oldest boy of the king is going to do something?"

"He might," he says.

"Is that why you've got these men with the long guns standing all around?" I says.

"These men with long guns," he says, "they are *his* men."

"Have your sweet got any guns on 'em?" I says.

"Yes," he says, "but four to how many?"

THEN everything seemed to be about ready, except that the king hadn't come to say goodby and the oldest son was still missing.

"I wouldn't think," I says, "that the king's son would come up and steal back some gold that his father give to you in a fair trade."

"He wouldn't," he says. "We got other treasures besides gold," and his eyes looked at me soft.

"But how do you know he's going to do something?" I says.

"Your Aunt Mary told me," he says. And just then we heard three big bangs.

It wasn't guns. It was about twenty drummers, sitting on their horses, that had rode up in a long line. It was a kind of a salute, I guess, for at that minute the king's big open job of a car come sailing up with the old king standing up in the back seat. The wind was blowing his red beard way out on each side. He stood there like something noble in the Elks' parade, and of all the things I saw in all my travels, the sight of him was the one thing I couldn't never possibly forget. Ever since last night he must of been busy. For, believe me, he looked like Mae West's pincushion.

He must of ruffled a hundred yards of ribbon on his sewing machine, all colors, and he had it fluttering all over him everywhere.

There was ruffles on his turban, yellow and pink, till it looked like an old-fashioned boudoir cap, and rosettes yellow and blue and green and red, stuck on all over his bernous and on the sleeves of that nightgown thing they wear under the bernous. Oh he had ruffles just all over him, even flying out behind him ruffles flapped and fluttered in the wind.

The car stopped and everything was quiet and the king stood there with a serious frown. Then he made a bow to me, touching his forehead and his heart. And then he raised up and yelled at me in his big bull voice.

"Palace Theater," he yelled, and, "Palace Theater," they all yelled right back at him.

He was so sweet like a pleased kid in a masquerade costume, that I kind of forgot he was a king and a bad old boy too, and I ran across to his car and climbed up on the running board and kissed him on each cheek.

And, "Attaboy," they all yelled.

And, "Attaboy," he yelled again.

Just then there was a great galloping across the sand and there, riding up, was the oldest son with about twenty men on horses. And they all had smallish bags of something slung across their saddles, one bag on each side. And he made his horse rare up, and then he stood up in the stirrups and made a long, loud speech right at the prince.

Halla Bandah Rookh stood on the top of the steps that let down from our plane. And he listened to the speech.

I saw the four sweets and the pilot and the co-pilot all with a hand in their pocket and we all stood still till this man got through speaking.

When he had said his say, he took a bag off of the horse next to him and throwed it

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on the ground at the prince's feet and it made a clinking sound. And then he'd throw down another bag and wait. And each time this son of the king throwed down a bag onto the pile he'd yell out how much was in it.

Finally all the bags was off of the horses on the ground. And all of the men with long guns was in one big bunch.

Then the prince walked slow down the steps and stood on the ground. And the king's son got off his horse and somebody led it away. And there they stood, facing each other.

When the prince spoke it was quiet but firm as a rock. He said a long sentence. Then he stopped. The king's son he looked down at him and explained something back. Then the horsemen eased their horses a step closer.

Of course I couldn't understand a word, but I knew it was mighty important stuff, whatever it was.

Well, the king's son said his last word and anybody could see and hear too that it was a pretty dangerous word. But the prince walked over to him and said a plain, "No."

Then the men on their horses drew up their bridals and shifted their guns, and this was it, and everybody knew it.

Then suddenly, there was Aunt Mary stepping out of the door of the plane onto the top step, and, "Wait a minute," she says, and was I glad of two words that I could understand. But those was the only ones I could, for what she said next was to the prince and it was in French and at the end she pointed at the king.

The prince listened with his back nearly to her, still facing the king's son.

When she stopped, he turned to the king and asked him a question in Soodan language.

The king said something that meant yes.

Now Aunt Mary had a kind of a smile on her lips and she told the prince in French what to say.

Then he took a short step toward the car and in a louder voice he said a short quick thing, just a flat statement, and everybody took a short quick breath and they all waited for what the king would say.

WELL, they didn't have to wait long. The old boy barked out an order that would have made that stature of General Grant in the town square at home jump to attention to obey it, and believe me, those men on their horses dropped their guns and they all jumped off of their horses, and begun clearing away that pile of money bags and carried 'em back double-quick and hung 'em back across the saddles.

The king's oldest son pleaded with his old ruffled father, but his pop said, "Nothing doing." And the king got out of the car and took me by the hand and led me, like we was dancing the lancers, over to the plane and we all said goodby, and the other sons that had just watched all that had happened come up, crowding and yelling, and we got in the plane, and our steps was pulled up, and the motors roared, and we beat it for India. . . .

In the plane I didn't think I better ask any questions till we got settled down some.

Aunt Mary sat by me, thinking, but still with that little smile around her mouth.

"Hi, water lily," she says.

"Hi, wise old fish," I says right back.

"Well," she says, "you ought to feel pretty flattered."

"How?" I says.

"The king's son was trying to buy you," she says, "for a wife."

"What was in those bags?" I says.

"Gold," she says. "It was like an auction. You see when the prince said no, the king's son offered more and more till he thought he had offered enough."

"Then what happened?"

"The prince still said no."

"What happened then?" I says.

"Then the king's son said what in Soodanese meant O. K., prince, I'll take her anyhow. Try and stop me."

"Was that when you butted in?" I says.

"I thought I better," she says and she patted my hand. "I didn't feel like I wanted to lose you, you being the nicest niece I ever had."

"Thanks," I says, and I got her to tell me just what she said to the prince and what he *said to the old king and how we got away.*

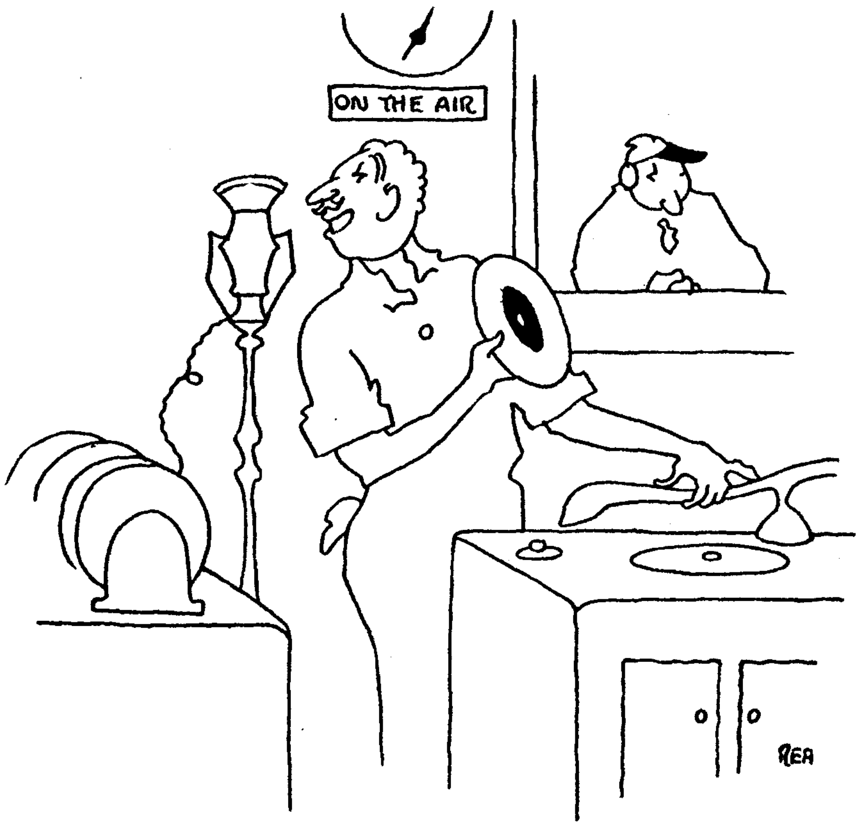
Well, what she had told the prince was to ask the king, if this son did take me by force or bought me, wasn't it one of their customs for the king to give his new daughter-in-law whatever she asked for as a wedding present. So the prince asked him and the king said yes.

WELL, after Aunt Mary had tricked the king into saying it like that, she told the prince to tell the boys that there was just one thing I would ask for, and that was the *sewing machine.*

For she knew that before the king would of given up that sewing machine, he would of seen that son and all his other sons turned into camel boys, he'd of seen all his wives and dancing girls sold at a bargain and all his slaves and unicks gone off to slave and unick for somebody else.

"So, what could he do," said Aunt Mary, chuckling, "but lead you to the plane and say goodby quick."

All this give me some more problems to think out and thinking things out is something you've got to get quiet to do, before you do it, so I did.



"And now the majestic finale—so inspired, so sheerly heavenly in scope, that even the most callous of us will find ourselves instinctively reaching for a stick of Hickey's Double-Delicious, Triple-Clove Gum!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

The prince wouldn't sell me for a pile of gold. Also he sure risked his life to save me, and that always makes the girl turn her eyelashes toward him and say "I didn't dream you cared," just before the fadeout.

Aunt Mary was quite a woman, which I had already guessed, but never saw her do her stuff before. How did she know the king's oldest son was up to something?

Then there was Mr. Bosco. What about him?

And did the prince only get money for his brother to give to the Japanese, or was there more to that oath of being blood brothers than I knew about?

And that was all I could think out right now, but it sure made me pretty tired.

After a while the prince come and sat with me, and I was afraid this was it. And it was, but not like I was afraid it was. Because all I had to do was listen.

"I'm so sorry," he says, "about all back there."

"Oh, that's all right," I says, "and thank you for not selling me."

"What?" he says. "Oh, never, never."

"Thank you, all the same," I says. "I know how you must need money. If you go around like this from door to door selling your jewelry, you must need it bad. So when you could of got such a big pile of gold for just selling me, it might of been a temptation."

"No, no," he says, "I would never do that."

"Well, anyway," I says, "I'm much obliged."

"Now we come soon to Bombay," he says. "Bombay is in India," he says. "And after Bombay we go to Calcutta," he says. "And after Calcutta we go to my house."

"That's fine," I says, "and then you'll see your brother. And then you and him can do what you both planned with all the money. Share and share alike."

"No," he says, "no share for me. It is all for him if I can make him take it. But if I cannot make my brother take this money it will break my father's heart."

"Why?" I says.

"Because if I cannot, then it will be too late for me to save my brother and what he does, I will have to do." And he touched the little lotus-flower button in his lapel.

"Listen," I says, "do you really believe that if your brother does something bad that you don't want to be mixed up in you ought to let your father think you are just as deep in it as him?"

"You do not understand," he says.

"Just for one minute," I says, "forget about the oath and answer me one question: Do you love the Japanese?"

"No," he says. "Oh no."

"But if your brother is up to something?"

"Maybe he is not," he says, "or even if he is, maybe I give him more money."

"You mean more than the Japanese give him?"

"Yes," he says.

"Now listen, you poor kid," I says. "You made your bargain in good faith, but what's bad in your bargain is that your podner let you down. And now you're going to try to buy him back from being bad."

"I must try," he says.

"All right," I says. "Try your best, and then if you fail, break the oath. Break it so you will feel free."

"Maybe he listen," he says. "Maybe a friend help me."

"Mr. Bosco?" I says.

"Maybe," he says.

"Tell me," I says, "what has Mr. Bosco to do with all this business?"

"How you mean?" he says.

"Well, your family," I says, "seems to be pretty well to do. Well," I says, "it seems funny, him such a poor little man. Does Mr. Bosco get his share of this money or does he want your brother to help his country, or what?"

He smiled.

"Mr. Bosco," he says, only he didn't call him that, "Mr. Bosco is one of the richest men in Burma," he says, "like Rockefeller," he says.

Well, that stopped me I can tell you.

Pretty soon Mr. Bosco himself come back from up where they run the plane, and he took off his little hat.

"Excuse, please," he says, "pilot ask humbly to speak with prince."

So the prince excused himself and went up there, and Mr. Bosco sat down.

"Hello," he says.

"Hello," I says. "Tell me this," I says, "was you going to stand there on that desert like at a cattle auction," I says, "and let the king's son buy me right before your eyes?"

"I was waiting," he says, with a little bow, "till the bidding get up to what you worth, then I buy. No use bidding chickie feed," he says.

"Listen, Mr. Bosco," I says, "where is Burma at?"

"India there," he says and he put his left forefinger on one knee. "Burma right next door." He put his right forefinger on the other knee.

"Is it in Japan?"

"Not yet," he says, "not yet. Bad men in my country, they think so, but not yet."

WE STOPPED next at some place very foreign-looking, I forget where, and there was boats for hire, because it was on the water and they was very pretty, and the tossels and seat covers was nice. So we went for a boat ride and the prince talked to me some more. And he told me he had a very sad childhood.

"I was not happy," he says; "English school I ran away from. My brother is better educated. He is tall, my brother, and very handsome. I am short and not handsome. I love my brother. You see what I do for him. To old king in Soodan I sell one diamond because for fifteen years he want that diamond. So I take it and sell to him, and now I am afraid to come home."

"Why?" I says. "Are you afraid of him?" I says.

"I am afraid of what may happen," he says, "but if you like my state, I be glad. I want my father see you, so beautiful. My father he want very much I have wife," he says. "I want very much that you like my father, that you like me. I know the many difference between us."

I thought he meant color so I says, "Don't worry about that." So he went on:

"Your religion, it is not my religion. How you feel about that? Your religion sacred to you, as mine is to me."

"Religion ain't so sacred to me," I says. "I guess God don't go around saving just one little bunch from all the kinds. One is as good as another, if it makes you nice to people and not to hurt anybody that can't defend themselves. That's the important thing. Does your church teach you that?"

"No," he says, "not always. You don't seem to realize," he says, "my church is what you call heathen."

"Listen," I says, "I've seen a lot of heathens setting up in churches, in new Easter hats and don't think I haven't. You're no heathen. You're kind and polite and good," I says.

"I am glad you not mind," he says. "You are good too," and big tears come up into his eyes.

I couldn't say more then but when I was back in the plane I tried to think some more, but nothing much came of it.

Then that night when I was in bed I got to thinking again, and the more I tried not to, the more I did. Finally I stuck my head into Aunt Mary's berth and there she was writing with a little pen that had a little light on it.

"Aunt Mary," I says, "I got to talk."

"Talk away," says Aunt Mary, and her little light went out.

"Well," I says, "for the first time in my life I wish I had studied my geography better."

"Why?" she says.

"Well, at least I would of known where I am at."

"The pilot's got a very stylish map you could study, or I've got a smaller one. But

NOT "MORE" BUT "BETTER"

Sheaffer war production maintains at a very high rate. Our Company is making for the Armed Forces intricate, extremely precise instruments of communication which are necessary components in very vital war programs.

Without any question, Sheaffer is producing by far the largest volume of direct war munitions of any firm in the fountain pen industry.

It has been possible, however, to improve our manufacturing technique on pens and pencils. To a great extent this is due to the precision "know-how" gained by our people in our all-out war effort. While the newly designed products can be offered to the public only in limited quantities as in the past, they will be strictly of the design we intend to sell in the years ahead.

We cannot say "more"—we can only say "better" until the demands of the Armed Services decline, not only for Sheaffer pens and pencils, but for the other munitions of war we are manufacturing. As this is written, such demands have not declined. Sheaffer dealers agree with us that winning the war comes first. They do not expect "more."

Our Company was the first to produce certain vital items in quantities and, in fact, for an extended period, were the only producers on certain items. For the first two months of 1945, all Sheaffer pen production will go to the Army and Navy, with the exception of minor sample shipments of the newly designed models to retailers. Currently, two-thirds of our production goes to the Government.

We are making this public statement because we intend to try to keep our name and the desirability of our product before the public. Judged by all pre-war standards, the Sheaffer merchandise that will be available to the public in limited quantities in the months to come will be finer, more beautiful, and functionally better than any handwriting instruments we have hitherto manufactured. They will give the purchaser the most for his money. This advertisement is for the purpose of explaining our position because we cannot tell the whole story in all of our advertising. We hope that the discriminating will keep this in mind when a Sheaffer dealer, for lack of Sheaffer merchandise, offers a place on his "reservation" list.

President
W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY

ARMY E NAVY

SHEAFFER'S

FORT MADISON, IOWA, U. S. A.

VITAMINS:

Deficiencies seldom single

Important to all is the now established fact that vitamin deficiencies seldom occur singly: lack of one vitamin in the diet nearly always means lack of several.

Nor is this deficiency confined to vitamins. Prevalent, too, is the inadequacy in the diet of certain minerals.

Therefore, increasing the intake of any one vitamin or mineral cannot materially benefit those whose diets are inadequate in others.

Thus, much to be preferred is the diet-supplement formula that contains all the vitamins known to be needed in the human diet, and at the same time contains essential minerals too.

Millions—probably you

These facts become especially significant in the light of the reported widespread vitamin-mineral deficiency of the average American meal.

Vitamin Research
Lack of one usually means lack of several.

An exhaustive survey of national eating habits released by the United States Department of Agriculture disclosed that millions of American families were not getting sufficient vitamins and minerals from their meals. These findings were confirmed by other independent surveys.

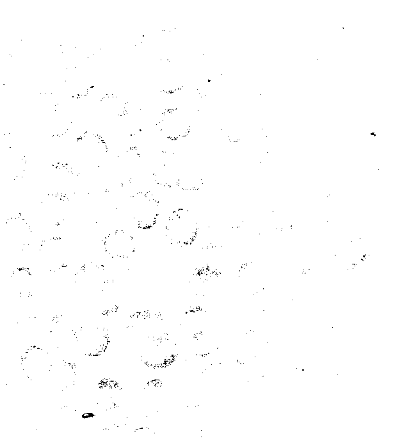
Causes are varied, easily understood: few people are dieticians enough to select foods that give them all they should have; most tend to choose foods by taste, not food value.

Even with foods naturally rich in vitamins, marked losses occur from exposure to the sun and heat; from transportation; from storage; from cooking.

Iron needed . . . Calcium, too

Important among essential yet commonly lacking minerals is Iron. This mineral is essential to the body's production of hemoglobin, that gives blood its natural red color. Iron also plays an important part in the maintenance of the energy processes of the body.

Also found needed were Calcium and



Red Blood Cells
Hemoglobin requires Iron.

Phosphorus, utilized by the body, in conjunction with Vitamin D, for strong bones, teeth and tissues.

In developing the Vimms formula the decision was made to make up this lack of both vitamins and minerals. Thus Vimms contain not only Vitamins A and D, not only the important B Complex Vitamins and costly Vitamin C but all the vitamins Doctors and Government experts agree are essential in the diet—along with the commonly lacking minerals: Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus.

No one tablet or capsule is enough

Scientists found that no one tablet or capsule could combine sufficient quantities of all these essential vitamins and minerals and still be easily swallowed. That is why the Vimms formula is designed for three tablets per day.

One Would Be Too Big
Three are easily swallowed.

Taken in this manner, pleasant-tasting, easily swallowed Vimms will raise the average diet up to or above the Recommended Daily Allowance for vitamins and minerals as adopted by the National Research Council.

if you're the girl I think you are," she says, "you'll be happier if you don't look at any map at all."

"What's Burma?" I says.

"It's a country."

"Are there Japanese people in it?"

"Quite a lot."

"Is there a town called Nagasacki in it?"

"No," she says, "that's in Japan."

"That's what I thought."

"Go on," she says.

"Well," I says, "Mr. Bosco says he lives in Japan," I says, "in a town called Nagasacki, and now the prince told me Mr. Bosco is the richest man in Burma. How can a Japanese man that lives in Nagasacki be the richest man in Burma? And anyway I never want to worry you, but what are we doing traveling with a alien enemy," I says, "two of the countrymen of who was bluffing Washington, while a lot of whose other Japanese countrymen," I says, "was bombing the hell out of our Pearl Harbor," I says, and I was sure surprised to find I was about to cry.

"Listen, dear child," Aunt Mary says, "I am an American."

"So what?" I says, sniffling.

"I am an American, but I've lived and worked most of my life in England and Europe," she says. "And Mr. Bosco is like that too. He's a Burmese."

"He's a what?" I says.

"A Burmese who's lived for many years in Japan and who travels to South America once a year to look after his interests," she says.

"You mean Mr. Bosco is not a Jap?" I says.

"Mr. Bosco is no Jap," she says. "Why didn't you ask me long ago, or ask him?"

"I don't know," I said, and I was so glad Mr. Bosco wasn't a Jap I forgot all the things I had wanted to ask Aunt Mary.

As I left her, she patted my hand. "We will soon have found out everything I came over from London to America to find out," she says, "and I could never have done it at all without you."

Well, we got to Bombay all right, and Calcutta and finally one night we got to the prince's house, in his own state. It was just like something I saw once and hadn't ever forgotten. It was an old pitchure got revived, called The Thief of Bagdad.

There was a white palace in that. And here it was in the moonlight. It was as clean and quiet as I had hoped India might be before those cities we had been to.

People came out and hugged the two serving boys. And the prince and Mr. Bosco went off and I was sure they went to see the prince's brother.

AUNT MARY seemed nervous, the first time I ever saw her seem like that. And we sat in the shade of a big umbrella and drank something cool and sweet and she told me she was stumped.

And for the first time she told me right out what we was really doing here. It sure give me a turn.

We was here to watch the prince. That's why we had come on this long trip, because though even Aunt Mary had gotten to like him nearly as much as I did, she had to watch him and report on him because that was her business.

And now she was nervous because from some English she had had a get-together with in Calcutta, she had found out that the prince was sure in deep, and the English kind of had the stuff on him and his brother too. They was both, it seemed, pretty bad boys, she said, and even though we had got to like him she was mighty afraid that Sir Gerald Burroughs would do some arresting, and pretty quick. In fact she said she knew Sir Gerald meant to arrest the prince at his father's house.

"Who's Sir Gerald?" I says.

"He's an old friend of mine," she says, "and he knows more about India than Gandhi does. Gerald is the typical fuddy duddy," she says, "but when it comes to action he always surprises me by being a man of it."

"Of what?" I says.

"Of action," she says, and then her eyes got gentle and she put her hand on mine. "Listen, child," she says, "you've done a fine job, and I am deeply fond of you," she says, "and what's worrying me now is that you are going to be hurt."

"How?" I says.

"This is a hardboiled game," she says, "and I know you have grown to like Halla Bandah, and so have I. So be prepared," she says, "for a shock when we get to his father's palace. For anything Sir Gerald does will have to be done quick, or it won't work. This is a military secret. But I know if I tell you it's safe."

"Sure," I says, but my heart felt tight and cold.

Well, like I said, Mr. Bosco and the prince finally got back, but the prince went right off again in a car, and Aunt Mary and me had dinner alone together.

The moon sure made the front yard of the palace look like a pitchure post card. The front yard was about the size of Humboldt Park, and when Aunt Mary went to her room to write, I walked out in it. And I walked further and further down some steps with stone railings cut out like lace, and finally I got to a little hill like, and on the top of it was a little house that wasn't really a house because there wasn't any walls to it, just a marble floor and a fountain and a roof.

SO I climbed up the hill, by some broad flat steps, and then I saw there was somebody in the little house, and I started to go away.

"Don't go," says a voice that I knew.

"Mr. Bosco," I says, "what are you doing out here?"

"I look at the moon," he says. "What you do?"

"Oh, Mr. Bosco," I says, "I'm sure glad to see you."

"Me, too," he says.

"I want to ask your pardon," I says.

"Granted," he says.

"No, wait," I says, "I thought you was a Jap."

"Granted," says Mr. Bosco.

"Listen," I says, "I know the prince and his brother are in cahoots," I says.

"Where is that?" he says.

"That means they must do everything together, see?"

"I see," he says, "you right, they in cahoots."

"And you know what they are up to," I says.

"I only know," he says, "prince's brother got many men. All his soldiers make a fine orchard. Many men make for prince's brother beautiful big orchard, cut down all trees and make great flat place, big, for orchard, but no fruit trees in sight. What kind trees you think gonna be?"

"Maybe," I says, "nice cherry trees, like what we had in Washington," I says. "But I guess by now they changed the name of these trees, like German fried potatoes in the last war. You guess maybe that's what the prince's brother is waiting for? Nice cherry trees from way off?"

"Granted," says Mr. Bosco.

"Listen," I says, "when are we going to visit the prince's father? He said he was going to take me."

"Tomorrow night we go to dinner," he says.

"Tomorrow night?" I says. "Will the prince's brother be there too?"

"I don't think so," says Mr. Bosco. "Since we get here Halla Bandah look everywhere for his brother. He gone now try and find him."

"I wish I could ask if you know a lot of things, Mr. Bosco."

"Better not ask if I know what you know," he says, "because you promise Aunt Mary not to tell."

"Mr. Bosco," I says, "you're wonderful."

"Granted," he says and off he went.

I went back to the palace, and there was Aunt Mary strolling up and down in the moonlight.

"Hello," she says.

"Hello," I says, but I didn't feel like talking and pretty soon we went to bed.

My room had a high narrow window with stone lace around the top and a balcony outside. When I was nearly asleep I heard a car slide on its breaks and stop, and I listened and then I heard a match strike outside of the window. Then it was quiet again like before.

I couldn't stand it so I got up and put on my slippers and my wrapper and I tiptoed over to the window. The balcony kept me from looking straight down so I stepped out on it so I could. And there down below me stood the prince smoking a cigarette with his back to me.

"Hello," I says quiet, "is anything the matter?"

"Yes," he says, "I was wishing you were awake."

"Well, you got your wish," I says.

"Can we talk?" he says.

"I'll be right down," I says, and I went in and put on stockings and shoes. My wrapper was white crepe and had a lot of wraparound and a belt. So I just opened the door and went down the steps. He was standing at the bottom waiting for me.

"I want to talk where no one will hear," he says.

"I know a place," I says.

"Good," he says. And I went outside and started for the little place where I had met Mr. Bosco, and the prince caught up and walked with me till we got there and sat down.

"You are wise," he says. "You have taught me very much."

"How?" I says.

"You give me words of wisdom about my brother. You say the oath it can be broken."

"I didn't mean to butt in," I says.

"You are wise, like my father," he says. "Tomorrow we go to see my father."

"Who will be there?" I says.

"Some English," he says, "will be there. Lady Burroughs," he says, "and her husband."

"What his name?" I says.

"General Sir Gerald Burroughs," he says. And in my stummick just one little butterfly begun to flutter.

"Did you find your brother?" I says.

"I could not," he says, "but I have sent him a message to meet me tomorrow night at the house of my father."

"Golly," I says.

"What?" he says.

"Nothing."

"On the way to my father's house I would like you to see the temple," he says.

"I'd like to," I says.

"I do not want your Aunt Mary to come with us," he says.

"That's all right," I says. "Is Mr. Bosco going to your father's place?"

"Yes, he is great friend of my father."

"Could Aunt Mary go in another car with him?"

"If you think she will not think it is not polite."

"I'll fix it," I says. "I want to go with you to the temple. Is it your church?"

"It is like that. It was at the temple that we make the oath, my brother and me."

"I'll go with you," I says.

"Thank you," he says. "You see my country," he says. "You like it?"

"I like your house," I says, "and I like you."

Next morning I told Aunt Mary what I was going to do. So she and Mr. Bosco started off about the middle of the afternoon in a car together, and the prince and me by ourselves.

"Are we just going to the temple to show it to me," I asks him, "or do you want to say your prayers after being away so long?"

"Both," he says. "The wise men of the temple give me their blessing when I go away. Now I go to tell them I am back safe," he says.

"That's fine," I says.

"And perhaps for other reasons too," he says.

We was driving off of the road through a good road into a jungle. And it was the kind of a place where we got quiet, and even the two men that was driving us went slow and we just floated through that dark green place.

All of a sudden we turned sharp and I was knocked breathless, for there in front of us was a stature of a lady, big enough to scare Dracula. She was a stone lady and about the size of the courthouse in Springfield. And she looked peaceful and quiet, and there was no light hardly under the trees and vines and stuff.

THEY stopped the car and we got out and they drove the car around back of her, like going around a building, and there we stood in front of that huge big lady. She was like an oriental lady, of course, but she was calm and quiet and I could sure feel how they must feel about her.

I just stood there looking up at her, and while I was, a little streak of sunlight broke through those big trees from somewhere and fell across her face and it was a little smile on it.

The prince looked at me. "It is here," he says, "on this spot I make the oath with my brother."

"Then it's right that you could break it," I says. "She wouldn't want you to do anything wrong."

"That is why I come here," he says, "and that is why I want you to come with me. Remember I am an Indian, and we are not as reasonable as you. So I need you. I am weak," he says. "You are strong."

"I don't think you are," I says. "I think you are a fine, good man."

"Thank you," he says, and we walked around the goddess and straight behind her was a wide road going down wide steps to the temple.

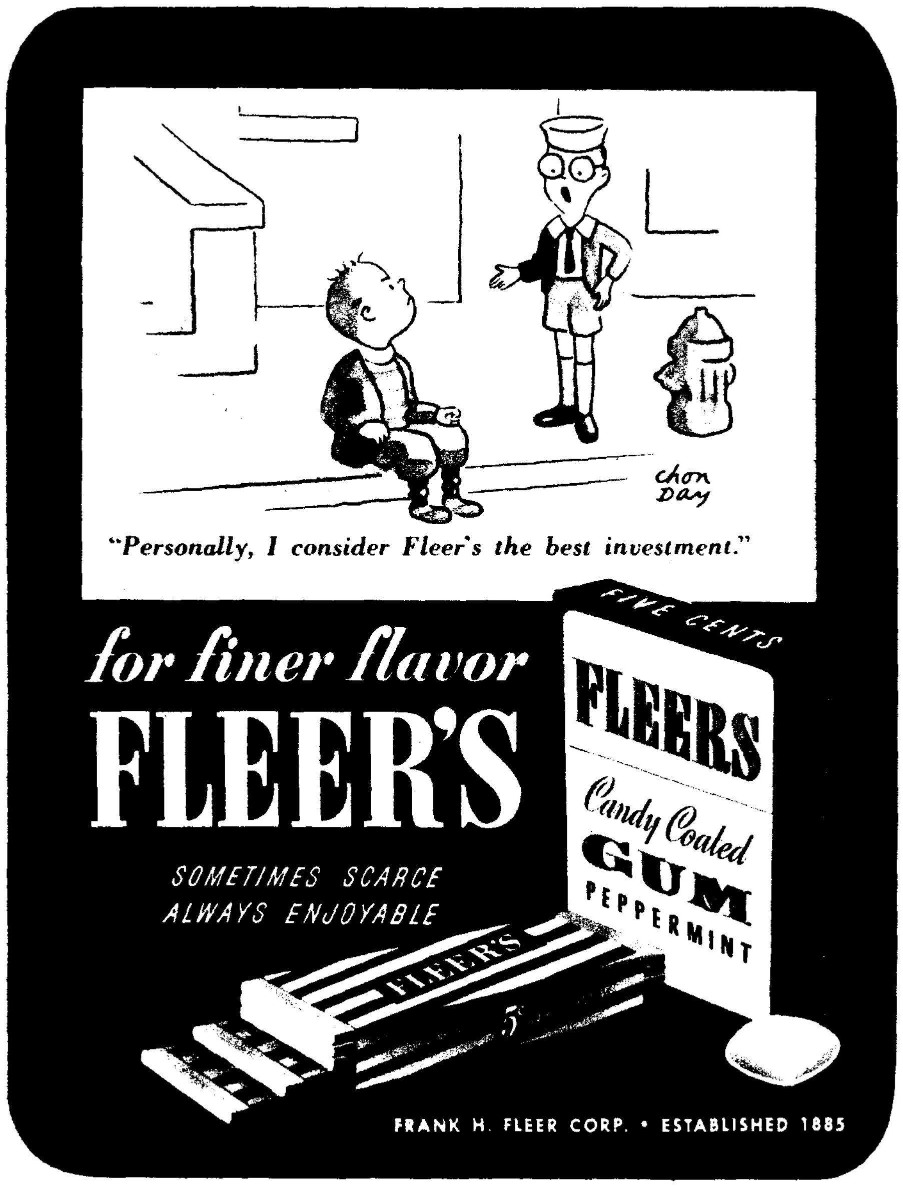
It was a broad, low temple that sat down the steps below us. It was made out of green and black stone and about as big as the Art Museum.

We come down that long wide flight of shallow steps and there didn't seem to be nobody anywhere. Finally we got down to the front door of the temple. It was open, and

The Good Old Days

DATE	LOCALE	SAMPLE OF GOODNESS
1834	Syracuse	A complete medical course at Syracuse University took 16 weeks.
1864	New York	Enameled steel collars for men were fashionable and cost from 30¢ to $1.25.
1713	Boston	A small-town teacher's salary was about 35¢ a week.
1850	Philadelphia	A book of etiquette recommended that "the works of male and female authors be properly separated on bookshelves."
1881	New York	A course of typing lessons for women was protested on the ground that this occupation would break down the female constitution.
1844	St. Louis	Students attending the University of St. Louis were required to bring along their own mattresses and bedclothes.

—W. E. Farbstein



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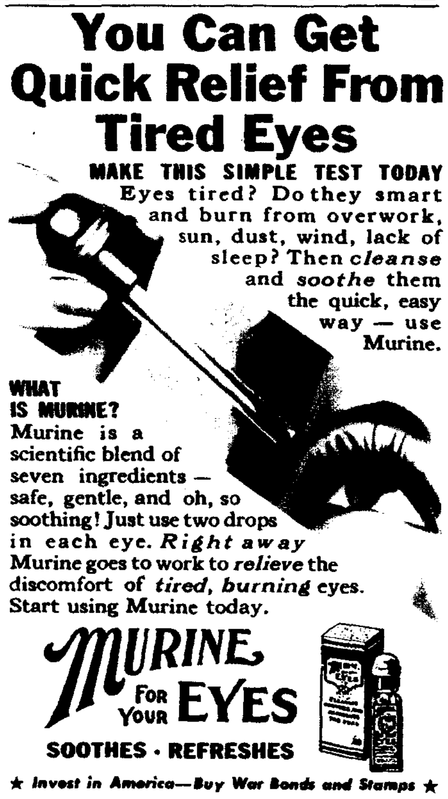

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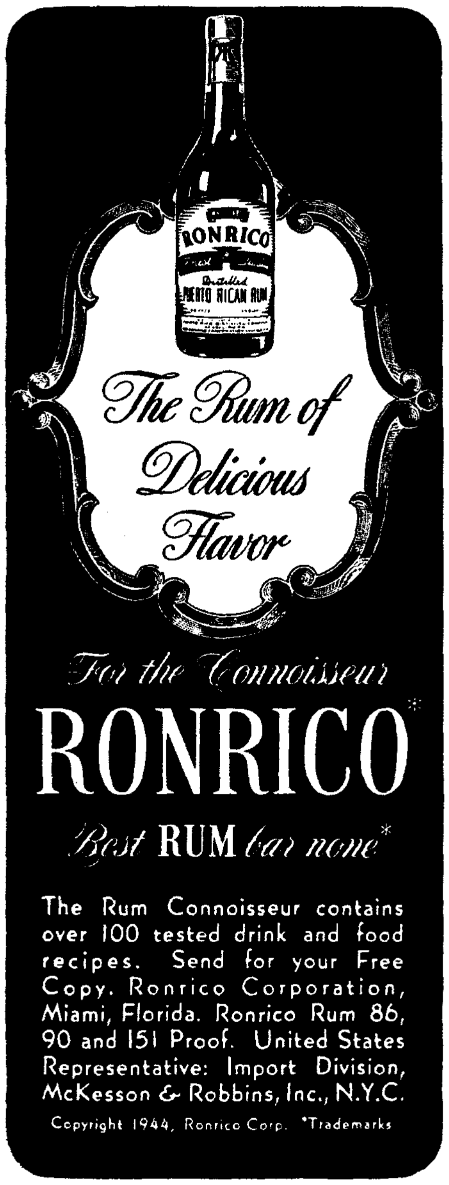

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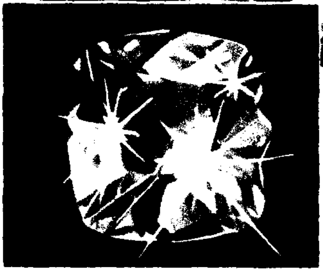

THE PITT OR REGENT DIAMOND takes its names from Thomas Pitt (grandfather of the great William Pitt) who later sold it to the Regent of France for $675,000. William Penn Whiskey is called "the gem of the blends" because it is a shining example of mellowness, fine fragrance, and richness of flavor. Millions say "When" with William Penn.

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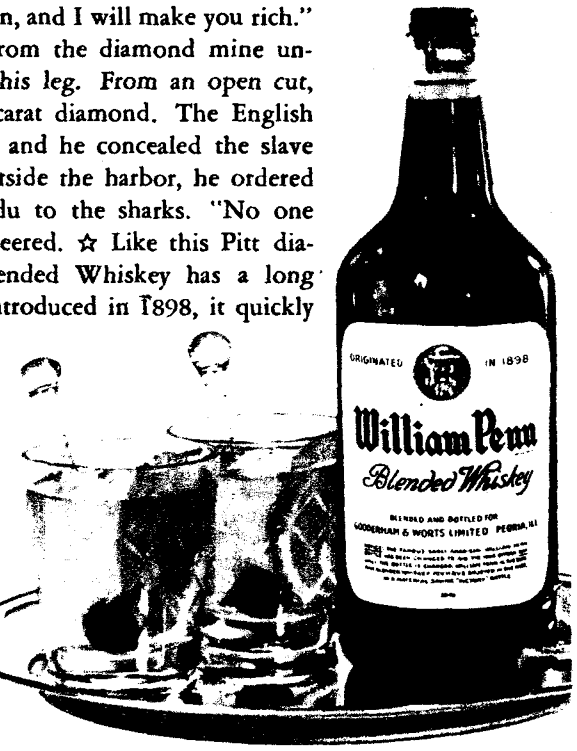
"HELP me escape, Captain, and I will make you rich." The fugitive slave from the diamond mine unwrapped the bandage on his leg. From an open cut, he produced a huge 410-carat diamond. The English shipmaster's eyes glittered and he concealed the slave in his ship. But once outside the harbor, he ordered his men to toss the Hindu to the sharks. "No one will catch you now," he jeered. ☆ Like this Pitt diamond, William Penn Blended Whiskey has a long and interesting history. Introduced in 1898, it quickly won fame among judges of fine whiskey. Today it is the preferred blend of all men who recognize premium quality—at a non-premium price.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just as we got in front of it, I sure did jump.

There was the boom of a great big gong, and then something inside the church that sounded just like little ponies, a lot of 'em, galloping across a wooden floor. This noise stopped, and then went on galloping again, and then stopped again, and then voices together like people praying.

As we got to the door, an old old man was standing in the shadow. He looked at the prince but he never looked at me at all. And we went in through a dark hall and then into a huge big church with no windows and no pews.

The prince went to a kind of altar and I followed him and it was the same lady like up the hill, but here she was littler, and still that little smile, and I didn't know what to do so I didn't do anything.

The prince kind of knelt down in front of her and kind of fell over at the same time, then he come back to me and we walked up two steps and sat on a stone seat with a back that went nearly up to the high dark ceiling. The gong went boom again and the ponies started galloping again on the hardwood floor and stopped like before, and went on just the same and stopped again.

The old man brought a thing like a long candle but made out of wood painted blue and a yellow flame that burned blue, and he set it down in a thing in the stone wall and then he went away and we sat on the stone seat and waited.

"He goes to get the wise men," says the prince, and he didn't say anything else till a door opened in the dark wall, and the old man and four more men in long robes with funny hats on come in.

The prince went down the steps and met 'em, and they spoke quiet, and each one touched the little lotus flower that the prince always wore, and then they said some more and then the door opened again and two little boys with bald heads led a man through it. And he come up and felt the lotus button, and when the light flickered on his face I saw that he wasn't just a blind man. I saw that his eyes was burned right out. And I heard the prince draw in his breath and ask a question, and they told him something. And then the two boys led the blind man out the door, and then the other wise men went out. And there was the big gong and the ponies again.

The prince gave a sigh.

"What happened to his eyes?" I says.

"My brother," he says. "The priest would not help him, and he had his men do things to the priest. You are right," he says. "When the English came to me," he says, "and ask me about my brother I cannot tell them. But I go away to get more money than Japanese will give my brother and keep him from doing these things. But for all my long trip I have not saved him. But in going away," he says, "I have found you. You everything I want, and so tomorrow, if they find my brother, I do as you say. Then perhaps I have you near me always."

"Tomorrow?" I says.

"Perhaps," he says. "If not tomorrow, the next day."

Before I could say anything the door opened and a man come running in and spoke to him fast, and the prince went with the man through the door, and there I sat on that big stone seat all alone.

Nobody seemed to be around so after a while I just slid off of the stone seat and walked down the steps and over to the shrine and I blessed myself and knelt down and asked whoever the lady was in their religion to keep an eye on Pop, till I could get back to do it myself. And I prayed for the prince, too.

Then something touched my arm, and there was the prince kneeling beside me, and I knew that he and the priests must of come back, for there they were all around us. And I knew too that when he had seen me kneeling there he must of thought this meant what it didn't mean at all, that I was ready to worship what he worshipped, so I got up but I remembered to bless myself.

"Listen," I says, "I said a little prayer to your Virgin," I said, "that nothing bad will happen to you because I like you, and I said a prayer too that I will get home safe to my Pop that needs me and that I love. I don't guess," I says, "that she will mind. She looks so kind, even though I ain't her religion," I says, "and I guess I won't never be."

NEITHER one of us said anything for a long time.

A door opened and slammed shut, and a young priest came running across the floor like the wind. And as he come running he told 'em why he had come and they all ran for the door like the devil was after them.

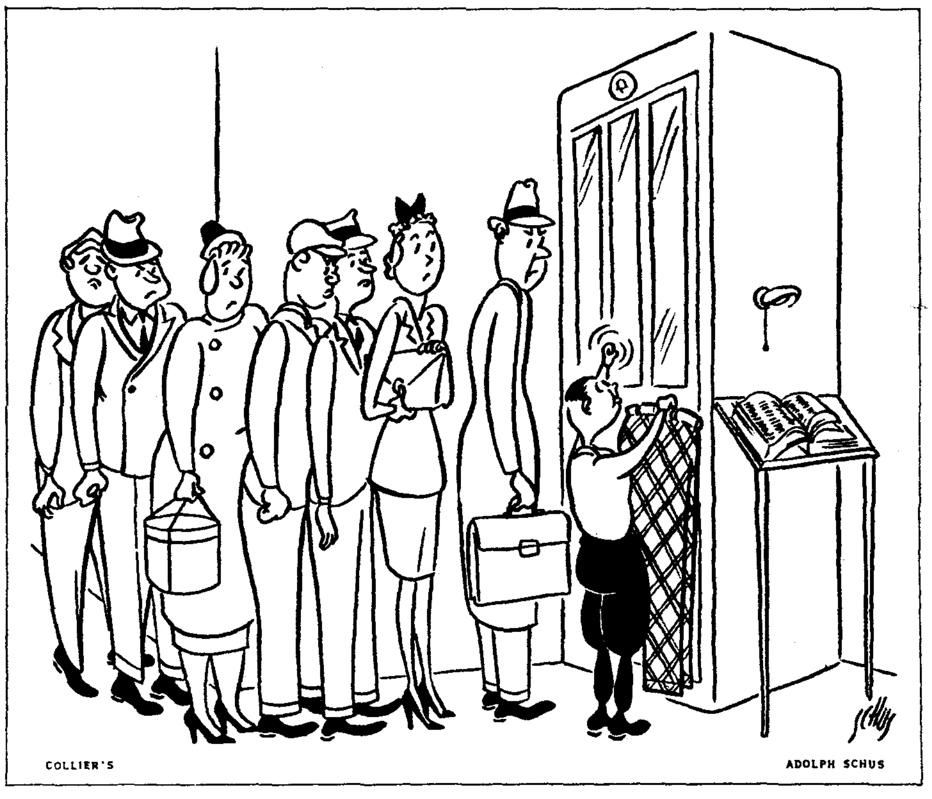
Before I knew it, I was following 'em. Up the wide flat steps we all ran and I saw that out the other doors of the temple other priests was all running to the top of the steps back of the stature.

When they got to the top of the steps, they run right around the stature, but I got to the top just in time to see the prince stop like an arrow had hit him. The priests stopped too, but I kept on till I could see what they saw.

Some Indian soldiers were bending over praying in front of the goddess, and right in front of her was a tall dark man with great black eyes. He had turned his head and looked at the prince, and now he got up slow and the soldiers behind him did the same.

It was the brother of Halla Bandah Rookh. Now they had met on the same spot where they had cut their wrists and made their oath, and I saw in the brother's face that he was a hard man and a dangerous man, and I knew somehow that it was to the death between those two.

(To be concluded next week)



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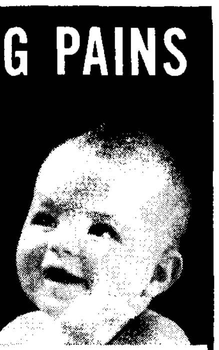

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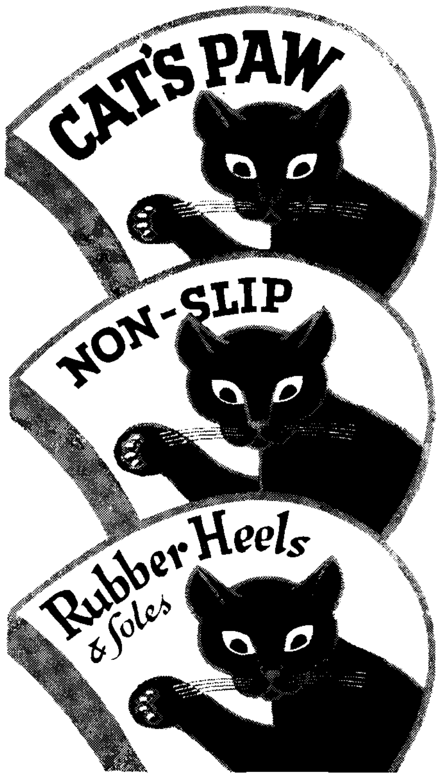

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HEAT PAD
HOT ON THE SPOT!

The House in the Woods

Continued from page 19

"But anyhow," Bruce said, "it isn't waterproof. You wait and see. One day it will rain and the Farinuccis will be sitting in the Red Cross Waiting Room, them and their square-cornered, tracer-tape house."

On Sunday we left the Farinuccis to themselves but on Monday I just couldn't wait to hear what Mrs. Farinucci had said, so Bruce and I went calling. We walked down the path and there was Private Farinucci in his pajama pants and his rivers of sweat, carrying *boards*.

"Well?" I said. "Well? Did your wife like her house?"

"Oh," he said, "my wife, you know, she does not like the ants to crawl on her. So now" (he pointed in through the doorway), "I am having to make a floor for her."

WE LOOKED inside and, sure enough, there was a real floor. New lumber, too, no doubt stolen from the carpenter shop. (How long, O Lord, could this go on? We had two sawhorses and a piece of canvas. Surely they would *notice* after a while.) It was all beautiful and even and raised off the ground. He had no tools. I have no idea how he did it.

"I don't know," he said. "Maybe I should make a chair for her to sit on. What do you think?"

Well, somehow I managed *not* to tell him what I thought. We started home.

"That woman!" I said. "Oh, how *dare* she be critical? All week he has sweated and worked, *a sick man*, to build that house and she does not like the ants. Oh, I could kill her. I could just kill her."

"But *he* doesn't mind," Bruce said. "Didn't you notice? She doesn't like the ants, so now he'll put in a floor. If she doesn't like the floor he'll make a chair."

"But of course he minds," I said. "No one who has worked as he has worked on a house could help minding having it criticized."

"No," Bruce said, "don't be so exercised. She isn't your wife. Don't you see, however your wife is, that's right. He knows her. He probably knew she would be critical. Maybe he would have been disappointed otherwise."

"No," I said. "I don't get it. I think she's horrible. I think she should be poisoned."

"If he's disappointed in anyone," Bruce said, "it would be in you because you have such low standards. To him it's this way:

> *You* may be content to sit upon the
> ground
> With ants in your umbilicus,
> But *his* wife,
> *His* wife is fastidious."

I never will learn. There is no justice. There *is* no justice. Private Farinucci built the floor. Over the floor he spread clean newspapers, *all parallel*, all the edges even. In time, he enthroned that unfeeling wench upon a chair and he built it with the use of a huge stone (rivers and rivers of sweat) for though carpenters do not miss their horses, do not miss their canvas, do not miss their lumber, they always keep their hammers with them. On top of all this, Private Farinucci's index went down immediately and he got *out*. Bruce's index stayed forever high, high, high, and the morning-glories grew and grew —a bitter mockery. . . .

Every week we would have a fine day followed by a horrible day. The fine day was the day they took the index. Bruce would be sure that it would be low this time. In himself, he *felt* he had a low index. Sitting there in our house with his gaunt cheeks and his ribs hanging out like a xylophone, he would tell me how fine he felt and how tomorrow they would certainly let him go. Next day the reports would come out. Once Bruce's index slipped a few points, but he still had over a hundred to go and after it did drop this once it stayed right there.

Some did get out, though. Farinucci got out and lots of others. Bruce's class in OCS had long ago graduated and most of them had already gone overseas. One night we were walking down the endless wooden corridors to dinner and there, coming toward us, was a tall, handsome, *healthy*-looking lieutenant. Among all those purple bathrobes, his uniform shone like a strange and wondrous thing.

"Why, it's Taylor," Bruce said to me. "He's come back. And he must have graduated."

Now, after we had gained confidence about our house, in the morning hours before I got there or on the rare days when I could not go to the hospital, Bruce had begun to take a few of the patients out to our house, the ones he liked best or the ones who were suffering claustrophobia worst in the crowded wards. Taylor had been one of those who went with Bruce to our house. And now he was coming down the hall and when he saw Bruce his face lit up and it was quite obvious that it was Bruce he had come back to see.

"Where you been?" he said. "I been looking all over for you." Then he saw me and he said, "Oh, sure. I know where you were."

They exchanged news and records of Taylor's class and still Lieutenant Taylor seemed to have more to say. He stood on one foot and blushed and finally he said, "Gee, could I speak to you alone, Bruce?" So I went into the Red Cross ladies room and powdered my nose and shook the pine needles out of my hair. And finally outside the door I could see Bruce coming for me, and he was smiling.

"You know what he wanted?" he said. "He wants our house for tonight."

"Our house!"

And it seems that Taylor said to Bruce: "Gee, Bruce, I got a date with a nurse, a beautiful girl, and I'm crazy about her. In the time we've got there isn't a single beautiful place I could take her. All there is is bars with drunks hanging all over them or movies where you have to stand in line. Could I take her to your house where everything is so nice and quiet, where the morning-glories are?"

"You said yes?" I said.

"Of course I said yes," Bruce said. "Just imagine having something so fine that a *well* man wants to borrow it."

"Let's hurry and eat," I said, "and go home and clean house."

Bruce began to roar. "Oh," he said, "some day we'll be living in the middle of a wheat field and you'll say: 'Company's coming. I have to make all the blades face the same way.' "

"Yes, I know," I answered, "but you'll help me."

"Oh, sure," he said. "I'll help you."

So, as soon as we had finished eating, we ran back to our place. We shook the pine needles out of the blanket and smoothed it down. We dusted all the books and took the cigarette butts out and buried them and wiped the ash tray out with a paper napkin. We lined all our livestock up in a neat row. Then we gave the house our blessing and went quietly away. We never heard how they had fared, but I hoped that there in the quiet evening, among the morning-glories, with the bugle calls at intervals in the distance, the nurse felt as secure and happy as I always did.

ONE day when I went out, Bruce seemed unusually cheerful. He was restless and full of a kind of secret excitement and it was not the day before index day so I couldn't understand it. We laughed a lot that day and finally we decided to go over to the Red Cross and bring back some ginger ale. On the way we passed a pale, sandy, ineffectual-looking guy and Bruce greeted him with great courtesy and stopped to chat a while. Well, Bruce is always pleasant to people but you can't really say that he goes out of his way unless it is obvious that they are embarrassed or frightened, so I was puzzled.

"Who was that?" I asked when we got back to our house. "That man you spoke to so cordially?"

"Oh, him?" Bruce said. "Oh that's So-and-so." (I have forgotten his name.)

"So-and-so?" I said. "But I thought he was the one you didn't like, the one who takes all the boys' money every pay day playing crooked poker."

"Well, I like him now," Bruce told me;

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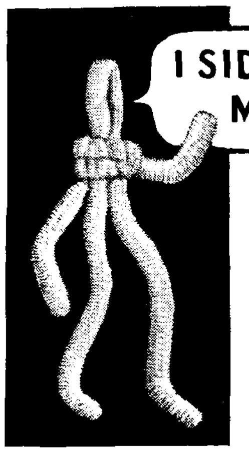

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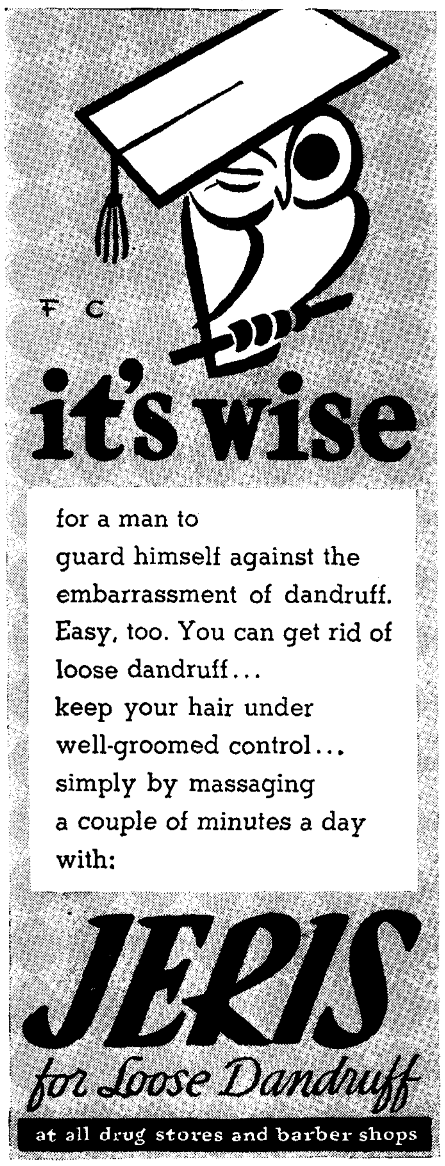

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"I'm in love with him now. Ah, there is a rare combination, my innocent wife. There is a man who does not want to get out of the hospital."

"What's good about that?" I asked. "All the guys you like are crazy to get out of the hospital."

"Yes, but this one," Bruce said, "*this* one has a low index. A man with a low index who does *not* want to get out. That's wonderful. That's rare."

"I don't get it," I answered. "Why should you be happy?"

"Baby," he said, "get ready to say goodby to your house. Baby, we're gonna be out of here. We're gonna be out of here soon."

"Oh, what are you going to do?" I said. "Oh, you'll never get away with it, Bruce. And even if you could, you shouldn't. If you're too sick to be out of the hospital, you're too sick to go back to OCS."

"Do you like to read books?" Bruce said. "I like to read books. Red books, green books, any color books. Also, I think it is a nice day. Do you think it is a nice day?"

"You idiot!" I said. "You can't forge records. You haven't had any experience."

"Oh, that would be sinful. That would be *dishonest,*" Bruce said. "I wouldn't forge a record."

MINK IN THE PINK

Mink is now being scientifically bred for pastel shades such as pink, blue and lilac.—Wartime report of the U.S. Department of Commerce.

The scientist is the strangest gink!
He toils forever on the brink
Of vast achievements such as
pink,
Baby blue and lilac mink.
His weighty projects make us
blink:
Pills to drive a man from drink;
Plans for an escapeproof clink;
Doughnuts that you cannot sink;
Woolen socks that never shrink;
Toaster cords that never kink;
Skunks that never— Well, I think
I'd rather concentrate on pink,
Baby blue and lilac mink,
But the scientist is the strangest
gink!

—Ethel Jacobson

"Well, what then?"

"Yellow books I like to read, too," Bruce said. "And books with pictures. Sometimes I like to lie on my back like this and read them, but sometimes I like to lie on my stomach like this and lean on my elbows."

A sick man and I hit him on the back of the head. Heaven help me, I hit him hard, I was that exasperated, and then . . .

Paralyzed, we saw it coming.

A bulldozer!

It was headed straight for us. In its path little trees fell over and were crushed. Rocks were ground into the dust. We could see it right on us. We could see the driver's unconcerned face with its blank look (how could he *help* seeing us?).

There was no time to do anything. To crawl out the door was to be crushed that much sooner. The crashing of all the vegetation made so much noise he would never have heard us yell.

There was nothing to do.

We lay flat on the ground. I don't know if Bruce watched it or not but I was chewing the olive-drab blanket and a mouthful of ants with both eyes clamped shut and, it's funny, I didn't feel very scared about being crushed to death. I just thought: *Don't give the secret away. They mustn't know about our house. Stay hidden, stay hidden. Don't scream. You'll give it away.*

And then I felt Bruce's hand on my back. "He missed," he said. "It's okay. Hey, hey! Don't faint."

I rolled over on my back and I weighed a thousand pounds. I was covered with sweat and I was freezing to death.

"Praise heavens," Bruce said. "He never did see us. It just happened he didn't want to go that way. He turned."

LATER we crawled halfway out the door and looked at the tracks. Just about ten inches from the door he had turned to the right, I have no idea why, and gone right by the corner of the house. We were exhausted. We slid back into the house and lay there looking up at the roof.

"It's good we're going to get out soon," Bruce said, "because this is just the beginning. About tomorrow they'll start to hunt for all the tracer tape that's supposed to be marking off the ground. Then they'll find Farinucci's house. And when they find his, they'll hunt for ours. They must be planning maneuvers here. It's time to get out."

I thought about So-and-so and his low index. And I was too tired to argue. I was just too tired.

Next day when I came to our house Bruce had a neatly tied package of our stuff ready for me to take home.

"You really think you're going to get out?" I asked.

"I know I'm going to get out," he said. "I have to. I'll rot here. My toes will fall off."

So every day when I left I would carry back our things to my sister's house: our drawing books and crayons, our games, even our livestock, fluttering and thumping in all my pockets. As the days went by, our house got emptier and emptier.

Farinucci's house, left neglected, began to wither and the tracer tape showed through and Bruce kept telling me it was a no-good house. Ours stayed green as ever, though of course after the bulldozer, we never felt very safe in it.

Bruce was absolutely confident, now that our house was all cleaned out and looked bare. "Don't even come tomorrow," he said, "because I won't be here. I'll telephone you."

I knew that they had taken the blood samples again that day, and that tomorrow the index would be returned, but we had been through this so many times and each time the return had been a disappointment. I thought we would live in the woods of Fort Belvoir forever, to tell the truth.

"Well, *how* do you know, Bruce?" I demanded. "Why is it any different from the other times?"

"Well, I just know," he said. "Now *don't* come out tomorrow. I *won't* be here. You see," he said, "each man holds his own tube full of blood until they come to collect them."

"Yes?" I said.

"Well," he answered. "Well, it's a wise blood that knows its own donor, that's all."

"So-and-so!" I said. "You're planning to trade tubes with So-and-so."

"The tense is wrong," Bruce told me, "but the idea is right. It's already done."

"Oh, but they'll notice!" I said. "Why, they'll notice that last week So-and-so had a low index and this week it's high and then next week it will be low again if he doesn't have your blood."

"He cannot think that far," Bruce said, "and by that time I'll be out of here and, besides, he is a stinker anyway. On top of all that you made a mistake. You are going on the premise that the Army puts two and two together."

SO MAYBE I was hearing the bugle calls for the last time from that angle. It is sad to say goodby to any house, even a hospital house, if you have done a lot of living there.

Across the dark Virginia woods the notes of Lights Out came clear and from a long way off, with the first coolness.

"Goodby house," I said. "Goodby morning-glories. Goodby red dirt path." And so Bruce kissed me and he picked up old Olive Drab from the floor and then we crawled out on the path and walked away.

THE END

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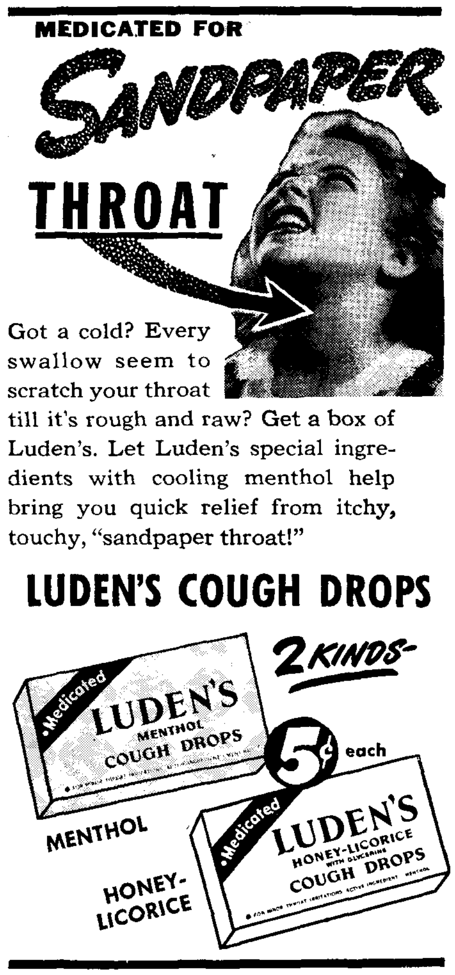
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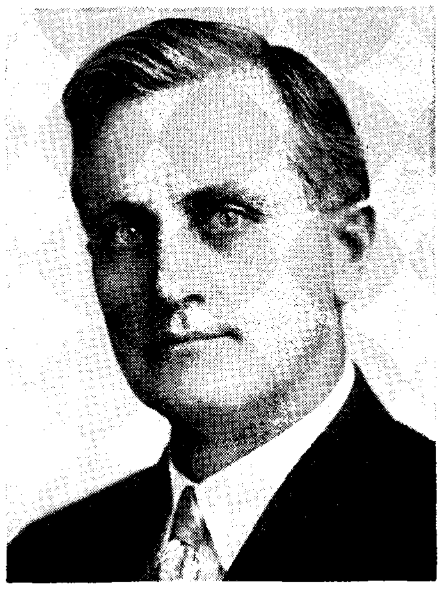
HONEY-LICORICE

Martha Gellhorn


Ross L. Holman

The Week's Work

BECAUSE of his personal and sometimes bitter knowledge of farming, Ross L. Holman was very much inter- :d when he first heard of rammed-earth ıses (Dirt-Cheap Houses, p. 45).

These houses impressed me as being ıething the average farmer could use," he s. "I felt that he would have to have ıething as cheap as dirt to afford it."

Iolman was born and reared on a farm, for ten years operated a farm of his . "My pre-Pearl Harbor farm experience olved producing a superabundance of ev- thing from wheat and corn to chickens t no one seemed to want," Holman says. It was this experience, embellished with nty of realistic details, involving my wife two daughters as well as myself, that ted me burning up my typewriter. I paid $5.22 for my first three articles, but t was more cash than we were getting m a flock of hens. Finally, one of the n papers to which I contributed employed as editor. And five years ago, I got up ve enough to cut loose from everything free-lance writing."

Iolman writes on many subjects, but agri- ture, he says, is still his chief interest: "I e always insisted that farm revenue is the st widely distributed income there is; that ill do more to prevent or cure depressions n any other economic factor if it is ad- ed upward enough to form a rightful re of the national earning power. You 't give nearly a fourth of our population lecent living without doing something to rest of our economic structure."

Iolman doesn't know why, but many peo- take him for a preacher. "I have often ked in the mirror to learn how in the name religion anyone could mistake me for an ounder of the gospel. On one occasion a rlwind evangelist spotted me on a back t of a huge tent audience and castigated for not sitting on the platform with the t of the preachers.'"

ORRESPONDENTS, like soldiers, sel- om tell how the terrible things they see ct their own minds and hearts. They tell ir stories objectively. They say this hap- ed and that happened, and draw your own clusions.

Martha Gellhorn, in a letter sent from is to Henry La Cossitt, Collier's editor, s a little more. The letter was not written publication, but because it is so revealing the war-weary state of mind, we publish part of it here. Miss Gellhorn has been traveling about the European theater, as a Collier's correspondent, for more than six months.

"I must have a rest," the letter reads. "By rest I probably mean escape, and I do not know whether I am tired to death or simply full of despair. There have been too many wars and they are all too long and finally one cannot endure it for the other people. There seems also to be a kind of selection backward, so that surely the bravest and the most innocent will be utterly destroyed.

"I am in a despair about writing, too. I always thought that if I could make anyone who had not seen such suffering begin to imagine the suffering, they would insist on a world which refused to allow that suffering. Now I feel as if I had thrown a million pebbles into a bottomless well. How can anyone understand who has not seen? How can I possibly spread a contagion of indignation and compassion? I feel finally that the only thing I do with my writing is to give honor where honor is due, as if one carved a small, shabby and completely perishable monument for people who will get no other monument and will be, in any case, forgotten.

"Perhaps this is only due to being desperately tired (I do not think so, I do not fool myself: this is a tiredness that is in the heart and the mind, and no amount of thyroid and vitamins will cure it).

"Today I saw pictures of two bodies, dug up from some boneyard in Toulouse. They were the bodies of what had once been two Frenchmen aged 32 and 29, but they had been tortured by the Gestapo until they died. I look at anything, you see, because I do not admit that one can turn away; one has no right to ignorance, one has no right to spare oneself. But I never before saw faces (decayed in death, of course, anyhow) with gouged-out eyes. I thought I'd seen it all but evidently not.

"I also met a young man yesterday, a Parisian worker, who is, so far as he knows, the only man who ever escaped from one of the German extermination camps. He said that during last April 2,700 people a day were exterminated in the gas chambers and that the smell of burning flesh from the crematory ovens made you retch. He told me all about it, the details, how they had their numbers tattooed on their arms, how they were shaved, heads and bodies, how the Jews were forced to shovel the dead bodies of the other Jews, or the Communists, into the ovens, how very calm and elegant the people were, walking to the gas chambers, the women and the children, too.

"Of course, there is little or no place in a normal world for him now; he was very fine during the occupation, in the resistance, and now he will join the army. I dare say he will be killed because, really, what can he ever live in again?

"Oh, what a world! To think that Our Lord bothered to die for it! And is anyone going to make it fine? Is anyone able to prevent the massive insane cruelty from going on, like a poison in the blood of humanity?"...

A. P.

NEED A LAXATIVE?

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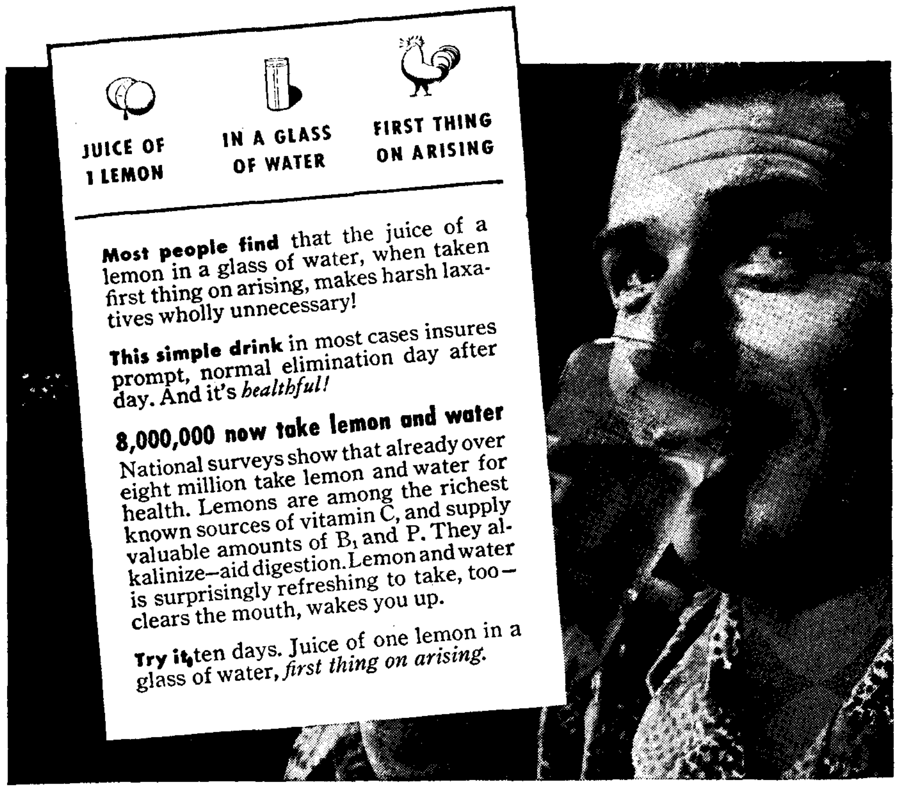

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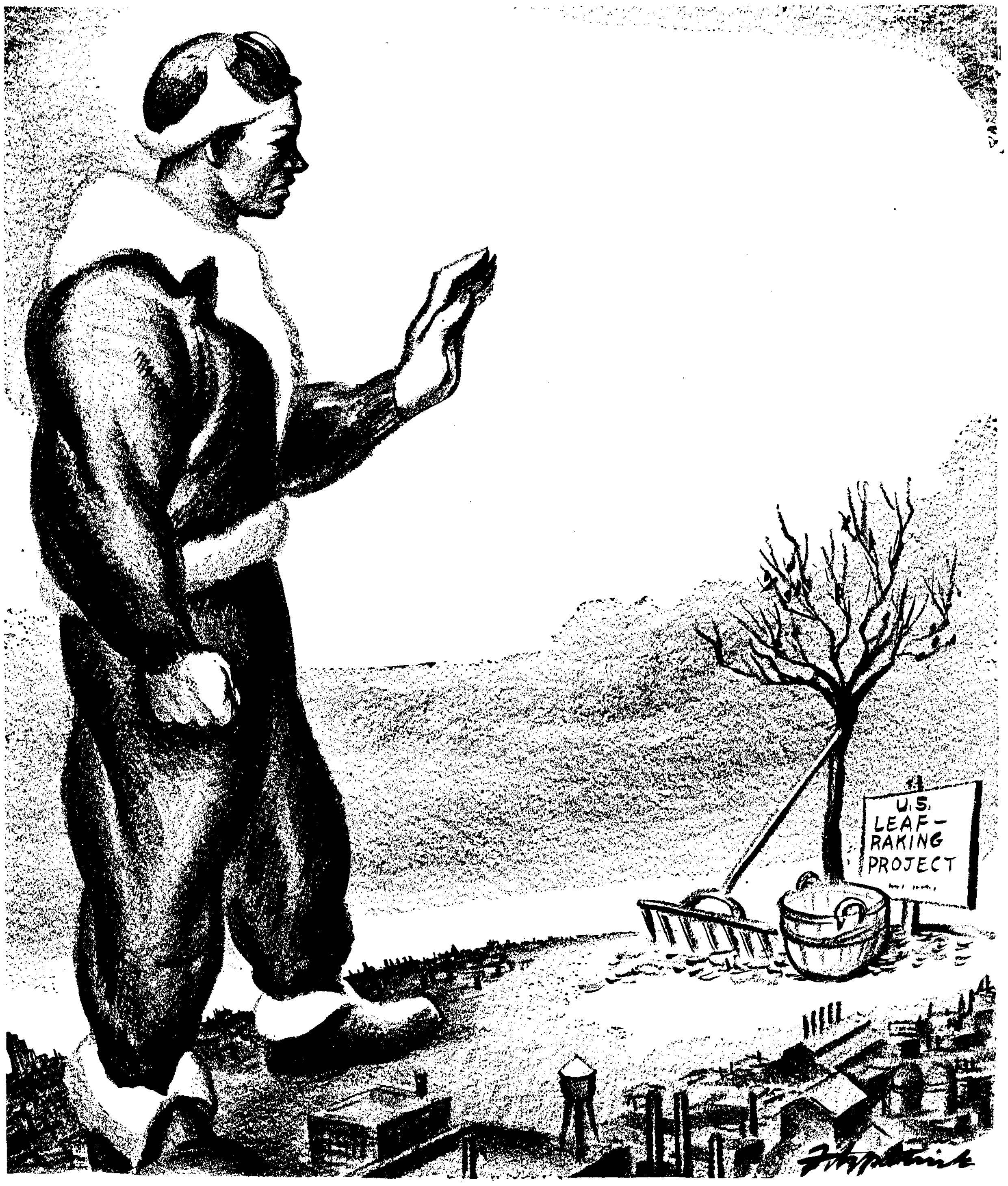


Youth IN THE AIR FORCES

Lieutenant colonels under twenty-one will not be served at this bar unless accompanied by their parents.

THAT sign, to our best recollection, was solemnly reported a while ago to have been seen above a bar at an Air Forces officers' club somewhere on Long Island, N. Y. Whether this particular story is true or apocryphal, it is a fact that anyone who mixes around with Army Air Forces personnel—or their opposite numbers in naval, Marine or Coast Guard aviation—is continually amazed by the average youth of the officers.

Lieutenant colonels under twenty-one may not be prevalent; but captains, majors and lieutenant colonels in their twenties and early thirties are, and brigadier and major generals in their middle or late thirties are fairly numerous. The stories of these youngsters' mighty deeds on all our fighting fronts, from western Europe around to the Philippines and the Marianas, are just as plentiful.

It all makes you wonder what ever happened to the talk about the soft younger American generation, which had been virtually atrophied as to initiative, and vitiated as to muscles and courage by the assorted luxuries and superconveniences of American prewar civilization. If these are the softies such a civilization develops, let's have more of the same as fast as we can get it after the war.

We think we can all congratulate ourselves on the youth of our air warriors, and for several reasons.

One is that it is logical to expect that these men for years to come will be hatching dynamic, progressive ideas for the improvement and advancement of our air defense setup. We caught them young, got them air-minded and splendidly trained and equipped, and encouraged them to think for themselves.

Another is the probability that after this war few of these men, with such tremendous experiences behind them, will be satisfied with leaf-raking and boondoggling and disguised doles, as substitutes for real jobs with real futures to them and real opportunities for a man to use his imagination and initiative and be rewarded therefor. That ought to go a long way toward counteracting any lean-on-Washington tendencies in the rest of the population. Washington is a bad thing to lean on and, with the best intentions in the world, it cannot deliver all that the leaners expect.

While saluting youth in this war, though, let's not forget that two of the finest commanders any army ever had, Five-star Generals Douglas MacArthur and George C. Marshall, have passed 64, but there is no thought of retiring either of them, while the war lasts.

GO NORTH, YOUNG MAN!

UNDER that title, Collier's a few issues ago printed an article about Alaska, by Richard L. Neuberger, well-known Pacific Northwest journalist. It concerned mainly Alaska Governor Ernest Gruening's hot conviction that Alaska is the land for postwar American pioneers.

We found the article most exciting. It seems safe to urge any young man coming home from the wars with an itch not to go back to selling shoes or jerking soda in the old home town to look into the possibilities of Alaska for homesteading, fishing, fur catching, lumber cultivation, tourist catering, paper or pulp production or any of the innumerable service industries.

Alaska (Gruening told Neuberger) will be a place for a man with relatively little capital—perhaps $3,500 or $5,000. Opportunities of this sort are typically American and in our best tradition.

Without in any way disparaging Governor Gruening's enthusiasm for his broad bailiwick, we'd like to add a few words to his contention that Alaska is a huge and promising frontier country. The further fact is that the United States proper is still much of a frontier country, and that the theory that our frontier is gone is pernicious bunk.

As Eric Johnston observed in his book, America Unlimited, taking a murderous fall out of the "vanished frontier" philosophizers, we still have enormous stretches of undeveloped—even largely unexplored—land in this country. It is to be found in the states of Nevada, Wyoming, Arizona, Idaho, New Mexico, Utah, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Colorado and Oregon, with an area totaling 1,100,000 square miles and a population smaller than that of the city of New York.

There are big desert and drought areas in some of these states, true. But there are also tremendous expanses of fertile soil which could produce wheat, corn, fruit, timber, etc., and whose terrific underpopulation (5.8 persons per square mile in the 11 states listed) would—and does—make many a European drool with envy in view of Europe's average of 376 per square mile.

Far more tenable, on the facts in the case, than the "vanished frontier" theory is the theory that this country's biggest and best years are still ahead of it. To test out the latter theory, we'd like to nominate several million young Americans who will be done with warring some day, and will want to live better and fuller lives thenceforth than they ever lived before the war. This country has the land and the resources to fill that order to overflowing.

AIRPLANE "LIFE BELTS"

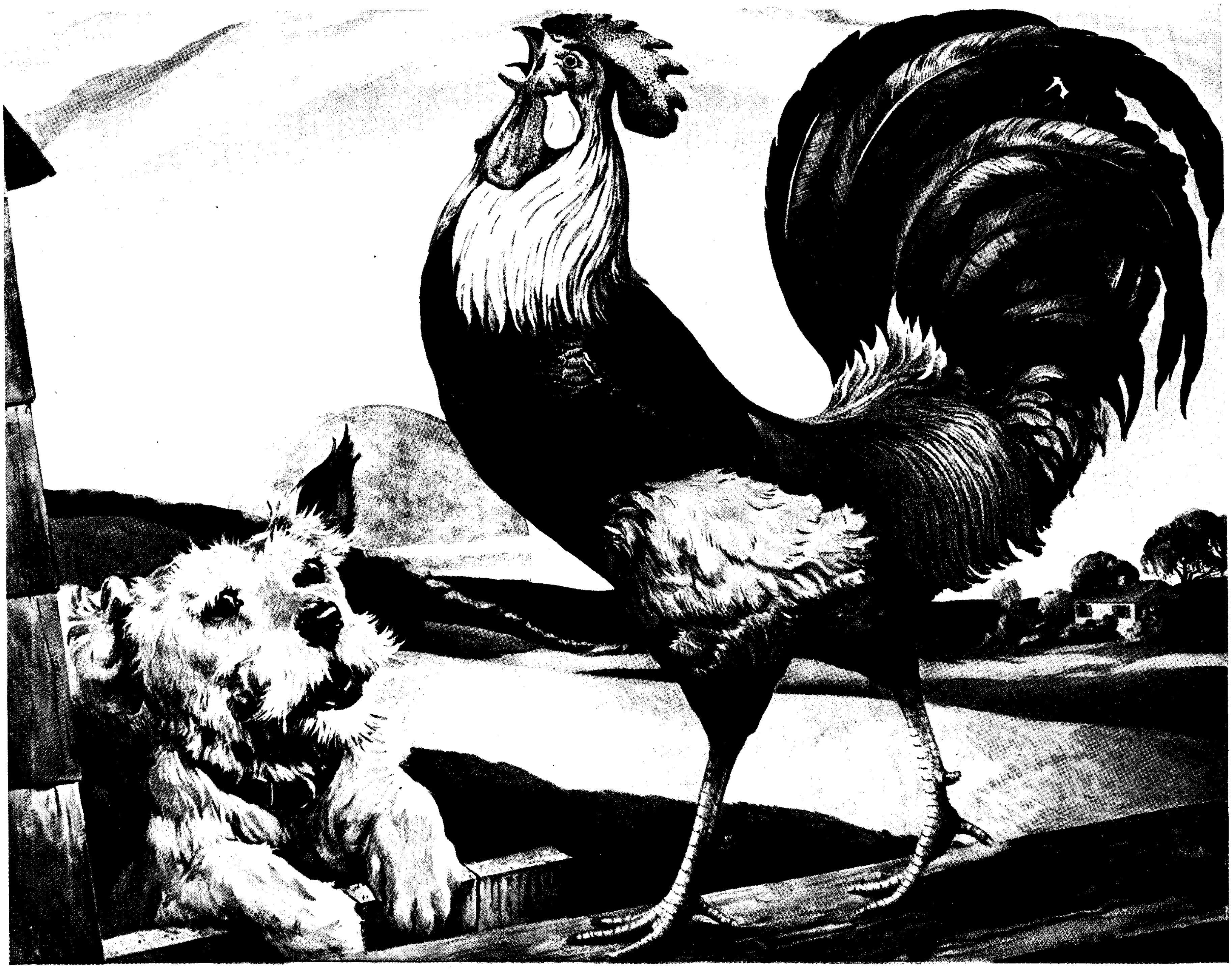
COLLIER'S recently printed a significant article in its Wing Talk section, edited by Frederick R. Neely, on postwar safety devices for passenger planes.

There may be individual parachutes for each passenger seat, with mechanisms for easing the customers out in rotation when the pilot sees that a crash is threatened. Or there may be one big parachute to let the entire disabled plane down slowly to a vertical landing.

Of course, as Mr. Neely reported, there is no safety device that will help passengers or crew when a plane runs into a mountainside in the dark or fog. But in cases of engine failure or storm troubles or any other situation where the pilot has a little time to do something, airplane "life belts" look at least possible.

Our tip to the plane companies would be to keep working on the problem. It seems to us that the chief drag on plane travel in the prewar years was the entirely human and understandable fear felt by many people about machines which travel in mid-air and in which the passenger is helpless if anything goes wrong.

The expected improvements in the postwar planes—bigger seats, more leg room, cocktail lounges, smoking rooms, and so on—will be fine. But even finer and more acceptable to a lot of people, we should think, would be the assurance that when you travel on a plane you have approximately as good a chance of surviving an accident as you have on an ocean liner.



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